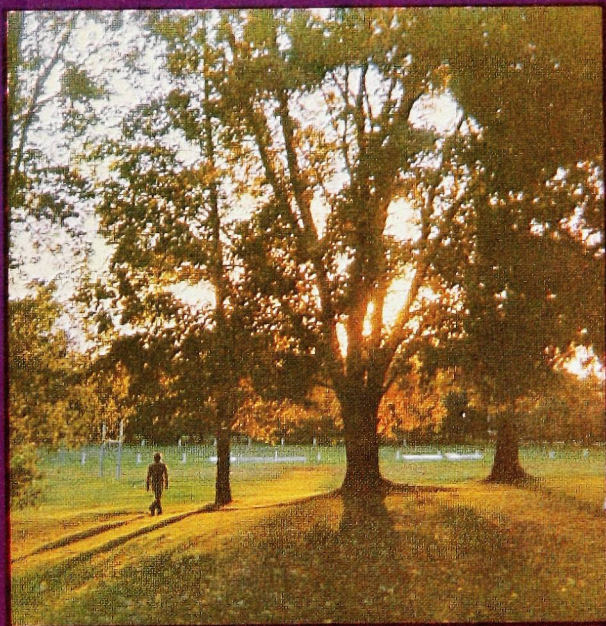


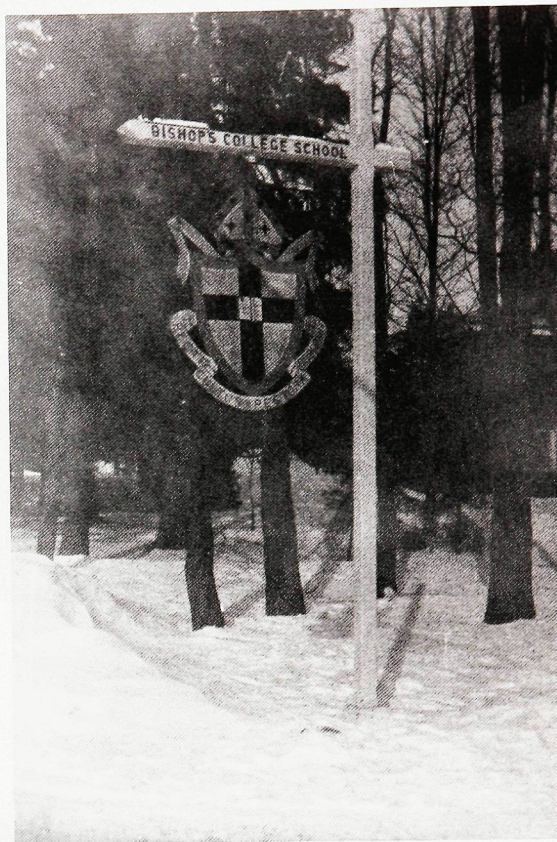
B.C.S. 1975

MR. GRAHAM PATRIQUIN

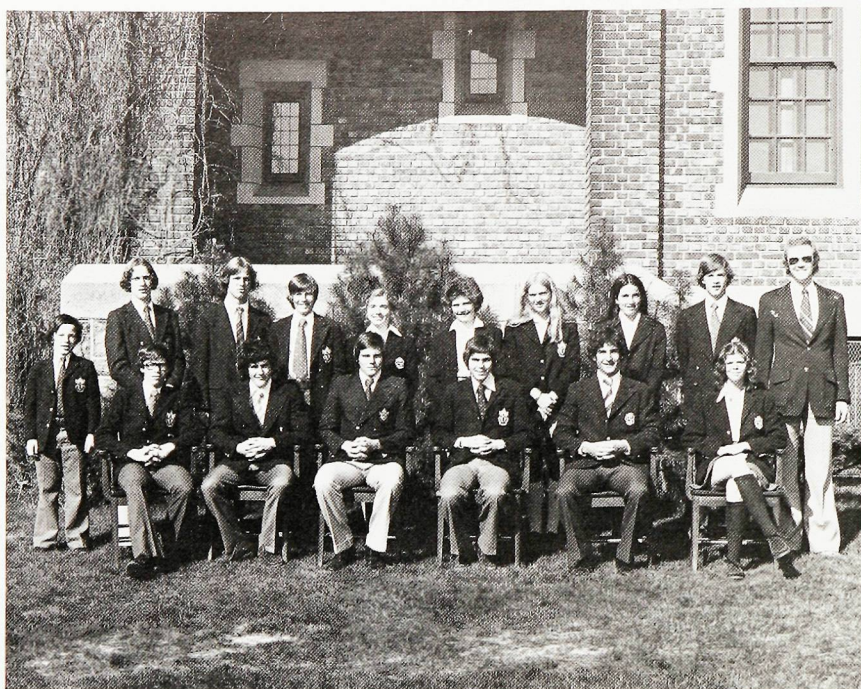




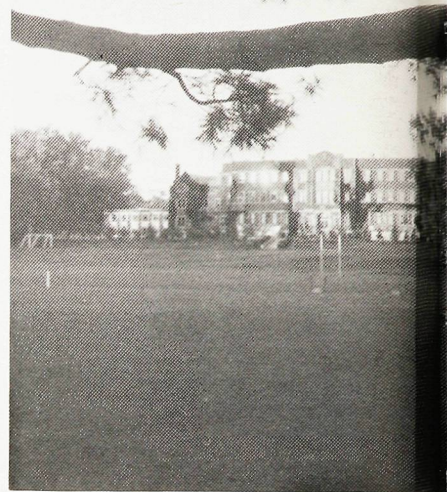
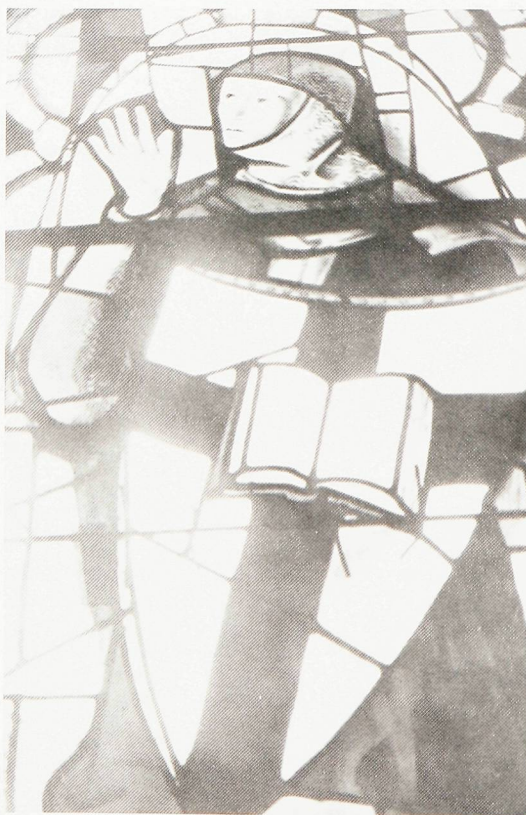
B.C.S. 1975
The Magazine of
Bishop's College School
Lennoxville, Quebec
Volume 95



Magazine Staff



SEATED: M. Weir, J. Ross, T. McGee, N. Matheson, T. Price, S. Grass.
STANDING: T. Moseley, C. McQuade, S. Prescott, M. Ray, M. Paine, D. Pritchard, K. Wyatt, S. Johnston, D. Stoker, Mr. R. Lloyd.



Editor	Neil Matheson
Business	Tim Price, Chief Dacre Stoker Tim Moseley
Literature	James Ross Shelagh Johnston
Photography ...	Mike Weir Max Ray and all the boys in the Camera Club
Art	Kathy Wyatt
Activities	Sarah Grass
Sports	Tim McGee Jenny Campbell
Houses	Debbie Pritchard
Grads	Maggie Paine Charlie McQuade
Layout	Steve Prescott

And many thanks to all those who submitted articles, photographs and artwork that have made this yearbook.
Staff Advisor .. Rod Lloyd



Dedication :



This issue of B.C.S. is dedicated in loving memory to Mrs. Bertha Bell, organist and music teacher at the School for forty years.

Editorial

Another year draws to a close. Another busy staff sits in the muggy garret swarming with flies on the third floor of School House, that bears the misleadingly formal title of "Magazine Room". What lurks behind that door? A wild pile of papers crowd every table -- the tatters that form, eventually, this yearbook.

From this objective viewpoint in space and time, many editors over the past ninety-five years have put their summary to the year. B.C.S. reviews the annual activities of the school. For the most part it is no more than a chronicle of events; intangibles such as the mood of the School are harder to record in words or pictures. Yet these are the most important aspects of the School.

The last two years have proven that co-education is a success. This year of 1974-75 witnessed the continuing evolution of the "New school". New sports, academic courses and above all, new faces in both staff and student bodies arrived. Balanced against this stood the old traditions, rules and activities. The unique flavour of B.C.S. arises from this mix of streams.

Many people, especially students, criticize the School as being old-fashioned. They must remember that the older facets of school life have been proven to be useful over many decades; those that are out-dated are either up for revision -- such as Cadets -- or should be reviewed. And here the question of initiative arises. If students at B.C.S. do not take a positive attitude in participation in and running of school affairs, they can hardly expect to effect changes. At present, a "country club" apathy seems to dominate the spirit. True, in certain areas such as sports, drama and choir enthusiasm could not be better, and these activities are highly successful. However, if the School is to widen its interests, the students must show more imagination and drive. If they are content with the STATUS QUO, all is well and will continue so, barring financial difficulties. But is the School mobilizing its full potential? That is a question for future years.

As for this past year, it was a happy and fruitful one in all aspects of school life. This yearbook records many moments in that life, and as such is the single most important source of memories. Of course, the happy thoughts and events, not the unpleasant ones, remain, but the good ones far outnumber the bad. Thanks to the enthusiasm and effort of the magazine staff, these memories have attained a more permanent state of preservation.

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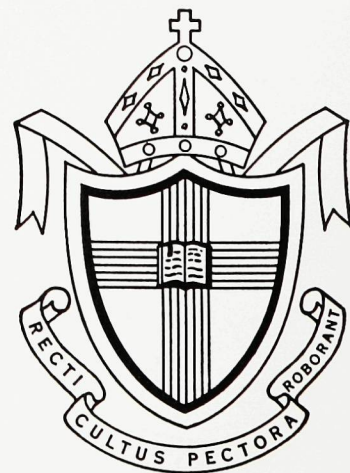
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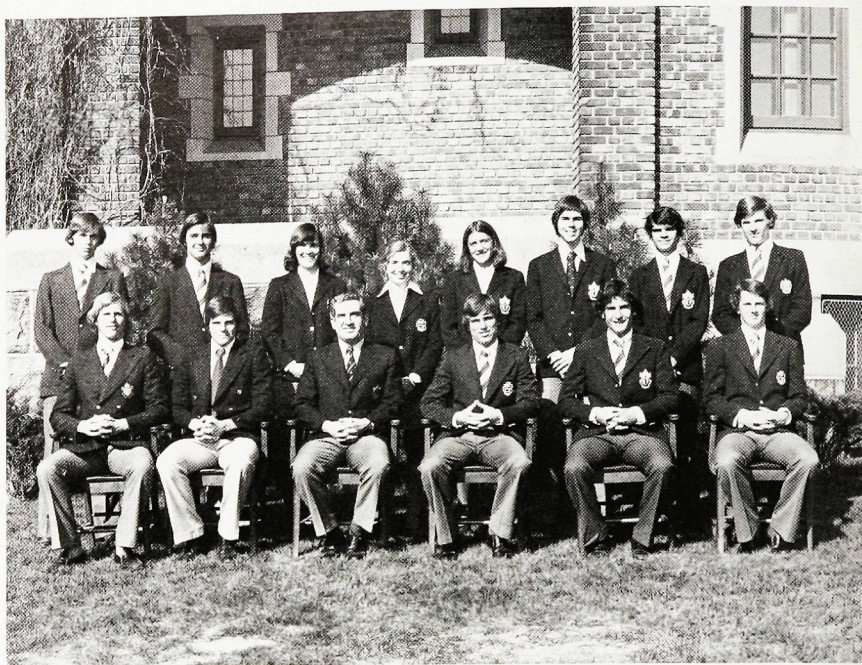
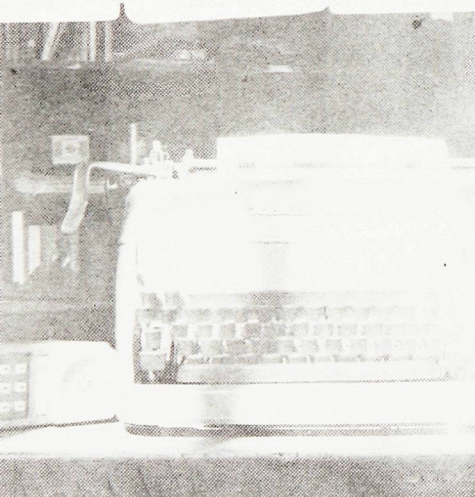
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FRONT ROW: M. Medland, T. McGee, The Headmaster, T. Ross, T. Price, H. Notman. BACK ROW: D. Stenason, T. Simard, M. Hunkin, M. Paine, M. Murphy, N. Matheson, S. Jeffries, A. Monk.

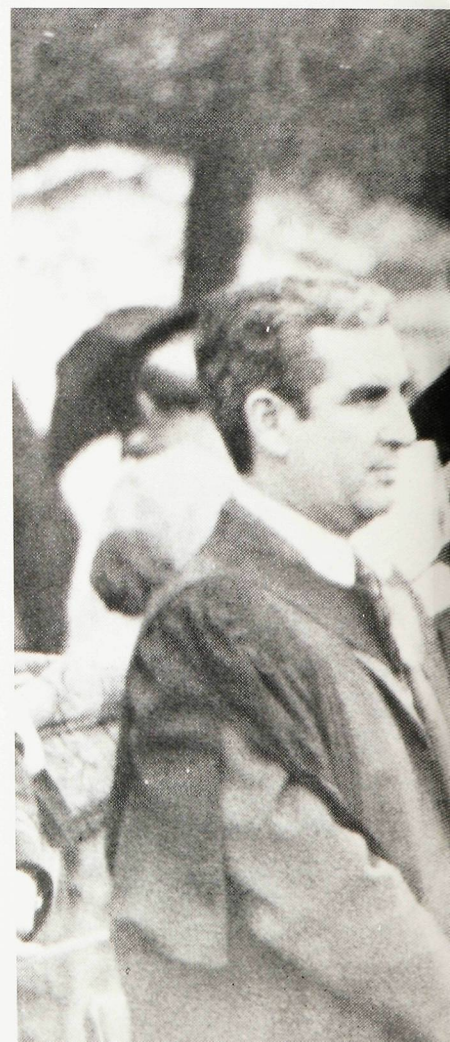
Prefects

Prefects -- bah! That, all too often, is the reaction that students give to the prefect body.

Fortunately, this year it has mostly been in friendly jest. The prefects as a whole have established a good relationship with the school, a considerable improvement over last year. This year's group inherited the efficient system that had been re-instated by their predecessors, and maintained it with a spirit of good humour. The discipline was somewhat milder, but hopefully it has reached an equilibrium level between the two poles of total chaos and overly-strict regulation, extremes that the School has passed through in recent years.

Naturally, a large part of the prefects' task is the administration of discipline. Whether it be New Student Line or supervising someone running bricks, the prefects expend a great deal of time managing affairs that are generally unpopular, but also extremely important. One of the distinctive features of B.C.S. is the reliance on sound discipline. Perhaps the School's greatest contribution is the instilling of self-discipline into its students. And this is largely effected by the prefects.

Prefects, however, are not only policemen. They are extremely active in academics, sports and extra-curricular activities, and help people on a personal level. They are no longer an aloof clique in an ivory tower, but work and co-operate with both students and staff, and are selected as enjoying the confidence of all. The aura of almighty power has disappeared. Prefects may not always be your friends, but after all they are also students, chosen for their diverse abilities and initiative to lead the School as students.



Academic Report

It is a most memorable decision that this year's Editor has finally decided to recognize that we do indeed, have academics here at Bishop's and has asked for a short resume on this year's activities. The line of demarcation is not as clear in academics as it is in hockey, for example, for we do not have a "Won", "Lost", and "Tied" record!

The three broad areas that one might look at in academics are the courses we offer, the acceptance of our graduates into universities and CEGEPS, and our results in the provincial matrics.

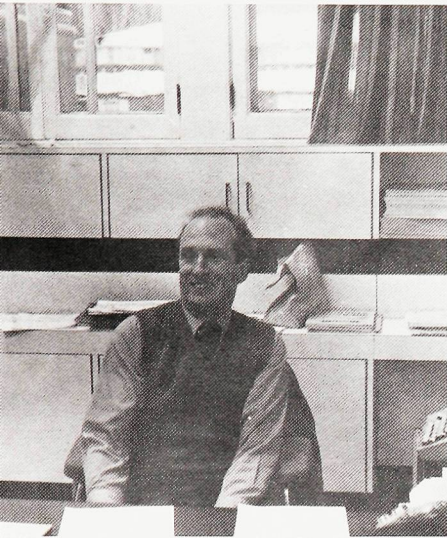
It may seem a staggering figure, but 112 different courses were offered this year in Forms II to VII. In the Senior School (Forms V, VI, and VII) there were 55 different courses alone. Some of these classes met only three times in the six day cycle, but there were at the same time a great number that met upwards of six times a cycle. This represents a great number of man-hours over the period of thirty-three weeks that we spend here. There were, naturally, new courses added this year, mainly in the VI and VII Forms. In the former, Vectors, Mr. Perrier; Economic Geography, Mr. Bateman; and Ancient History, Mr. Halliday; were added while in the latter, Economics, Mr. Milner; Statistics, Mr. Perrier; and a revived Political Science course, Mrs. Koppen-Tucker; were included.

Students in the V and VI Forms will be writing provincial matrics again this year and we registered for a record number, 1,229 individual papers in 34 different subjects. Last year our matric results were most gratifying and the School showed an enviable record. Of the 1,083 papers written there were only 102 failures and there were 146 papers written that had a mark of 80% or better this represents 13.5%. In the VI Form there were 53 Provincial Matriculation Certificates granted.

This year, as in the past, we have had a very good record of having graduates accepted into university and CEGEP. There were 200 individual applications made this year to 57 different colleges, universities and CEGEPS. While not all acceptances are in at the present moment, suffice it to say that so far students have been accepted at Harvard, Middlebury M.I.T., Princeton, Waterloo, Western, McMaster, Carleton, Queen's and Rugby School, England among many others. It is most rare that a student does not get accepted into the college of his or her first choice. Our record of acceptance at American universities has improved this year and next year and next fall I shall be travelling in New England to acquaint more universities with the advantages of taking Bishop's students.

These, then, are a few facts and figures on this year's academic programme. A great deal, naturally, could be said, but will be left unsaid. Some innovations have been made this year and many need to be made within the next few years to keep up with the times. The academic programme is, of course, the *raison d'être* of the School and I feel that far too often this is forgotten. We must never lose sight of the fact that students and staff are here to share in a learning experience -- the former to learn and the latter to teach (and in no small manner to learn themselves). This is our key function and besides presenting a few plays, winning many games, attending chapel, rehearsing the cadet inspection and attending to many other duties a great deal of teaching and learning has gone on this year.

E. Detchon, Director of Academics
May, 1975.



Masters Who Leave Us

Sam Abbott became an extremely important man to B.C.S. on October 25th, 1938. On that afternoon, with his Stanstead Wesleyan College trailing B.C.S. 13-1 (he had kicked the sole point) as the fourth quarter began, Sam took fire. A touchdown, a convert and three booming rouges were his contribution to the amazing 15-13 victory that the Borderers snatched from the jaws of defeat. Nobody, repeat, nobody dreamed of Sam's being our NUMBER ONE MAN in sports and cadet services, and for a record 23 years, at that.

Secretly, he cherished an ambition to coach B.C.S. teams, no mean compliment to us. It was in 1952 that Headmaster Ogden Glass, an ex-R.C.N.V.R. man too, summoned ex-P.T.I. Samuel F. Abbott to his tour of duty beside the St. Francis waters. Zestfully, Sam put things shipshape. He played a capable, if discontented second fiddle in the football coaching staff, studied Gerald Wiggett's superb low-key techniques in the rink, and sent the track team in pursuit of the Skinner Trophy, the Eastern Townships' Interscholastic Track and Field Championship award. As coach at Stanstead since he left naval service, he had directed the Red and White trackmen to five championships in seven years. As B.C.S. coach, he watched his track and field men lug home the Skinner thirteen times in his twenty-three years at B.C.S., and the School dominated the Townships' track scene until the superschool battalions from Alexander Galt Regional outmanned all the smaller schools.

Standards of performance in B.C.S. track and field rose, under his dedicated leadership, in every competitive event, and new records were established in all but three; the open discus, the Senior and Intermediate broad jumps remain the only pre-Abbott records.

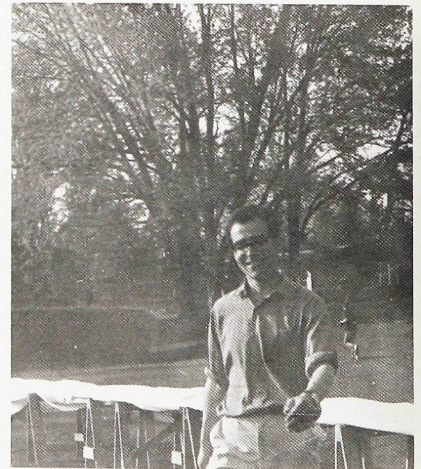
Sam coached first team hockey ('56-'58) and first football ('56-'66) and revived boxing for a few years. As Director of Athletics from 1967 on, he presided over a constantly expanding programme of activity. Innovations, such as lacrosse, inter-school long-distance running, and wrestling were a few of the new wrinkles, some of which became permanent lines of activity.

In Cadet activities, #2 Corps won the Strathcona Cup for Military Efficiency six times in his first ten years as Chief Instructor and in later years, three Lt. Col. L. Renaud Trophies for Administration and Military Efficiency were won in 1963, 1964, and 1965. Subsequent regional trophies came to B.C.S. in five years, until and including 1974.

Twice, in 1963 and 1964, the Shooting Team won the Lt. Col. J.H. Molson Shield, for the P.Q.R.A. sponsored Shoulder-to-Shoulder rifle shooting competition, open to all Cadet Corps in Quebec.

Sam will be remembered above all, for his ability to straighten out personal problems for his charges. He treated a charley-horse and a hang-up with much the same thorough technique of reduction, massage and stimulation. If the patient co-operated, yielded without reserve to the treatment, he went out from Sam's office better able to resume full action.

Next year, he'll be across the river, officially taking care of equipment at Bishop's University, but as he admitted, if there's a busted muscle bothering some player ... or a personal problem, Sam? Thank you, Major for many things, and -- carry on!



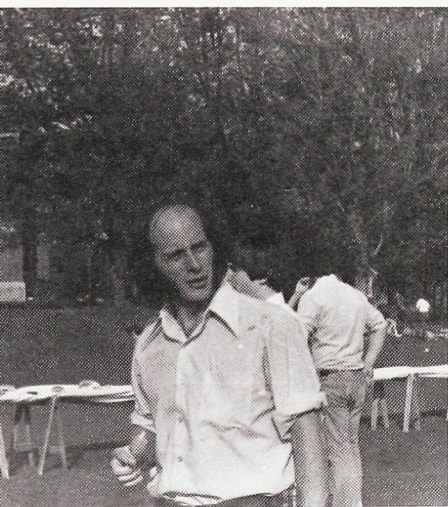
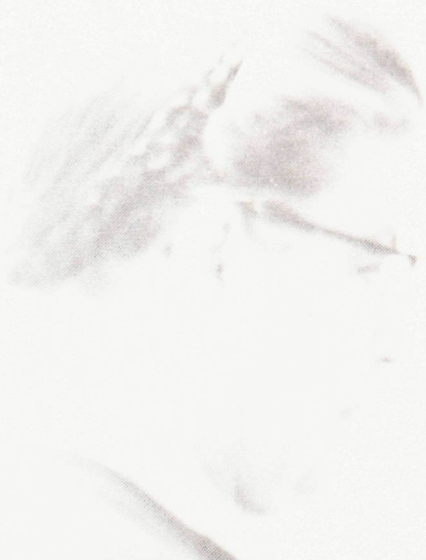
In September, 1935, Miss Bertha Allen, as assistant to Prof. Roger Havard, who taught instrumental music at B.C.S., took charge of a group of four students in piano: Michael Alexander, Melville Bell, Ian MacLean and John Ramsay. Thus began her forty year career as teacher, organist, interpreter of the School humour in music, and lifelong friend of many B.C.S. boys and girls. That career ended suddenly on Friday evening, January 17th, 1975.

Her diversified services were given with joy, competence and unflagging enthusiasm. Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, variety concerts, School assemblies both in term and on public occasions, and Sunday after Sunday since 1958, when Mrs. Bertha Bell became School organist -- whatever the occasion, she was ready, in control and outpouring confidence into her singers or performers.

Her sympathy and understanding of juvenile problems reflected the other side of her life, her family. To a marked degree, she acted IN LOCO PARENTIS to many a young student who found in her knowledge, experience and philosophy, the encouragement they needed, the kindly criticism that often put them back on the track, and above all, an absorbing compassion.

Choirmasters found her uncommonly responsive to direction; students, as often as the tensions near end of term strained the School nervous system, practically danced down the Chapel stairs to her sensitively topical organ postlude, their spirits refreshed and lifted. Voice-shy members of the congregation often lost their reticence to her enthusiastic accompaniment of a stirring hymn, and vied with her resonant music.

Amongst the dearly beloved, capable and devoted members of the Good People of B.C.S., her place is well assured.



Dave Morgan leaves the School this year after six years as the Art teacher. With his encouragement, students have been free to use their design talents, and the School's corridors are decorated with their best works, which provide a good mixture of styles, done by both young and old students. Mr. Morgan hardly ran strict classes, or even regular ones, and taught more at Champlain CEGEP this year than at B.C.S., but was willing to help and discuss art with those who expressed genuine interest. He confesses that he is uncertain about the future; for the record, "the great rebel" is continuing in a creative career.

Charles Halliday, unfortunately, stayed only one year at B.C.S. Perhaps it was his duty at Smith House that proved to be too much for this quiet Englishman. With the academic background of teaching at Temple Grove School, England, he brought an excellent boost to the School's academic quality in teaching history and English. Not only a fair and easy-going teacher, he has always been praised by his students as an excellent one. He also enthusiastically coached girls' soccer, squash and rugby. B.C.S. is sorry to lose such a fine teacher.

Mr. McGonnagal, a student at Bishop's University, came to teach Physics at B.C.S., and took on duties in Smith House. He also coached rugby in the spring. His stay of one year has been brief; having completed his B.Sc., he is moving on to a married life (yes, a far cry from Smith House!). Good Luck!

Wherever there was a smile or a whistling tune, chances are they came from the lips of Danny Morel. A music student of Mrs. Bell's, he had an exceptionally good predecessor with whom to be compared. Danny has proven his worth on the keyboards, and can ring out the hymns and anthems on the organ with plenty of gusto! He has been a great boost to the choir, and helps to waken the School as a whole on sleepy mornings in Chapel. Many thanks.

New Staff :

“ The Shot in the Arm ”

David Cruikshank has returned to the School after a year's sabbatical at Oxford. He has brought back his excellent instruction in History and resumed his role of choirmaster. He has also revived Mountain Country, leading them through the wilds of Vermont. A first-rate master in all aspects of School life, hopefully he will stay for many years.

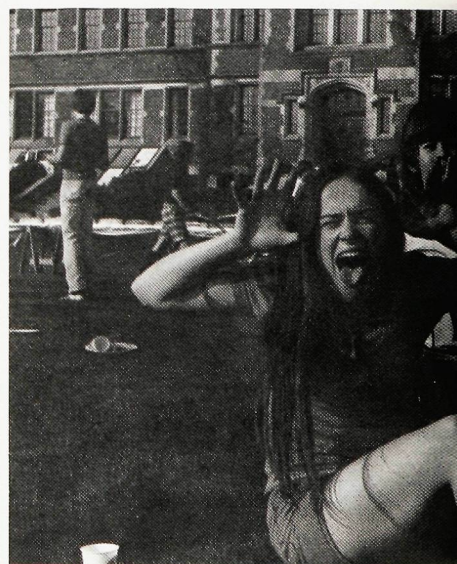
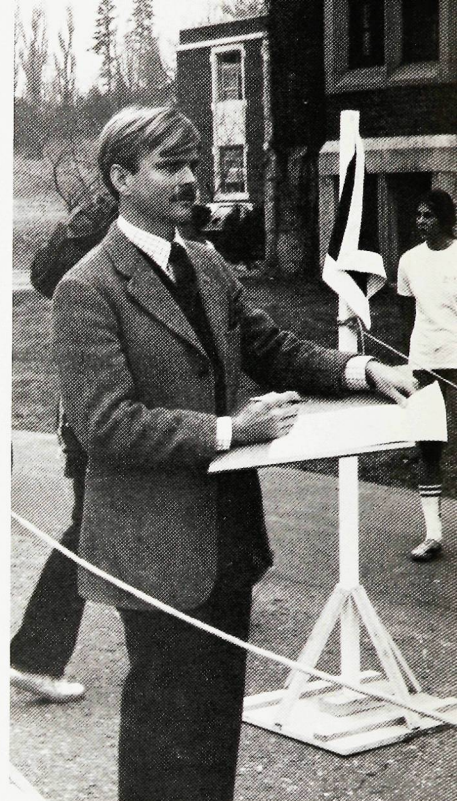
Kathy Harpur is no stranger to boarding schools. A head girl at Compton, she has moved in comfortably to Gillard House and taken up the responsibilities of coaching girls' sports, including field hockey, gymnastics, basketball, and the many sports of Girls' Intramural League. In addition to playing "super jock", she teaches Science in the junior forms. Her smile and cheerful quips are appreciated by everyone.

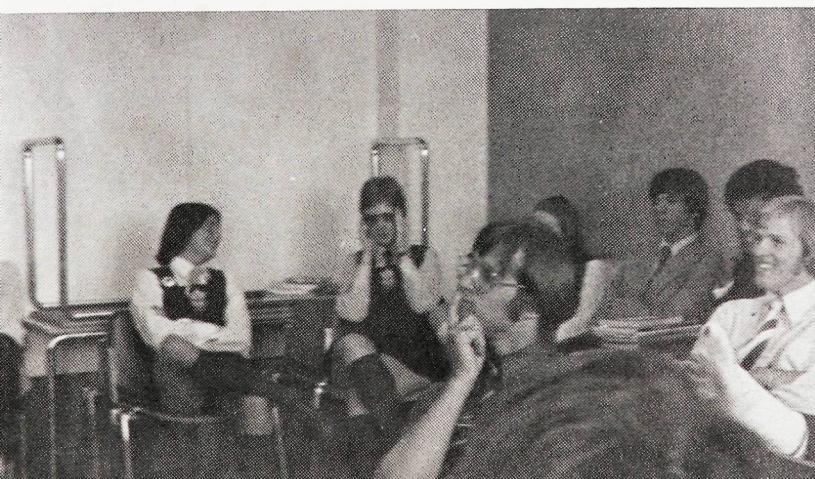
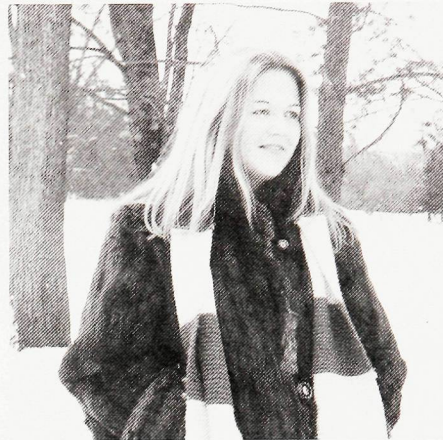
Ken McCaffery returns after a year's absence of teaching at the school after a year's absence of teaching in a public school, having been a student-teacher at the school two years ago. His spark, witticisms and excellent instruction methods have been spread on his history and drama classes. His drive has helped build successful Bantam Football and Junior Hockey teams, as well as the novel cycling crease in the fall. Although involved mainly with the younger generation in Grier House, he has always been involved and liked by all the kids.

John McClintock rolled onto the basement of McNaughton, and the House has only just recovered from the impact! To summarize: never have so many Mac Housers run so many laps. Anyway, outside the house "Big John" took command of his Math classes and the fashion scene. His greatest contribution came in sports. He whipped First Football into better shape than any of their opponents and organized the highly-successful Intramural Hockey Association. For this work and for showing us blazing colours on gloomy mornings, we must thank him.

Betsey Tirk whirled into the School and Gillard House this fall. She brought a flair for teaching English and Drama, as well as encouraging dramatics generally in the School. "The Tirk" was instrumental in busing students in to many operas, concerts and plays in Montreal. She also took the initiative to start a new crease, Modern Dance, a novel twist in B.C.S. sports. This group presented an excellent display at the end of the Winter term. She also directed two plays in the School's Spring festival. One of the amiable and really outgoing teachers, she has been a great stimulus to the School's spirit.

B.C.S. tried an experiment with two Waterloo B.M. students this year, one which must be declared a success. Each one came for a semester to teach Math, as well as help out in the house and in sports. Sylvia Terpstra stayed at the School until Christmas, to be replaced by Marsha Lyall for the remainder of the year. Both were housed in Glass House, and remembered for very different personalities. Sylvia was preceded by her piercing laugh, contagious sense of humour, and sharp but to-the-point remarks. Marsha was a much quieter, but extremely receptive person. Easy to get along with, both these student-teachers made many friends around the school, and added a new element of university youthfulness into the staff.





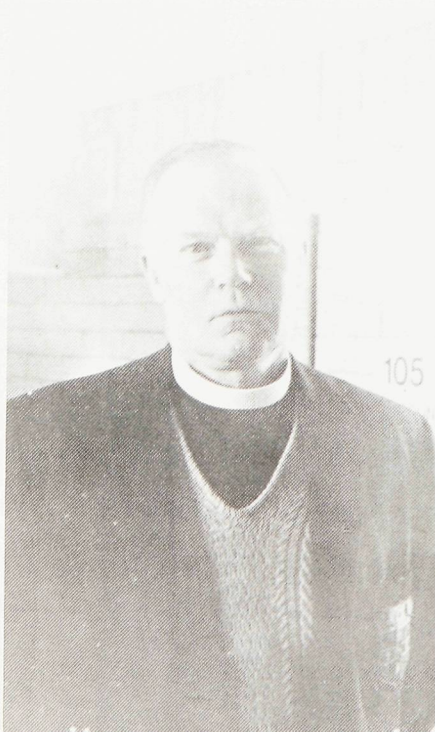
LEFT TO RIGHT, Top to Bottom:
David Cruikshank, John McClintock,
Sylvia Terpstra, Marsha Lyall, Kathy
Harpur, Betsey Tirk, Ken McCaffery,
Professor Simard in deep contem-
plation over a current crisis in
Political Science.

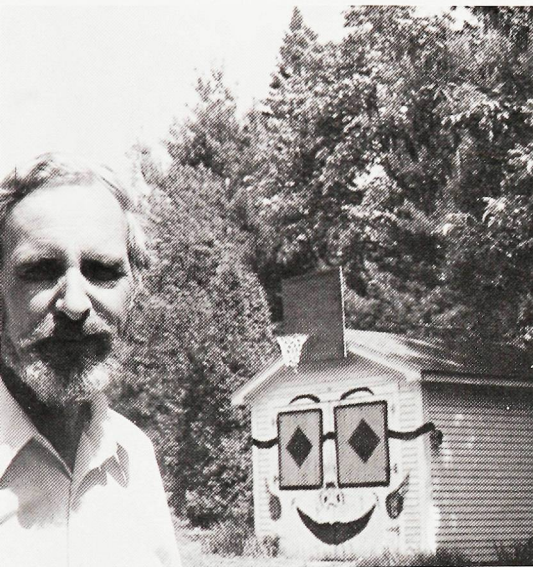
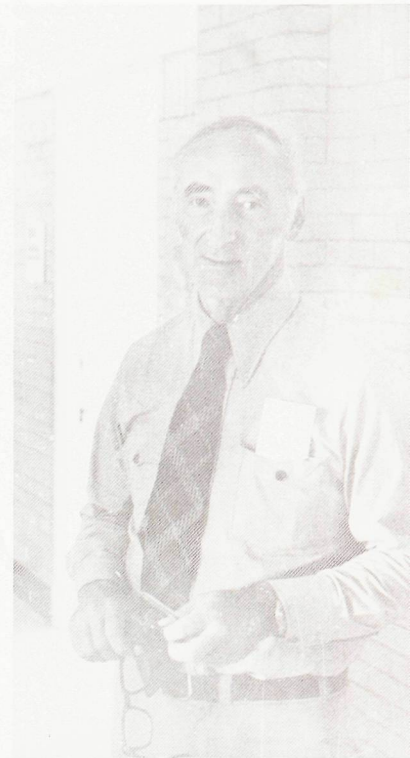


Mrs. Koppen-Tucker came to us from B.U. at the beginning of the year, when a last-minute need for a German teacher arose. In addition to this, she has taken over Political Science in Seventh Form, and History and English in other years. She has added a great deal of up-to-date knowledge in her fields, fresh from university graduate work and teaching.

Mr. St. Jacques arrived in the middle of the year, having been studying at the University. He taught Chemistry and Biology, and must be given credit for starting from scratch so late in the year. Having helped out in duty in Chapman, he will return next year, probably as a resident master.

Bev Weaver joined the nursing staff, and the boys were fortunate in having her in their infirmary. She has been a most understanding and helpful person, willing to "yak" with anyone over anything. And of course, her undying patience has seen many through colds, torn muscles and sprained fingers!

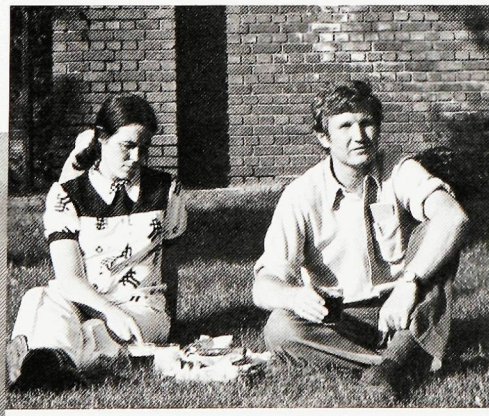
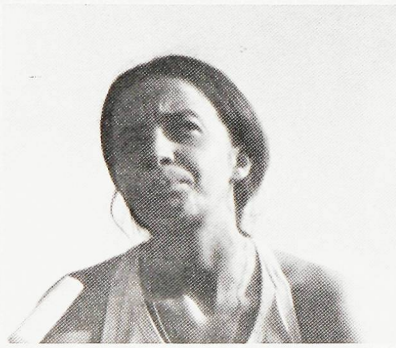




The Old Warhorses

LEFT TO RIGHT, Top to Bottom: Mr. St. Jacques, Mrs. Tucker, John Cowans, Ron Owen, Bev Weaver, Stuart Bateman, Art Campbell, Bill Badger, Rev. David Roberts, David Dutton, Doug Campbell, Rod Lloyd.





LEFT TO RIGHT, Top to Bottom:
Mitch McGuigan, Lue Brady, Lulu
Dumas, Bob Perrier, Dorothy
Hewson, Merv Gray, An Enlight-
ening Geography Class.



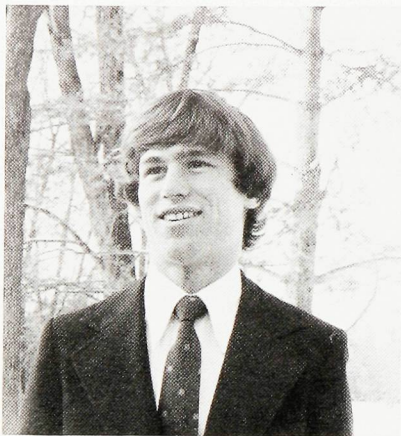


LEFT: Cliff Goodwin

BELOW, LEFT: Peter Milner

BELOW: Harry McFarlane





Tony Ross (1970) Sherbrooke, Que.

What can I say about the head prefect, who is a super athlete, does well academically, and is even a nice guy? Well, not much; I don't even know him.

Tony is another E dormer who wormed his way into the prefects' room, and has helped to add to its madness. That's not to say he hasn't deserved it. Having been a key player on B.C.S. football, hockey and rugger Senior Teams, he is one of our premier jocks. He has always been concerned with school affairs, and willing to voice his opinion. Yes, even though he blasts you little kids in New Student Line, he's sympathetic with your cause.

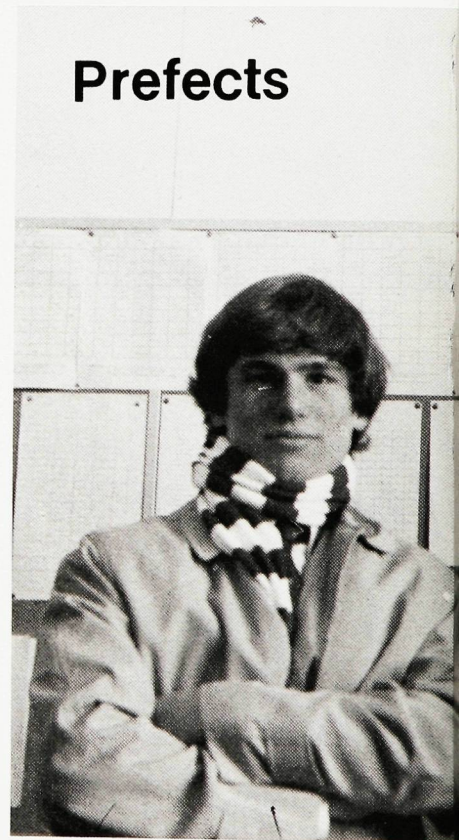
Tony's wit has also enlivened school life for five years, and the other person on this page (what a coincidence!). What'll we do without this snake in the grass scoring touchdowns and other points in the future?



Mary Hunkin (1973) Pointe Claire, Que.

One of our more unconventional females.... a jock at heart... late movies
 jelly bean fights... numbers 15 and 24.... "is that one Hunkin or Murphy?"
 Seymour and Edna (may they rest in peace).... "It's true and Oh Really!"
 soccer saves.... hockey "tips".... funny names - "Hunk", "Hypo", and
 "Mare"..... sixth form's favorite line - "just going for a walk sir!"... Ree-
 Uhr.... LuLu's late night pork-outs... "Eloise's old room"... naps in Drivers
 Ed..... the faithful combination of fizzy-grape and red licorice... Fran -
 remember those amazing golf swings after room inspection.... tubular ball's
 ...bribing "B" with Ban tops... football conversations... S.T.'s knack for al-
 ways walking in at the wrong time... Invite week-end... "chop-chop"....
 squash dates... long good-nights... Gay and Fuzzy... Wallabee's and sleeping
 bag-thanks Sue... laps for Juniors... three hour chats... explosions during prep.
 ..late night prayer... community sweat-pants... F.L. with Jenny... basketball
 and track in one crease?... two years that can't be forgotten by anyone!!.....
 Good-Luck!!!

Prefects



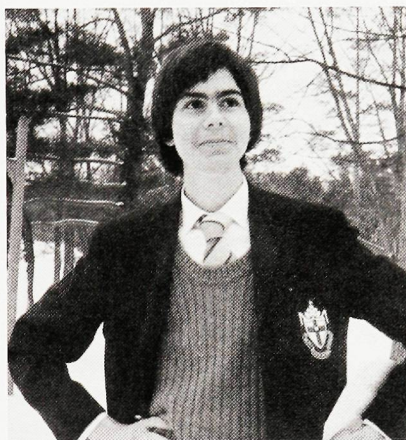
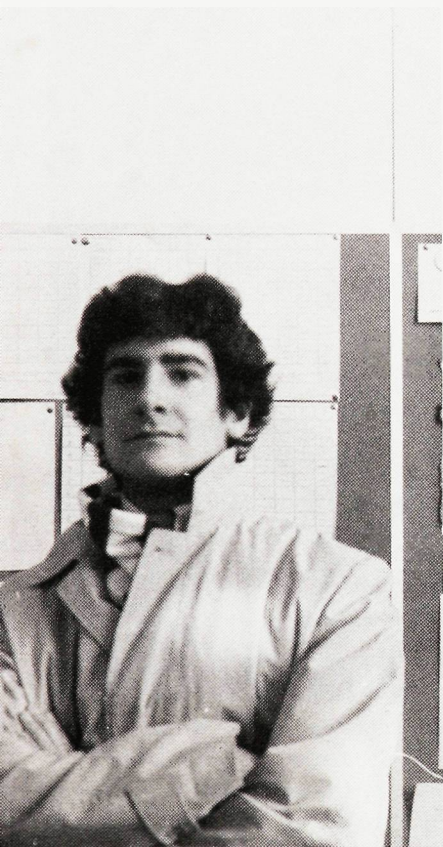
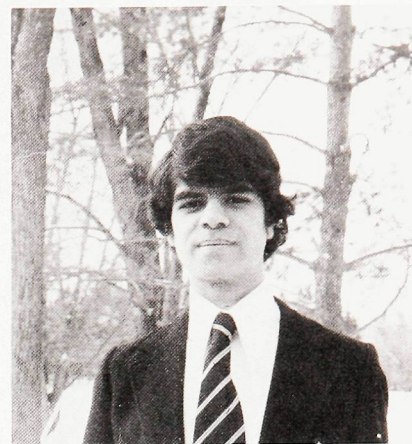
O.K. you guys

Stephen Jeffries (1972) Altoona, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

"There's no way I'm coming back for Seventh Form!" Does Steve remember that declaration he made as an unwitting Fifth Former?

Well, ol' Steve came back, alright -- and perhaps for more than he bargained for. He discovered that he had been mercilessly thrown into the madness of the prefects' room. However, he didn't let this bother him, and seemed able to carry on just as well. Loaded with endurance, Steve released his excess energy as a member of the cross-country team in the Autumn. In the Winter, he was again to be found roaming through the Quebec wilderness, this time as a part of the competition cross-country skiing crease. Deserted by his old gang of cronies, he was set upon by a new lot of faithful followers in Willy House.

Was life totally bleak for Steve at B.C.S. ? His wry smile answered that question. The quiet American withstood all the tortures that Canada could inflict on him.



Neil Matheson (1972) Westmount, Que.

"Presenting the DECLINE AND FALL OF NEIL MATHESON, a comedy in three acts". It was a long play -- each act took a year, including badly-needed intermissions. Every activity in the school became a stage, and he usually tried to be the chief actor. The more he made a fool of himself, the more he enjoyed it. He would leap onto any platform to amuse the public, and most of all, himself. In the opening act, Linus was a star on Harry's Hackers, snowshoeing and pioneering. Hysterium got lost in the library in one of the next scenes, and walked off with a pile of weighty academic books before the second break. The finale saw the most difficult role yet attempted -- the prefect. In addition he took up debating, another performing occupation. Lastly, he wrote a farce/tragedy (delete as applicable): this yearbook.

you're sent-in tonight.



Who, us? But we're innocent!

Tim McGee (1972) Victoria, B.C.

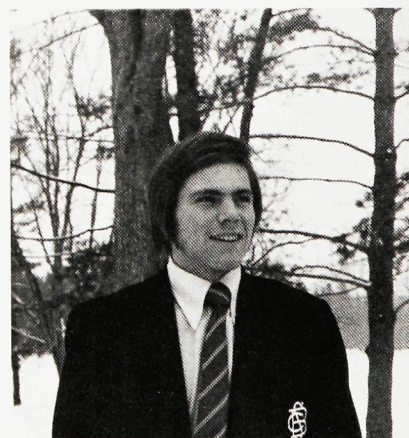
Oh, S.T. poté!

O.K., I had better own up. I don't know how to spell it, although I've heard it enough times. I had better get down to writing this grad article.

Hey, who is this dude anyway? Seems he comes from out west. He's been here three years. Doesn't seem to have done anything much, though. He's only been Captain of First Football, a great rugger player, one of those loud-mouthed debaters and choristers, as well as a lead in acting. Hear tell he's a bit of a suck in academics, too. Yep, it figures; he's a prefect.

Well usually in these articles I'm supposed to wish the person luck. I think I should for this honky; he'll need it.

Hey, c'mon! Pass me the next one. This here yearbook's gotta make press on time.



Mark Medland (1970) Lennoxville, Que.

Mark has accomplished many things in his five years at B.C.S. This year he was appointed a prefect, the first day student ever to hold this post. He has distinguished himself on a number of teams. At one time or another he has been a member of the first teams Cricket, Soccer, Hockey, Rugby and Football, and has been awarded colors in each. This year he was named Captain of the First Hockey Team as he played each game with unabounded enthusiasm. This year he served as Cadet Sgt. Major as well as being involved with the players club, stage crew and Bernie. To mention only a few.

His mind is on the right things in life however and his attitude and easy going manner will serve him well in the future. As he says, "The man that cries has not yet heard the good news."

Alan Monk (1971) Granby, Que.

Well, here we present Uncle Al, who you'll hear about quite a lot in succeeding articles, since, whether he realizes it or not, he was one of the two sixth-formers who led us into such evil and decay last year, and the only prefect, and has completed four long years at BCS, during which he has lost all trace of meek fourth-formerness, (which we only heard about) excepting his immortal forgetfulness, which we'll hardly forget. Still, Al's managed quite a record around school, with two full years on all first teams, as well as the proud positions of head warden, and leading, sometimes singing, actor. Lastly, his all-night work is also immortal, especially for those of us who put up with him after 2 A.M. Best of luck, Doctor Uncle Al!



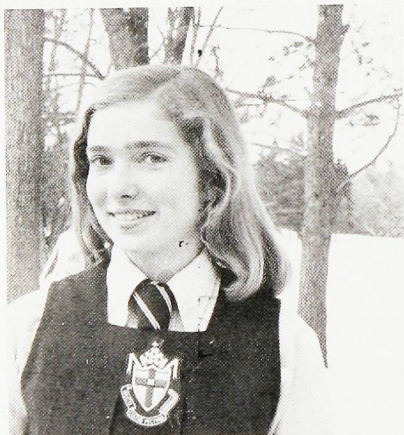
Mary Murphy (1972) Magog, Que.

I just can't believe that after four years it's all over. I guess that means no more naps during English class, those infamous French classes, Art class ??? MURPH, sometimes, though I'm called Mary but only when they're angry with me. Aw, gimme a break! Wendy and Shelagh possessed. Another roommate? Mr. Detchon.....Lights out...those late night talks. Jane, you smell funny! Trying to nail Fortier. It's those juniors making all that noise. Being on duty and trying to wake up... alarms sounding off for at least five minutes? Those awful prefects meetings. Why do I always get so much mail? No I'm NOT taking basketball. When can I leave? I don't like it here! I hate him! I'm not really ashamed of being half French, I mean, how could I help it? My amazing typing skills. Compton...Bishop's... It's all there. Thank you to all those who made me remember it.

Hugh Notman (1971) Vancouver, B.C.

Hugh would probably like us to tell you about his boring skiing achievements, but we would much rather mention some juicy stories about his awakening love-life. Hugh, however, threatens us with laps. Nasty Hugh. This dapper fellow is known as the best dressed man in Room 8 at Chapman House. His roommate is a nudist. Nots is also a much-liked Prefect (because he takes bribes). He plans to study truck psychology and work to lease pick-ups. He makes the incredible claim that he understands the Xerox machine. It understand you too, Nots. It is Hugh's desire to return west where he is hoping to enjoy a few more B.C. sunrises!



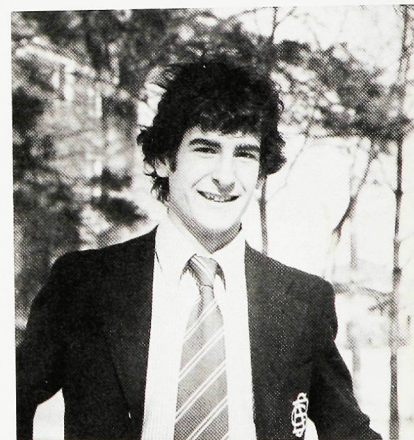


Margaret Anne Paine (1973) Madison, New Hampshire, U. S. A.

After June I won't be a student here anymore. Hard to believe, two years... Remember the first year - Poollet's frownie and that voodoo doll.... private hockey stick for a roadrunner... Mole and Mark yields Map...mushroom madness...skiing casualty... Spring Track...midnight raids with Linda...farm picnic...Carol's craziness...hooked the house on America Homecoming... "I don't really go to this school".

And this year - Carrie and dolphins, chocolate mousse and a concert... parties with Pritch... "Berni, your dog ate the dinner!"... Cross-Country... when I didn't mean to wake Car up, but did!... "I'm so tired!"... "the psychiatrist is in but due to inflation the price is 10 cents."

"I'm gonna miss you yes I will".

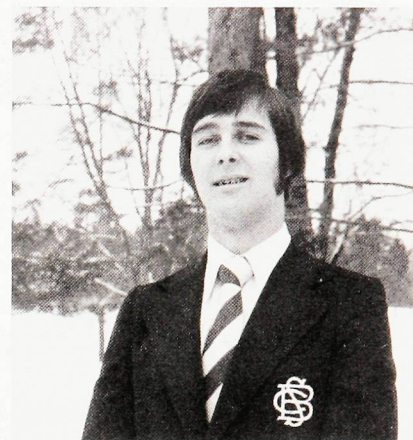


Tim Price (1970) Westmount, Que.

That infamous E dorm of Glass House days produced many characters. Some have been expelled. Some are now prefects.

Among the latter group of notables is Tim. One of the vets of the school, he has worked his way up the ladder. He has advanced from losing bantam to winning senior teams on football, hockey and rugger. He has also served in the Cadet Corps, Chapel, library, dining-hall and numerous dark corners. Thanks to his advertising campaign, this yearbook does not cost \$100 a copy.

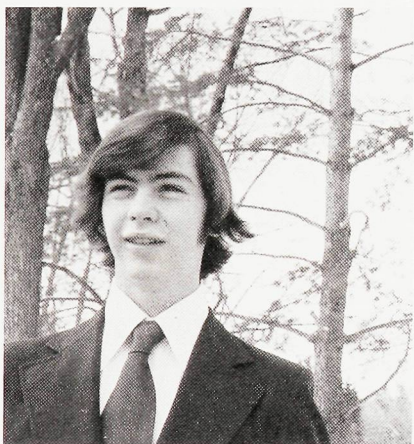
No doubt this is all a plot to spread his fame through this grad article and all the pictures of him that manage to seep into the yearbook files. Well, he's going to be disappointed. The truth is that Tim is a great guy. Ask anyone. Ask Debbie.



Thomas Simard (1972) Ste. Foy, Que.

After the big decision was made, S.T. returned as prefect of Smith House, commonly known as the zoo. S.T. scored his first touchdown in senior football this past season, while playing almost every position of the club, as everyone well knows. For S.T., the year ahead, his final at B.C.S., seemed to be quite tough. However, he proved he could be on his own without Ben. He assumed the job of haircuts for this year, only nailing people he didn't like. Usually he was the only one who ever showed up.

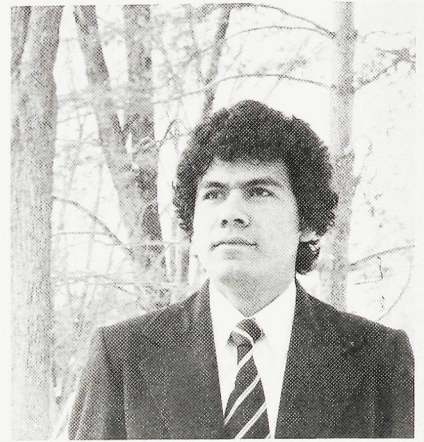
S.T. will always be remembered for his ability to organize; to mention a few, La Lutte Grand Prix, the Smith House Hockey League and the S.T. - Ben Golf Classic. His pride and joy, however, was Smith House, a place that suffered serious noise pollution for three years. The zoo will never be the same without S.T. and the dynasty of three years ago, which gradually begins to crumble. We all wish you the best of luck at Ben. U.



David Stenason (1969) Beaconsfield, Que.

Stan erupted into BCS life in the last fall of the previous decade back in the days of E dorm and a junior boys' Glass House. After six long years, he is left residing in "Maison Smith" with Moose as a roommate and tortured memories of Ben. These years have all been productive: Captain of two soccer teams, Assistant Captain on two hockey teams, a perennial member of the senior rugby scrum, a renowned participant in his house T.V. room activities, and an ardent user of free ice time. His unusual knack for adding "that little extra touch" to other peoples personalities (top ten) made him very much a part of the life in the Prefect's room. Wherever he goes next year, may it be Harvard in the footsteps of his father, or Carleton in the shadows of Ben, we wish him luck and prosperity (with K.W.) in the years to come.

Seventh Form

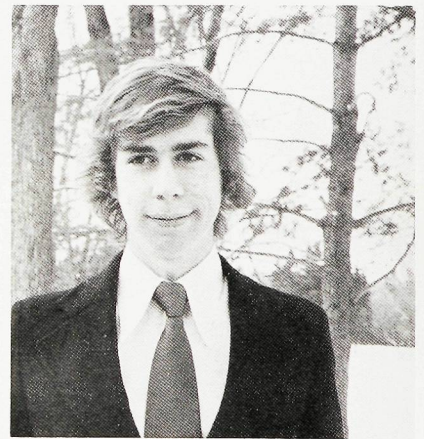


Daniel Boiteau (1971) Ste. Foy, Que.

Danny was a quiet type of person in the school but he ran a busy life outside B.C.S. His exhausting parties on his balcony with John who is now an old P.O.B., his frequent trips to B.U. Library (!!) and "La Boustifaille" made him realize that having fun wasn't the only thing in life.

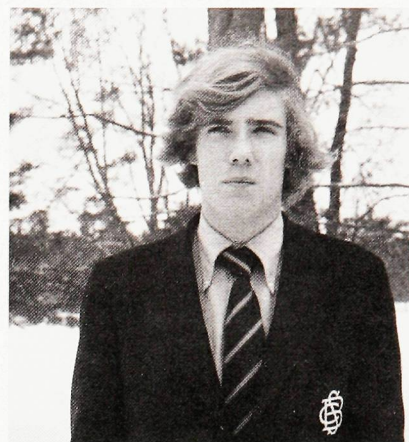
Even though he did not seem to be, Danny was also an all-round athlete. He took part in numerous competitions in cross-country running as much as alpine skiing.

"We wish Danny the best of luck, wherever he goes, whatever he does, whatever happens to him !!!...E.D."



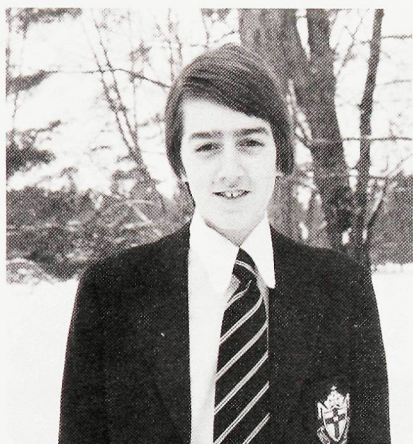
Miguel Derney (1972) Montreal, Que.

Miguel decided to stay at B.C.S. for this year, his final year. He was indeed skillful enough to escape the marching in Mexico, while his years also earned his exemption from the blues and mufti of B.C.S. life. A trick hip gave him plenty of time to study and he was often to be found behind the typewriter in the library workroom. In Williams House, Miguel and his infamous roommate, Charlie, took over half of the upstairs suite, which they furnished with Miguel's prize desk, Charlie's stereo, a multitude of posters and heaps of dirty laundry. We all wish the best of luck to our "Most Senior of Seniors", Miguel.



David F. Fuller (1971) Lennoxville, Que.

Who's Fuller, better still, who's David? You know: Slack! And for various reasons Slack has kept the name since arriving four years ago. A Grier houser for three years, Slack decided that a change in atmosphere might help things, so he moved out, and through the course of this year could be seen commuting from the town in a four wheeled vehicle enjoying the privileges of a day boy. Dispite the name, Slack was a member of this year's first Football, Hockey and Rugby teams showing the skills of a local Towny. Slack seemed to be around quite a bit but I don't think he knew why. What's in store, not too many know, but we're sure he'll get through. Good Luck Dave.

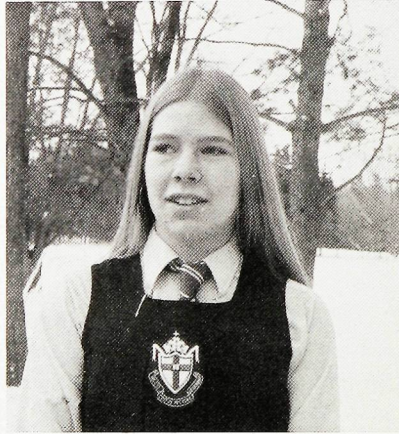


Michael Hyde (1972) Beaconsfield, Que.

Mike came to Bish a few short years ago, and for the most part has led a tranquil, peaceful and sober life within the confines of Smith House. Choir and T.V. room past-times have, however, added a note of excitement to his life. The majority of his time is spent in preparing for an emotional last day, after which he will slip into the babe of his dreams - a Ferrari Dino XM6 - and speed off into the sunset. Well known for his energetic analysis of personality, he stands out as a fascinating roommate. A confirmed pessimist, we will be shocked to see him drive off to broader horizons.

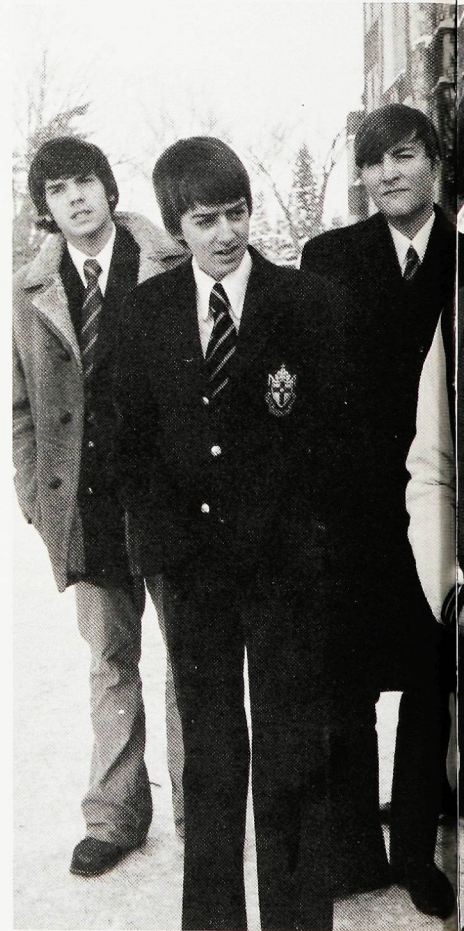
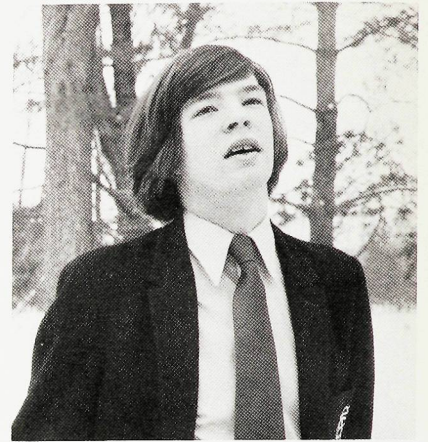
Stuart MacTavish (1972) Montreal, Que.

"There isn't any "now". By the time you've said the word, your "now" has become "then".



Carolyn McDougall (1974) Westmount, Que.

Coming from the study, Carrie found herself in the East wing rooming with a Map. The line she heard most in those first few weeks was "You're Chris Bovaird's cousin?". Carrie managed to survive being woken up at some ungodly hour, every time her roommate was on duty! She was often seized by laughing attacks when in Deb and Gay's room or when gossiping ?? with Gwen and George at Gillard. Remember the Aquarium, chocolate mousse and a concert? And Snoopy posters; talks extending into the A.M. and Mole's messages on the board? Carrie was a member of the first team soccer, basketball, and even tried hockey. She was also a valued choir member, when she wasn't dying of laughter. Always kind, always a good friend. Bye and Good Luck, Carrie.



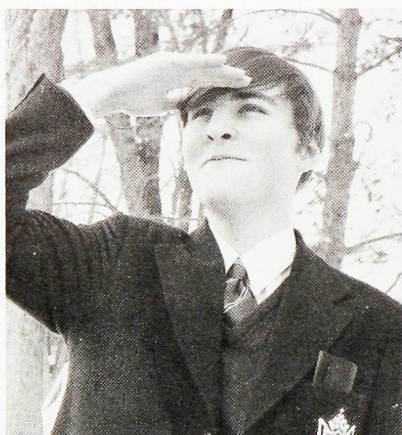


Charles McQuade (1970) Knowlton, Que.

It is impossible for me to sum up five years in one paragraph, so I won't even try. For the past five years I've been told that what I've had to go through will help me in the future. All I can say is that it had better!



Paul Monod (1974) Montreal, Que.



AN EXCLUSIVE, REVEALING INTERVIEW WITH ONE OF THE MAJOR FIGURES OF OUR TIMES.

Q: Mr. Monod, is it true that you use your 23 weekly spares plotting mad schemes to destroy religion and restore the Hapsburg monarchy?

A: Such rumours are entirely without foundation. In my spares I sit in the library reading crude Swedish novels.

Q: Are you always a pedantic?

A: Only when sober.

Q: Why did you come to B.C.S.?

A: A Stork brought me.

Q: Do you plan to do anything this year?

A: Just sit around and wait for next year.

Q: Calm down.

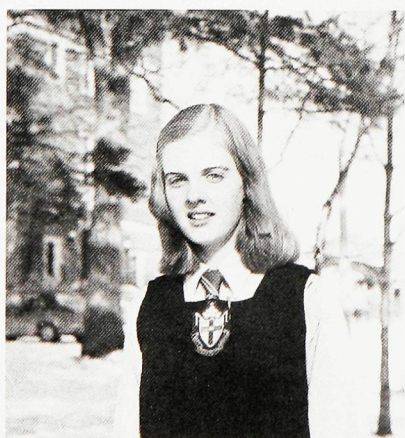
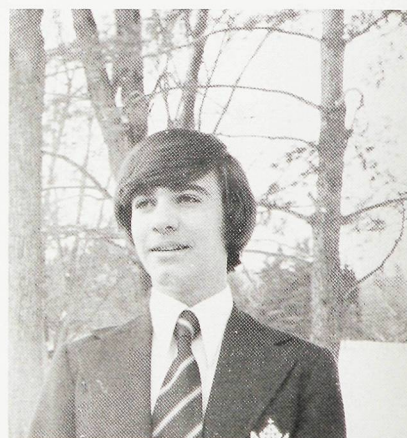
A: (Strangling him) I'm perfectly calm. (A loud noise.) Damn. I've put my foot through the wall.

David J. Morales Bello (1971) Caracas, Venezuela.

The four foot Venezuelan that came to us in '71 hasn't changed much. Now he's 5 ft. 6 1/2, has a little less temper but is still the quiet academic type. (As long as a baseball, football or rifle aren't in his hands.) Dave had an outstanding year! he was captain of the junior football team and last we heard he had a good chance to represent Canada at Bisley, England in an international shoot. He shattered all past marksmanship records and set new ones that will be unchallenged for a long time to come. Academics were great.

Dave will be remembered for the slack nights when he took prep and for the invention and publicity of Monod's Meat Market among many other things.

The head of the Spanish Mafia heads off to Cornell University next year to study science and everyone who knew him will miss him. Goodbye and Good Luck Davey.



Georgina Mundy (1972) Ottawa, Ont.

George returned this year to become one of the small group of seventh formers. Following the general trend this year she went from long to short hair. As in her usual style she joined the group of strong sopranos in the choir. She made the soccer team but missed many games due to her over staying her welcome in the infirmary. She also made it to volleyball amongst a small but powerful team. In the spring softball again will be her sport.

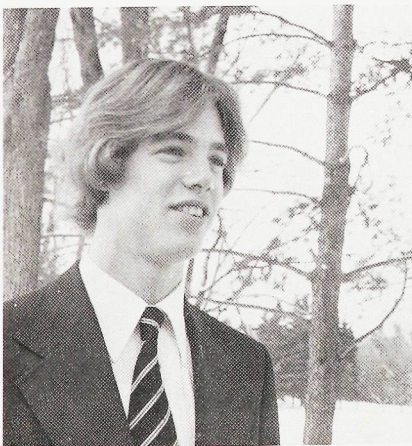
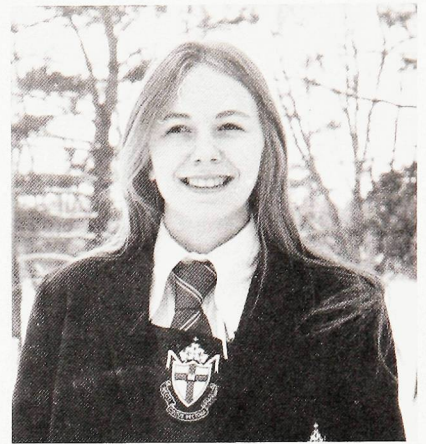
In Gillard House things were well set-up, with her music and Lyne's T.V. - consequently little work was accomplished! Still, quite often quieter than most and sometimes destructive - she seemed to enjoy herself.

Next year she hopes to carry on in a similar but much expanded environment at Western.

Brenda Lee Picken (1974) Cookshire, Que.

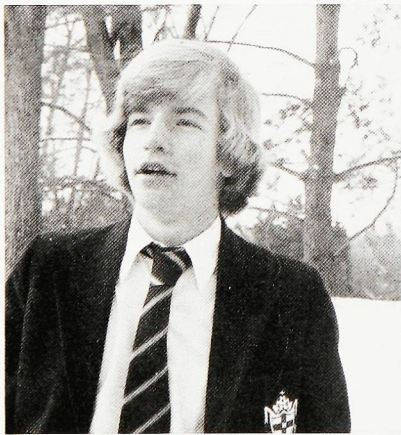
1 **MIGRATORY HABITS:** Leaving the congestion of A.G.R.H.S. for a life of aristocratic ease at the B.C.S. country Club, B.L.P. arrived, still smiling, for her first, last, and only year. This is not true, however, she really came here to play the bagpipes and avoid cadets.

11 **ACHIEVEMENTS:** She used her mellifluous soprano voice in choir, debating and too often in the library. (Sorry, Mr. Winder.) After discovering that she could not become a famous actress (Sob!) she moved to back-stage operations. Her athletic prowess on Senior Soccer, Volleyball, Girls' Hockey, track and dancing like a cat around Gillard locker room is notable. Long may she grin, for ever and ever, first, last, and only. Amen.



Stephen Prescott (1974) Keeseville, New York. U.S.A.

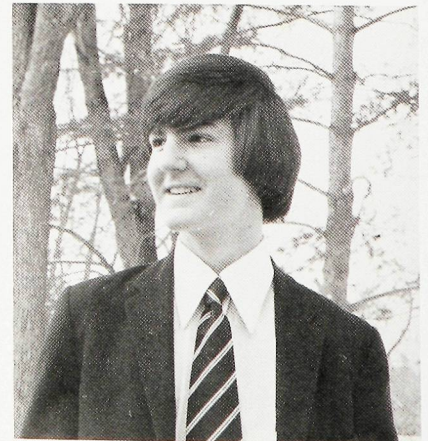
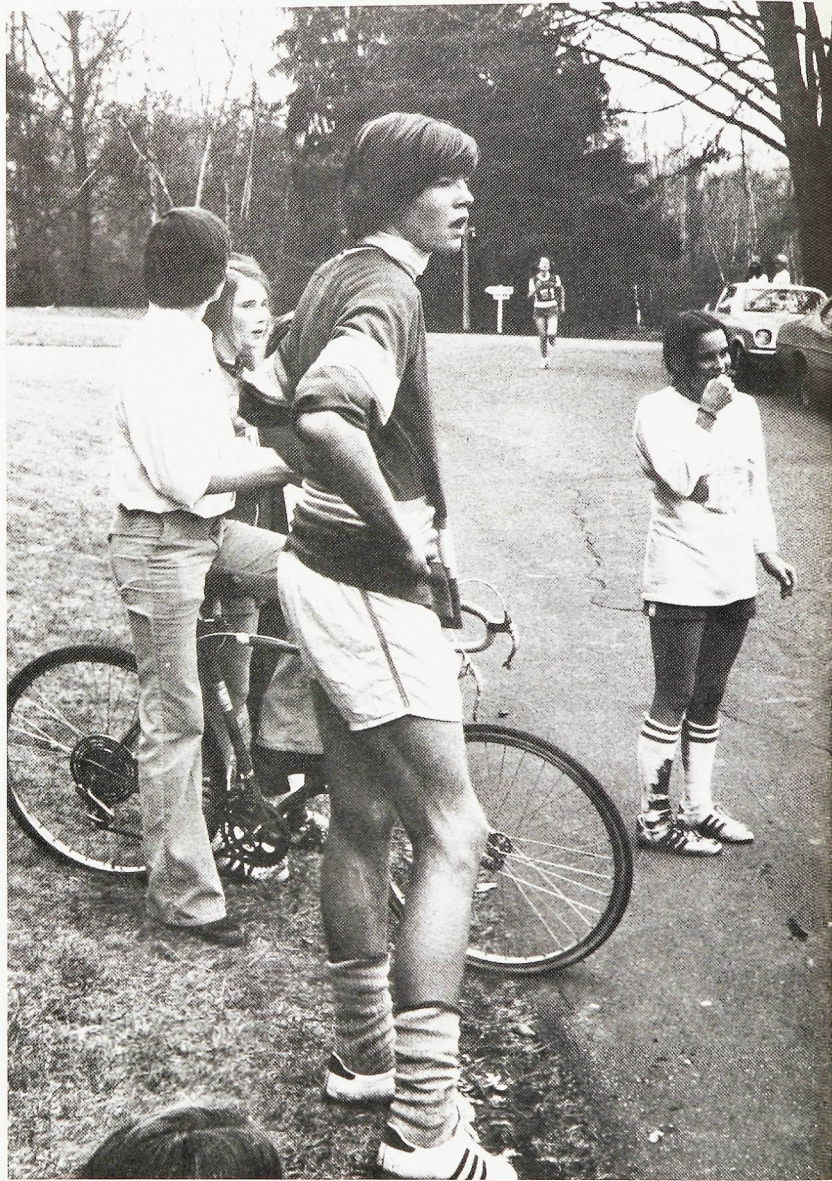
Being a new boy at B.C.S. seems to be no hindrance, as Steve has been subjected to all the hassles that every other rebel is sentenced to. The second he arrived he was shown the ropes by an anonymous cowboy. i.e. Towntalk, cemetery. etc.etc.etc. He also fitted well into the football team's schedule, (down-ups, hitting the bags, and warming the bench with cowboy, formerly mentioned.) Occasional trips to the B.U. Library never helped the lungs much - of course only due to the St. Francis River. Being a true Yank, Steve respects many Canadians and even likes some of them. Armed with ear plugs, Steve would hit the sack really looking forward to the next day, until it came. Steve looks forward to a bright career as a or a good luck ?



Evan Price (1973) Dakar, Senegal

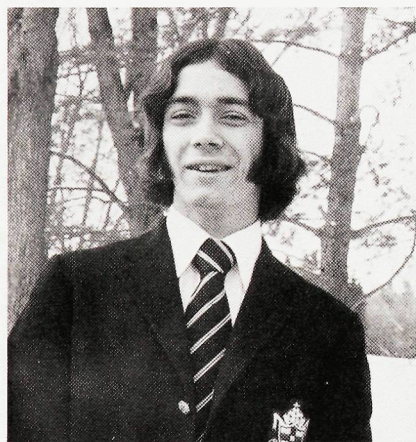
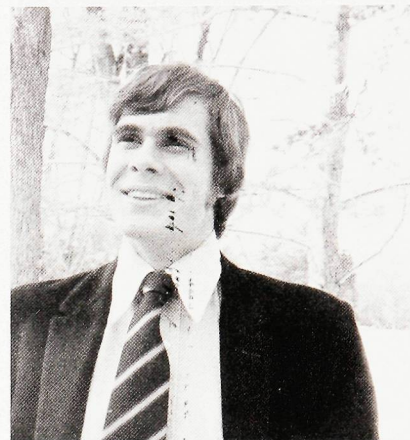
For some weird reason, Evan came back to discover the pleasures of not being a new boy. Unfortunately there were not enough. The aim of the African, this year, was not to torture the Grier juniors using the Pump Squad but to leave his name engraved on the walls of this school. Actually this year was quite an experience, as he roomed with Gary "Wow Man", his ideas and his music machine in Marchuk's old room. What a difference a year did to that place.

When Evan came here two years ago, he unknowingly entered a new phase of his life, the army. As it turned out, to put it mildly, he disliked it. Last year, his understanding superiors credited him with eight fatigues. I wish them the best of luck, this time around against him. For the 49ers, QB Tom Owen and Pigmy, anyday could be the big day.



Ian Scott (1969) Magog, Que.

Ian came upon BCS, possessing a great number of latent talents and hidden abilities. Whether it was the competition or the heady pace of Bishop's life, which exposed these qualities, there has emerged in the last year or so, a genuine identity, none other than the seventh form Prefect liaison officer, "Grotte". In fact Ian is responsible for the majority of the Gothic signs one can find around the school. His other accomplishments include senior Agora secretary, a host of First Team appointments, Skiing colours, Cadet tailor, and long time choir member. It is difficult to express the feelings we had for Ian, they would cover an awful lot of ground. What can be said in complete confidence, is that Ian was a never failing source of inspiration to us less cheerful lot. Don't lose that touch for fun and enjoyment you so vividly possess. Thanks and the best of luck.



Andrew Scott (1974) Grand'Mere, Que.

After being rejected from Appleby College School at the last moment last year, Andrew resigned himself to fate and came to B.C.S. to follow in the footsteps of his patriotic brother, William CAPTAIN CANADA Scott.

It is true that he did stick to slack creases, but after all, he had to save his energy for his prep, choir and smokes in Lennoxville. We must give Andrew the utmost credit for earning the endurance award in his house.

Only being at Bish for one year it was evident to most that he could handle himself in any situation. Andrew plans to amass as many degrees as possible, at an Ontario or Maritime University, in preparation for his career as a working laborer.

Michael Shupe (1971) Beaconsfield, Que.

It didn't take us long to recognize Mike's math talents, even in third form, when he made his B.C.S. debut. By some fluke he soon found his way to Smith House, a place where work is unknown. Mike developed himself into one of the centers of the Smith house dynasty.

Unfortunately, however, for our human computer, he lost his chance to Prefect Push, skipping his way from Fifth right into Seventh Form. He spent his Tuesday nights mathematizing with Dudley but on other occasions he could be found down in the T.V. room absorbing those deep cuts in his memory bank and spitting them out just as fast.

Now he has turned out to be a play Director, in the Smith house play. To Mike, wherever you land next year, the most of luck in your quest of calculations, functions, and algebra.



Bruce Simms (1974) Wolfville, N.S.

Bruce came from his Maritime home for his one year stay at B.C.S. He was introduced to the boarding school life and became the target of S.T.'s Newfie jokes. As a Maritime Scot he participated in the Pipe Band and was explained what it was like in the army. He had his accommodations in Willie House and arrived faithfully to the cries of "Tuckshop". Sports participation included first team football and starring in the I.H.A.

Gwen Skutezky (1974) Montreal, Que.

Gwen came to B.C.S. quite unaware of what was to follow. After much coaxing she made her acting debut as our "femme fatal" and became famous for her slip-up comments she made (pogo party !?) Although a constant source of fun she helped many a team with her determination to kill the ball whatever the size, whether field hockey or basketball. In the choir, despite her position in the centre row she probably contributed more than we will ever know, whether good or bad!

Back at Gillard House she tried in vain to watch T.V. but was constantly provided with blinders during movie time. If not soaking it up in her nightly baths she could be found at the source of Gillard House amusement, laughing it up!

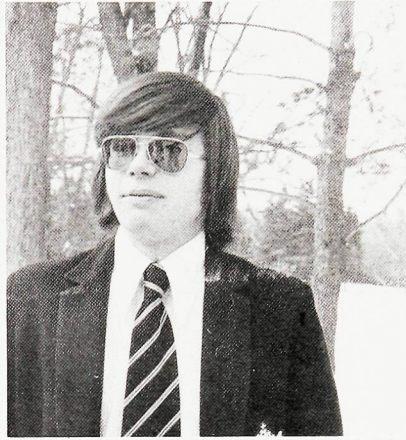
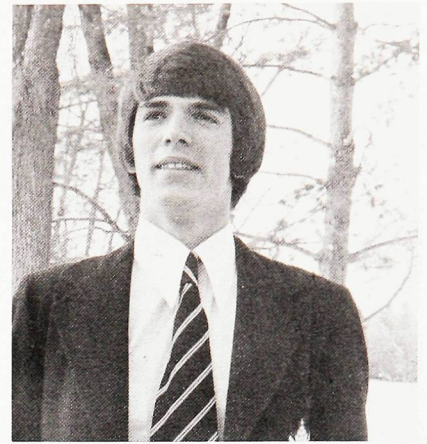
Next year wherever she goes, we hope her humour and good spirit will drag along as well!



Kelly Smith (1970) Sutton, Que.

Homage to Kelly S...H:

Once upon a time, ages or even five years ago, Kelly the Kiwi booked in- to the Glass House Communal Living Development. Then what happened? He was transferred to the Eastern Front (ie Smith House, meine Frau, all Owen, no payin', winter walks and snow banks.) One fine day, surprise! Kelly the Treble discovers that he is Kelly the Tenor. He blazed a trail of glorious success from around the bend (Harry's Hackers) to defensive end on Junior Football. The end? Ah, no! Lest we forget: Second and First Team Soccer, Rugger, Hockey, light bulb collection. This bulbous light of the Western World is burned out at B.C.S. and will retire to Ontario for recharging. 'Bye ! Thanks !



David Thraves (1971) Sackville, N.B.

David came to us in the fourth form, from the heart of the Maritimes. Because of his quiet nature it took people a while to realize he was around, but after sometime he made himself known. David became involved in several things including the Astronomy Club - stargazing as he called it. We're still wondering if it was just stars he was gazing at. For one year he decided to try out his voice in the tenor section of the choir, but he decided he was too much for the rest of them. David was also involved in Social Services and every Monday night, he could be seen walking into Lennoxville with a "well known group". Much to our surprise, David came back this year (probably just to enjoy Seventh Form privileges.) Deciding to have a change of pace, he joined Cross-Country running. Later on, he moved up a notch and became head of the Cross-Country Skiing Crease.

Four years have gone by since David first came, and he has done a great many things in that time. Wherever he goes we hope he finds all the best in his endeavours.



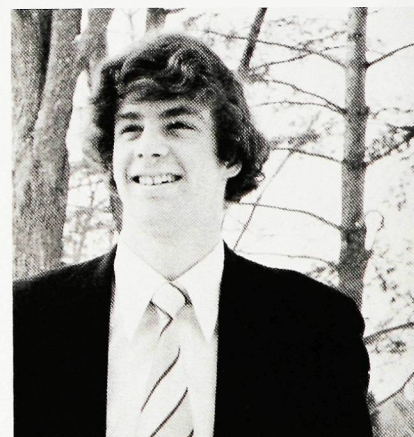


Anne-Marie Belanger (1972) Hemmingford, Que.

Boom Boom hopped over to B.C.S. into Fourth Form from Compton, in her Expo running shoes and that pleated dress with the hearts. During the course of a year she prospered greatly thanks to a noble person. Anne-Marie is a rather quiet unassuming type mainly due to the fact that her mouth is always in pursuit of chocolate cake. She was plagued throughout the terms by nose bleeds causing a squinting of the eyes, thus screwing up her contacts. Being of a studious nature and excelling in all aspects of her work, there was no air of competition with Wyatt as a roommate. In the near future Anne-Marie hopes to pursue a secretarial career. (Her great speed and agility in track should prove useful.)

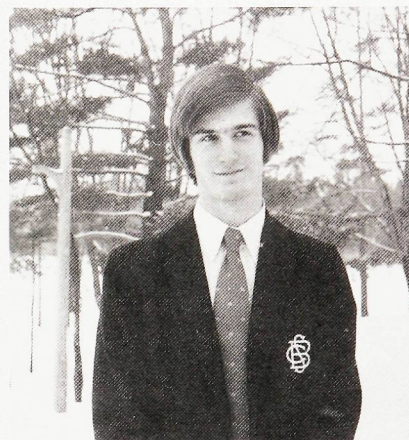
David Bonnet (1973) Granby, Que.

The old gang from Massey-Vanier were smart enough to get out of there by Grade 9, but old Blue had to wait an extra year to be different. Well, he is a bit different. Who else gets admiring letters written to him in chapel, at which he never ceases to gape around in pretended astonishment? Anyway, he'd have to be a little different; after all, he's survived two years of rooming with Al. But basically Bonnett's pretty even tempered (when he isn't being woken up at 3:30 A.M. to go swimming, or something, or something.) Big Blue's got a great record for senior football, and hockey, and, when he isn't breaking up laughing, as a warden, too. He pretends he won't come back next year, but somebody's got to be around to beat up Wade every night.



Ellen Buchanan (1972) Ayer's Cliff, Que.

Ellen came to BCS the first year that girls were submitted. She started off rooming with Linda then ended up with the big "M". Ellen was later known as the big "B" or the notorious b----- basher. Especially to Jane. A certain Smith houser..... and her so exquisitely decorated room number one of the Glass House suites. The big boots on defense, three years running on the basketball team, and trying to catch those fly balls out in center field. Her craving for Blue Bonnett margarine. One of the great foursome of the Holiday Inn invaders. Favorite sayings: Cathi it's so cold in here. Just a minute Katie.



Henri Busse (1971) Pointe Claire, Que.

Wandering alone through the decadence of time, the young Bohemian stops a moment to write a poem. Sinking into a trance, he listens to the demonic voices of past tribulations, echoing mnemonically against the walls of his mind. Spattered by the excrements of ignorance, a lechery of wanton shadows dance about his outer-shell. Frail vapors of truth slowly dissipate, only to reveal to him the lies of his life, and causing all thoughts of redemption to meander aimlessly into death's humble sphere. . . . And I, trapped in life's confusion, must gaze out into Future's void, in search of the beacon that will guide years to come.

Alas, the final quarter is soon to end, and I will take my leave for "it is far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known." However, far from destitute, I leave content and well equipped. Leaving the great Alma Mater, I will seek greener pastures to continue harvesting the many fruits of wisdom I so dearly yearn. Quitter de longs espoirs et de vastes pensées; c'est ainsi qu'en partant je vous fais mes adieux.



Jennifer Campbell (1972) Lennoxville, Que.

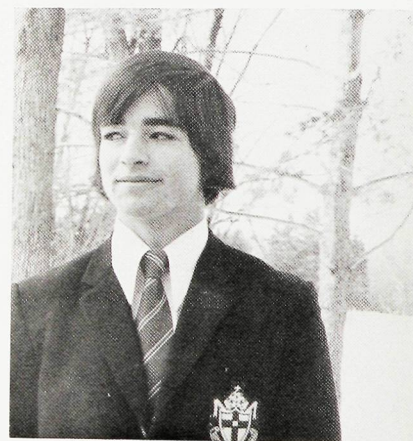
Jenny has completed three successful and rewarding years at B.C.S. This past year she was an asset to the undefeated girls' soccer team, captain of the cheerleading team, a member of the basketball and track teams, and on the magazine staff. She was also avidly involved in gymnastics and social services. Jenny enjoys B.C.S. life and applies herself rigorously to doing her best in everything she undertakes. Each aspect of her character is led by the smile that constantly lights up her features. Jen's presence in Beaky's Birdhouse is longer-lasting than anyone else's but she is welcomed heartily into the folds of Gillard at all times.

People are forewarned of "Little Beaky's" approach by her well-known cheerful giggle which we hope will echo through the halls of B.C.S. once again next year.

Luc Chabot (1974) Baie Comeau, Que.

Mini-Shotgun arrived this fall as a new member of the Willy House gang. Unlike his brother, the original Shotgun, his presence was not heard. However, he gained a reputation by trying out for First Team Football before knowing what a touchdown was. The junior team was next en route. We are looking for him to show his Baie Comeau upbringing on the ski slopes this winter and then who knows? Un peu de Rugby?

Many nights he can be found up at the observatory (scanning the girls' houses with the twelve-incher.) Although he has been disappointed by the cloudy he is still hoping for some clear nights.



Scott Corrieri (1973) New York, New York U.S.A.

Yerry came to this school bringing his love for football, hockey and baseball. Scott proved to the school the fact that a person of little skating ability sure can play hockey.

Scott's claim to fame was that he was shaving when he was thirteen.

Yerry got his favorite saying from a former master by the name of Big Nooge. "Unbelievable."

Scott won't forget his Sunday afternoon writing essays for Mr. Lloyd, between running upstairs to check on the score of the baseball, football, or hockey games.

Yerry could always be found listening to Mouse's stereo or reading Cosell or maybe doing his homework.

So good luck Scott wherever ye may roam.

Deborah A. Cramer (1972) St. Kitts, West Indies.

Dear Deb,

Five years ago you stepped off a plane from the Sunny South to be corrupted by Canadian boarding school life. What do you remember ? King's Hall... always coming back for more... "Boo-Boo"... "Coconut"... "Boomer"... Italian kitchen boys... matrics on the tracks... Happy 16th birthday at the Bar-B-Barn...newfie jokes... the ashtray in the airport... those red running shoes... small kicking feet for soccer and self defense... two out of six is how much it costs... "it's about this"... "full of it and out of it"... volley-ball creases... friends...enemies...imported cockroach in Murphy's ski boot... rolling and cutting streamers for the Tea Dance...good times...bad times. There's pages more but all good times must come to an end.

Keep in touch, Deb.

A friend.



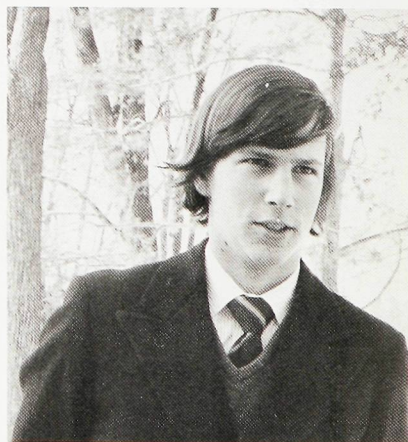


David Creighton (1973) Montreal, Que.

On his arrival at B.C.S. last year, Dave defied all odds by being related to neither Lee Harrison nor Nicky Creighton. Nevertheless, Dave received a warm welcome into Smith House, and he's been paying us back for it ever since.

Nicky spent an active life playing hack soccer in his "7 seas" hat, passing first team snowshoeing in his room, and melting his hand on a hot stove to escape spring sports and cadets: we didn't call him Handy Andy for nothing. Maybe Nicky is picking up, though. After all, he went out for Junior football this fall.

Nicky will, no doubt be back next year with his witty remarks and Brooks Brothers shirts to keep Smith House pumping and otherwise entertained.



Heather Crockett (1972) Danville, Que.

Amongst the girls that were imported from St. Helen's in 1972, came Heather, otherwise referred to as "Cricket" or "Cockroach".

Assuming that B.C.S. was similar to St. Helen's as far as rules were concerned - Heather started off on the wrong foot here. If you are wondering which punishments apply to which offenses, just ask Heather! However, through learning the hard way, Heather, in all opinions, has definitely come out on top. She has been a member of both Junior and Senior Field Hockey and Basketball teams, is a cheerleader in the fall and a softball player in the spring. Heather's favorite activity, however, is participating in gymnastics. We expect the "Cricket" to hop over from Danville next year for her fourth and final year at B.C.S.



Simon Dennis (1974) North Hatley, Que.

This being my first year at B.C.S. from St. Georges, I have come to appreciate the variation of school systems at both institutions. The adjustment to B.C.S. I am happy to say has been a smooth and enjoyable one.

I have always been interested in football, and was pleased that I made the Junior Football Team as a sophomore. Despite a lousy season record it was enjoyable to participate in it while gaining some experience of the game.

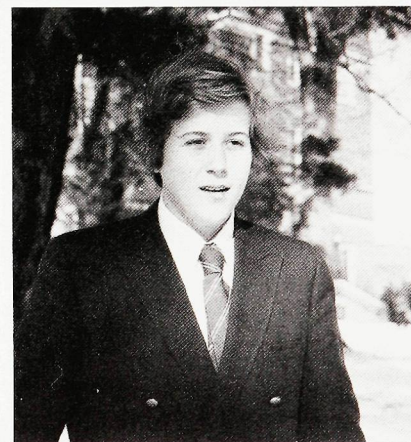
Academically, the subject courses I found to be varied and interesting again. The atmosphere of the school and the attitude of the kids is pleasant.

Once out of high-school, I hope to be able to attend University in either Montreal or Toronto. Right now, I am still thinking of what occupation I should enter.



Randall Dennis (1974) North Hatley, Que.

Coming to Bishop's from Lower Canada College was not particularly difficult for Randall and he appeared to take the change from city to country life quite well. What was difficult, however, was re-learning the game of football. After a lot of hard work and good coaching (thanks to Messrs. Goodwin and Cruikshank) he was finally molded into some sort of a football player. Randall (alias Alan Page, Mike Widger) improved slowly and was eventually named "the very ordinary super-star." Credit for an enjoyable and interesting season must also be given to some of the team celebrities. These were Sam 'BAM', O.J., and Shotgun. Academically speaking, Randall tended to fall into the middle of the road. While his work occasionally netted him an A he usually received B's being spared few C's. Despite all things, Randall seemed to enjoy B.C.S. and may return next year.





Gustavo De Hostos (Gus) (1974) Santurce, Puerto Rico.

Do you want to play twenty-one? Yes! Well let's go! Gus De Hostos, who is always ready to play basketball, could be seen playing at all times of the day. But the morning runner after a lengthy cross-country crease was disappointed over the lack of a basketball team. Never the less, he started to play hockey.

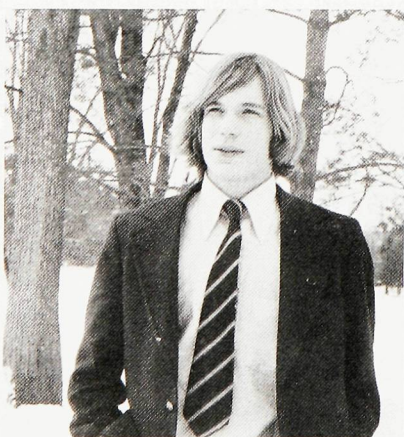
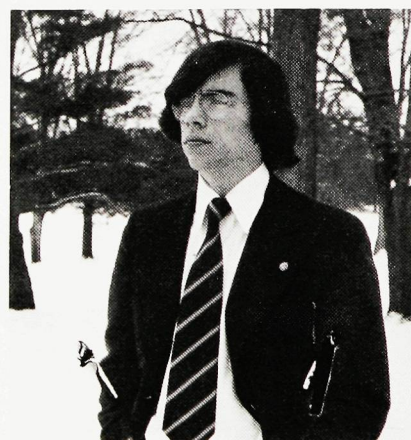
"It was hard learning," he said. "And I fall often but I love hockey in the I. H. A."

Gus, who is a Puerto Rican citizen, (and he constantly reminds us of it) is a fantastic surfer and scuba diver, and as we listen to his Puerto Rican music and look at his shells we wonder how we would have known about Puerto Rico if he hadn't have come here.

John DePaul (1972) Montreal, Que.

John, on his first day of school lost a new carton of cigarettes and at the same time got a private review of the school rules. Sports wise, John worked his way up in life from Harry's Hackers, to a back injury on first team football. He was also put on squash crease for his first two years, then on his third he didn't make it for reasons we won't get into.

John's favorite past-time would be explaining why his ring said T.O.R. Pulling up his pant leg to show his Italian background and screaming "Man, you awta see my Cadi." We'll miss your Johnny Carson jacket and high heel shoes so it'll be great seeing you on old boys' day.



Peter D. Fenton (1972) Lennoxville, Que.

Peter came here in Fourth Form and ever since has become a total rebel against all hair cuts, house participation and various other pastimes. Being a little bigger than his team mates on Junior Football, he without fail came across his reknowned name of "Bear"; which he later got rid of when joining First Team. Some of his other playfull pastime professions were Pam and others who would prefer to stay anonymous. He was also known (or heard) rumbling up Moulton Hill stopping at the squash courts and running in five minutes late. He was one for getting the best of what he could, which never really amounted to much.



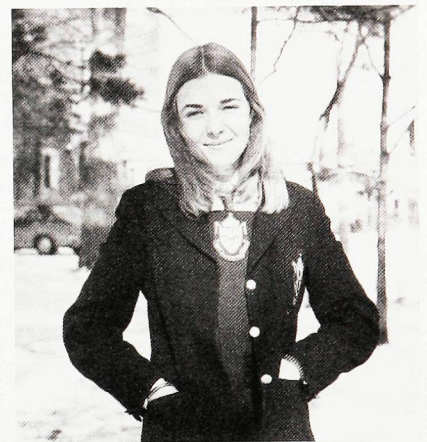
Esther A. Gobeil (1973) La Sarre, Que.

From La Sarre, Quebec (or maybe Acapulco??) came Esther. Are they still traveling by Dog Sled up there ? They must be; Esther came back late from every long weekend!

"But Mr. Bateman I have a good excuse..."

She says she came to B.C.S. to learn English (oh that English !) but spent more time giggling with Sharlene, about who knows what. Remember running laps for Miss Dumas... waking up Sharlene in the middle of the night!

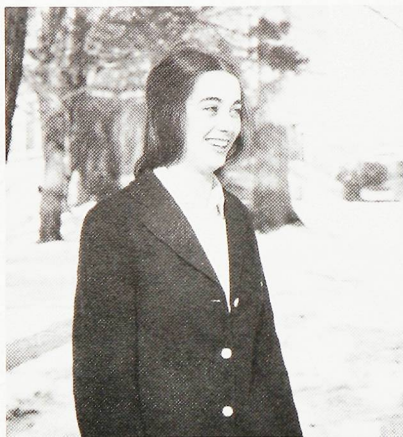
"Sharlene there is a spider on my pillow! Help!" Dances?... Do you play field hockey?... those gold earrings... our house model... the clothes horse... her sexy night-gowns... sun bathing on the balcony... Oh yes Esther was all those things... and more!! Esther is not coming back next year, we' ll all miss her... and all those exotic phrases floating around the house.



Linda Gosling (1972) St. Bruno, Que.

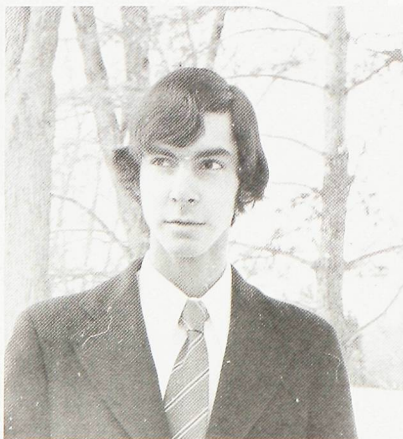
Goose came to us in '72 from some school called St. Helen's. While here, she has accomplished many a marvelous feat. Chicken legs, an avid singer, being a member of the choir, could often be heard crooning love songs in the halls. Linda always had this terrible thing about opening her eyes in the mornings: she couldn't. This was usually due to those late nights gossiping with Francoise or Bernie or raiding Tuck shop or raiding Jane. This exquisite creature from St. Bruno is the only girl that could possibly survive multiple gatings and the horror of running bricks three times. As for sports.....Well Linda is a seasoned field hockey star, a sexy cheerleader and the Phil Esposito of the hockey team, minus the chair of course. We pay tribute to Linda, and hope her next years are as successfull as the ones past.





Françoise Guibord (1972) Ottawa, Ont.

Frank arrived at B.C.S. in Fourth Form from Ottawa via her father's truck. Here she met Linda and they soon became a demolition duo in Glass House. It wasn't until her graduating year that Françoise undertook the task of tuck shop, thus permitting frequent raids. Prep played a major role in her weekday routine. This was carried out by her uncontrollable laugh causing a great mental stress. Françoise was also very Forward in all activities: soccer, hockey, basketball, track. When there was a student's council she used her valuable time in minutes. On Mondays there was a feeble attempt to blow the clarinet in the band. More times than not, a spastic blob was found lounging on one of the Sixth Form couches. Next year it may DEFINITELY be back! So long Françoise.



Wayne Guy (1970) Montreal, Que.

Ever since Second Form, when he slid out of a third floor window on a clothesline, Wayne Guy has proved to be a most unique member of B.C.S. Fortunately Wayne is now more down to earth, although he still occasionally spends time in the air when long-jumping twenty-one feet, for example. Wayne has partaken in debating at B.C.S. for five years now and, in his senior year, has managed to utilize his verbal skills in chemistry and biology where he always keeps a step in front of the teacher, we think. Wayne is a calm fellow but, as senior knows, don't get in the way of one of his shots and, as Williams House knows, don't be late out of the house when he's on duty. We all hope Wayne returns for Seventh Form and brings along more ideas for the house play.

Jeanne Hamel (1972) Knowlton, Que.

Preceded by her elder brother, and soon to be followed by her little sister, Jeanne came to Bishop's in '72, the first year they could sneak her in. At first we didn't know quite what to think; the bouncing marshmallow always had a smile on her face.

The Pillsbury Doughboy was forever running around with a can of shaving cream or baby powder, ready to spray it on a convenient victim. Jeanne (the lucky devil!) was able to go home every other Sunday. How we envied her! A little peeved by the lack of attention that she sometimes received, Jeanne made up for it in other ways. You could always count on her to do a favour for someone in need.



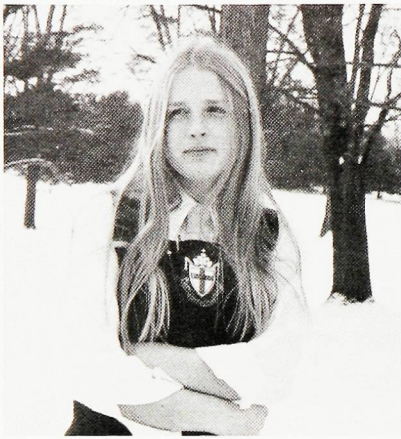
Raymonde Henri (1973) Joliette, Que.

Raymonde came into the school not knowing a word of English, and since has come up in the world, having started it all off with the famous "No Dave". During her first year she wasn't much for socializing, but on her second year she stunned us all with her amazing sense of humour and looks. She was known to stay up all night asking Katie what those words meant that the guys had said to her that day. Anyway Raymonde, you gave us a great year and we hope to see you again next year to find out more of the amazing world of Henri.



Katie Hart (1973)
Toronto, Ont.





Jane Henry (1972) Montreal, Que.

Christopher Robin and I walked along in the branches lit up by the moon.
Posing our questions to owl and eeyore as our days disappeared all too soon.
But I wondered much further today than I should - and I can't seem
To find my way back to the woods.
Oh help me if you can, I've got to get back to the house of Pooh corner by one.
You'd be surprised there's so much to be done
Count all the bees in the hive,
Chase all the clouds from the sky,
Back to the days of Christopher Robin and Pooh.

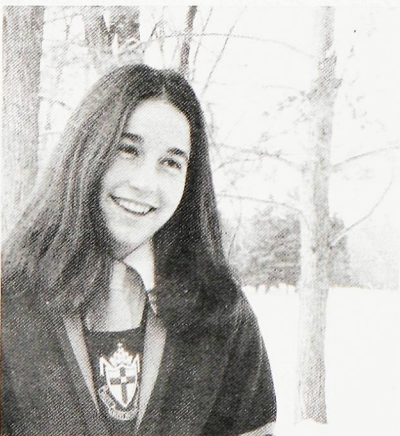
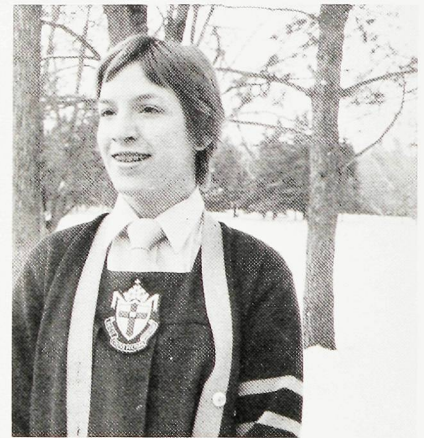
Judy Holcomb (1974) Beaconsfield, Que.

Sports - soccer, occasional football, hockey, basketball, table top dancing and whatever else is going.

After only a few weeks Judy was well known on the Sr. girls' soccer field. By the end of the soccer season she had earned the name of high scorer and "Judy Jock"!

Judy doesn't stop moving; if there is music she is dancing; if there is some sort of sports going she will be playing.

Judy has a habit of doing things on impulse. That's why one term her hair was shoulder length, blonde and next time short and brown. We all wait with anticipation to see what happens next term. Even if you didn't know what Judy looked like, you could tell her by her unusual vocabulary which could only come from an old Beaconsfield high girl; sayings such as "What a gas" and "you bet" are just a few.

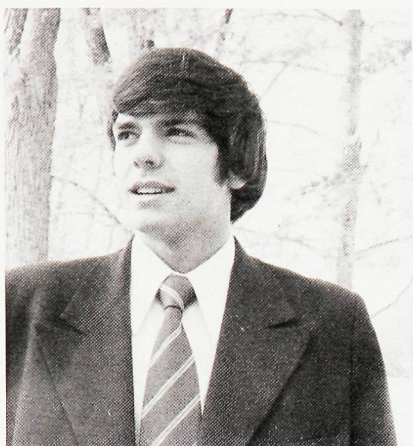


Shelagh Johnston (1973) Wellesley, Mass. U.S.A.

Our Wellesley girl slipped into B.C.S. two years ago meekly and inconspicuously, bringing with her straight pants, baggy shirts and sweaters, stacks of piano books, very late nights and an American accent somehow to be adapted to the French language.

For awhile it was "Shelagh Johnston! Oh I know, the one that plays the piano!" She was soon well-known and well-liked by everyone, and returned for Sixth Form joining the soccer team, comp. cross-country, social services and contributed long arduous hours to playing the piano for 'Damn Yankees'. Shelagh is always willing to lend a helping hand and has been a good friend to everyone. She is hardworking in every aspect and will be successful in the future. Any obstacles in life, she will push swiftly aside and say "Much Ado About Nothing."

"I promise you, don't worry about it."



Fred Kaneb (1974) Town of Mount Royal, Que.

"Who's that star fullback on First Team Soccer"? This was one of the most popular questions in the school during the first game of the season. Fred was so quiet that people didn't really know him. The few who did were very lucky indeed. The husky lad brought to B.C.S. his athletic talents and his apples, which he kept cool on the fire escape in Chapman House.

Apart from his soccer talents, Fred has also proved his hockey skills on the Senior team.

We hope to welcome Fred, his athletic talents and his apples back next year. If not, all B.C.S. wishes him good luck in whatever he does.

Allard Keeley (1972) Caracas, Venezuela

For the last three years Allard has been known as the most excitable person in the house. He has always had a way of being a great contribution to the house spirit and keeping law and order in Willy House. As Producer and Director of our house play this year, as far as we're concerned, Allard came through with a first-class performance. As you walked in the front door you could often hear Allard and Company twanging the strings on the old guitars, even if they did hit a few right keys. Allard was an active member of our football team as he played first defense this year, and a great boost to Sixth Form. All in all, because of and on behalf of, we'd like to wish you "good luck".





Mark Levitt (1973) Hampstead, Que.



Mark trucked into the school last year on a bagel, toasted with cream cheese. Somehow he was capable of handling K. K. as his roommate, down at Grier House. A big daddy to all juniors, he could always be found handing out no-no's.

In hockey he finally got his chance to prove himself in nets under the Nuge. He was also a vital member in the Grier House pump squad of yesterday.

If you were feeling low, you could always count on Moishe to get you up. Rarely was he caught without a smile on his face, or a joke on the tip of his tongue. During his sentence at B.C.S., Mark always kept a hefty load of bagels, lox and salami just in case.

We hope Mark makes it three in a row next year, because the school will miss him.

Nicholas Lomasney (1970) Montreal, Que.

Nick was ushered into B.C.S. in Second Form. His junior years in Glass House went by quietly, amidst projects, pillow fights and Rabbi.

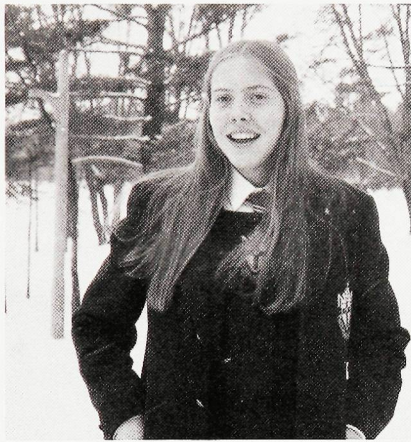
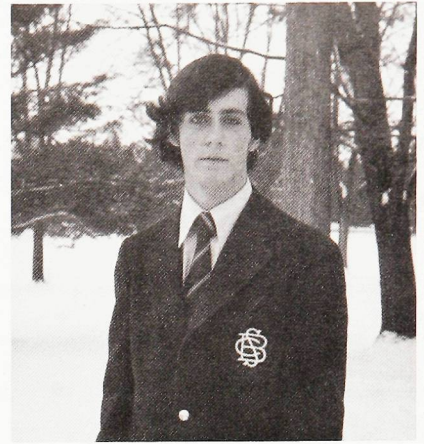
Fourth Form was a new experience - being condemned to the zoo (Smith House). Nick has survived these years with no complaints. As well as this being his fifth year in the choir, and his fourth in the band, Nick has tried out various new activities such as Players' Club, Agora, running Smith House tuckshop, which always needs new stock, and if he ever gets a camera, the Camera Club.

Best of luck in Seventh Form!



D'Arcy Lorimer (1973) Montreal, Que.

D'Arcy came to B.C.S. with high hopes and a will to get good marks. He left his first year with a grudge and low marks. During his first year he was renowned for his Atto Street streak, study halls and his perma-shoes. He played junior football and rugby. He was a major contributor to the Williams House T.V. room's mugging Allard. Things changed his next year as he started school with a new approach. He ended up on dinning hall committee and no one knows why! He played senior football which helped him pull off an upset in the cross-country as he came fourth. His one hang up was girls. He will be remembered by his twitching fingers and a moo!

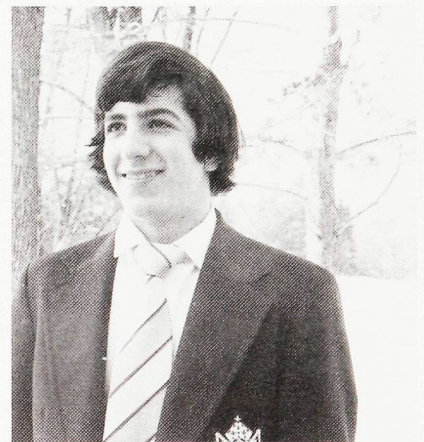


Wendy MacDougall (1973) Westmount, Que.

"I promise without any tricks that...." Wendy's presence has been felt strongly in all fields of Bishop's life. In just two years Wen has established herself as a member of both field hockey and senior volleyball teams as well as co-captaining the cheerleading team. Racing through center hall, to the mailroom twice a day, hair flying, head thrown back in laughter; many a dejected student has learned the definition of "fun" through her constant teasing and friendly giggling. Applying her acting to more serious ends, Wendy participated fully in both productions of "Forum" and "Damn Yankees" as well as regular Gillard House productions of MacBeth. Despite the absence of her male counterpart, Wendy continued to flourish both academically and socially. She will return once again next year to radiate her special warmth and add excitement to the lives of those surrounding her.

Kevin Matson (1970) Lennoxville, Que.

Kevin has been here at B.C.S. for five long years, two of which I haven't seen. He has seen both sides of Glass House, in Third Form it was ganging up on the Lower part of the Form and in Sixth Form it's usually sneaking up there and hanging around those wonderous halls. Kevin is obviously one of Uncle Al's nephews which means he is guaranteed to be about the biggest hacker after prep, (and after that). He has lately learned the wonders of Balconies etc. But that won't impede a great record on first team hockey and football, and occasionally dropping into play rehearsals, the songs of which, thanks to him, no one will ever be able to forget. We are looking forward to free check-ups from Doctor Kev in the future, unless we manage to corrupt him in time.



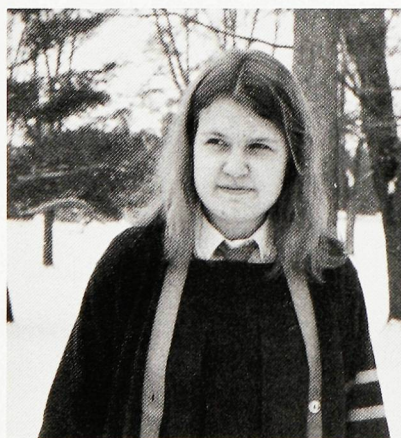
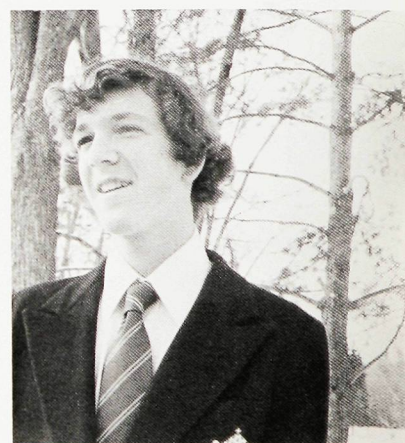


Gillian McConnell (1974) Hampstead, Que.

Aussie made her new-earned fame as a quiet artist from Down Under. As a top-rate athlete, she acquired a "Giant" team in tough intramural soccer competition, and actually completed the cross-country. So much for the sports participation. Nevertheless, she could be seen as a spectator at many a football game. I wonder why? She indulged in other wholesome educational activities such as singing (champion choir croaker), dozing off during prep ("What, me work?!") and feasting: she never once missed doughnut day. Hence the heavy consumption of eno. Not to mention other courageous efforts to remedy the results of overindulging such as walking excursions to Sherbrooke (get the bag, get the bag, get the bag) and indoor track. Her highly valued opinions usually consisted of "mmmmmmm" etc, probably due to an overdose of school peanut butter. Beware the inevitable return of the bashful bunny new year.

Bruce McQuade (1970) Beaconsfield, Que.

I've roomed with this lad for two solid years, and I can only say he represents the epitome of hack, which is the fine art of obtaining the most out of school with the minimal effort. No one can say he hasn't succeeded. He is the most prominent member of common-room rampages, and his perpetual grin has won many hearts, (if I listed all initials they'd probably fill up both pound and Q.M.) But seriously, if that's possible, when he stays sober for crease, he has produced great results in First Football, Track, and Rugger, as well as being a renowned hot-dog skier. The episodes and excapades we have managed to gether are infinite and were rarely limited to the house. Good Luck, then, and we'll see them all one day in your autobiography (for Hollywood has already booked a Miss Lovelace as star.....)



Gay Merrill (1972) Hampstead, Que.

Few people were priviledged (?) enough to know Gay but those who were captured by her mocking humor, will never be the same. A leftover from Compton, she has still not conformed to anything but slackness.

Even though Gay was an active member on the field hockey team, and a reject in basketball, her pure talents were projected in art. She showed a natural talent in teddy bears, silicone and greasing door knobs.

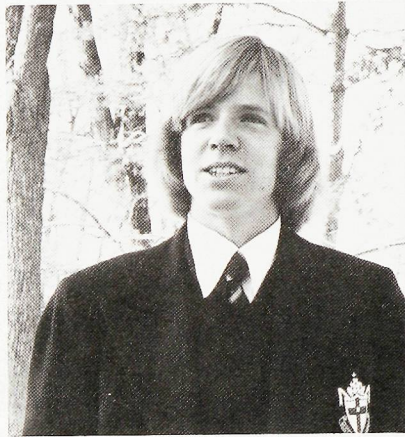
If Gay's unique way of telling jokes didn't disturb you, her actions that always went with the joke would.

It's time to "go back to the house" so we wish you the best of Luck Gay, in whatever you do next year, even though there's "no way man!"

Brian Messier (1971) Drummondville, Que.

Brian is a veteran at B. C. S. He joined us in Third Form where he had the pleasure of being Steve Lunny's buddy for a year. He then...leaped...down to McNaughton House where he really made himself known, especially those violent verbal conflicts with his arch enemy from the Lower-Back Hall. He could get the whole house rolling on the floor with his tales from Drummondville. If that didn't work he would then resort to his unique facial expressions. He has had a wide range of sports since he has been here, starting from back-up Bantam goalie to starting defensive line on Senior Football. Good-Luck Brian wherever you go next year.



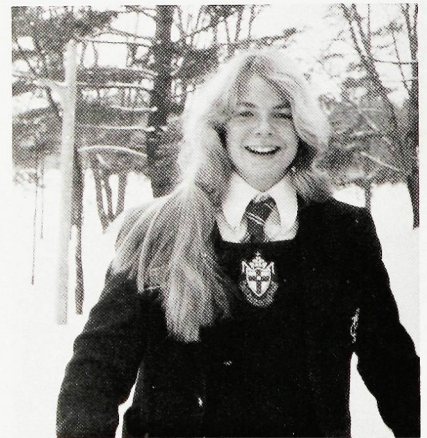


John Molson (1973) Baie d'Urfe,
Que. (Alias K.K. the French lion.)



Cathy Molson (1972) Baie d'Urfe, Que.

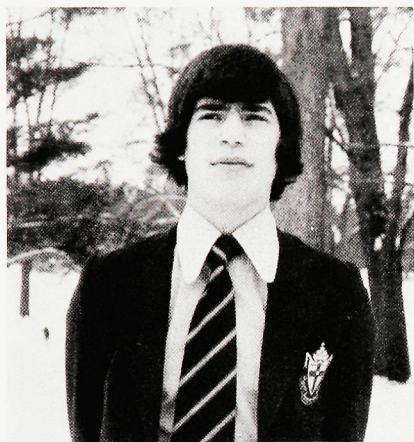
What can you say about that blonde bomber who ran her way through soccer seasons - certainly a Most Valuable Player....that Track and Squash and Hockey jock...spent most of her Saturdays in Magog..."your Song"...the years with "B" - saviour from those tiresome phone calls from our country hick.... hot and cold baths...the Glass House Presidential Suite...R.C. memories... Mole and Mark yields Map..CM² and the chairlift mickey... "Whatever Lola wants, Lola gets"... "Million Dollar Babies"...Choir three years...suntanning ... "What can you say about that head of hair...Cathi - someone who brings so much life to every place she goes, exuberant and laughing, sometimes sad but always a good friend. "I'm gonna miss you, 'yes I will". Bye and Love.



John Olliver (1974) Dorval, Que.

Immediately following Ben's departure from the zoo, we wondered who would sleep in his bed. Then came John, to fill up Ben's Quarters. It wasn't long till Clarence established himself as a Smith Houser. He participated frequently in those deadly "pumperamas", developing himself as one of the Top Rookies in the zoo's zany pastime.

Still on the subject of sports, Clarence participated on the first team football crease and in winter was one of the I. H. A. (Intramural Hockey Association) players.



Pierre Ouellet (1973) Baie-Comeau, Que.

Pep landed in Smith House in '73 without knowing a single word in English. He chose the good house but unfortunately Ben wasn't gone yet. This year, Pep was rarely found in his bed before one o'clock in the morning; sometimes he was studying, sometimes he was just walking around in the zoo and waking up everybody else. As he said: "If I can't sleep, nobody will!" Pep doesn't plan to come back next year as a Seventh Former. We wish him all the best.

Lyne Ouellet (1973) Baier-Comeau, Que.

Lyne flew to this school from the exotic Alps of Baie-Comeau Beach! At that time she could only stutter a few words of English but we soon got her fluent. She was quite independent but when it came to waking-up she needed constant assistance from her roommate. One thing for sure, she never suffered of insomnia, but she never managed to pass off her sleeping tricks to those many night owls. She loved skiing and field hockey, but always tried to skip because of hating practicing, or her obsessions with Lennoxville trips.

Favourite pastimes: leaving early for long week-ends, Glass House tuck, Frances' room, brick trips to Lennoxville, mail-room, Café Bla-Bla, diets, late movies on her T.V. and shopping expeditions with Edith and Babette.





Ashley Park (1971) New York, New York, U.S.A.

Big "A" has changed an awful lot since his Glass House days. He established himself there and became the friendly neighbourhood bird watcher. He was then transferred to the little house out in the woods and ever since has been a permanent member of this community, among other things, playing the important role of chuckles the chipmunk, delivering his whole line with great enthusiasm.

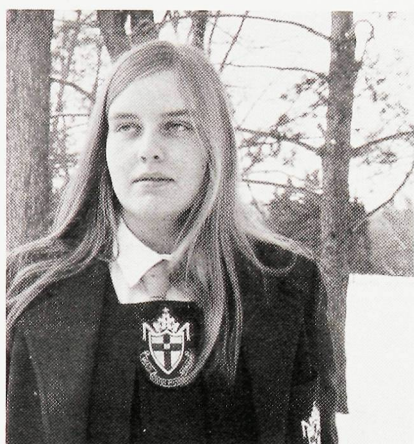
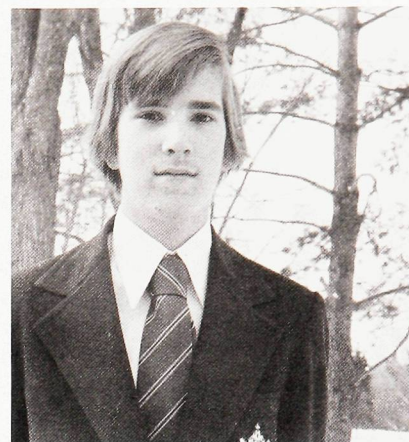
But on the athletic side of things Ashley has always been an asset on the football field and has become known as the resident tennis pro, winning last year's championship match. It seems that Ashley has racquet sports right in him, placing among the top in squash. Ashley's activities have been many: choir, librarian and all those tough sort of jobs. Actually Ashley's accomplishments are regarded so highly that people have forgotten that he's really American.

Ashley will return or else you can find him on the West side.

David Payne (1972) Maracaibo, Venezuela.

The human banana ripened into B.C.S. in 1972. With a name like that, where else could he reside, but the Zoo. An easy going guy, Dave could always be found sitting in a sofa, leaning against a wall, or sleeping. However, he did manage to involve himself with track, rec. skiing, and inter-mural hockey, only because he had to. He and Razzie made up Banarab connection for three years running. Dave usually amused himself in the bowels of Smith House, the T.V. room, either munching on a pizza or getting caught in one of those patented pumporamas.... This grad article will be cut short, due to Dave's inability to stay awake.

We hope you return next year as one of the last remaining members of the first Smith House Dynasty... Goodnight.



Kathleen Pease (1972) Paris, Ont.

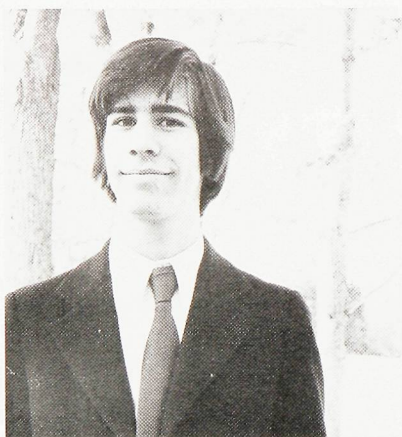
Kath has come to us from two hard years at Compton, along with a whole gang of King's Hall expatriates. While she didn't exactly get along with Rabbi, she did with a certain Mexican jumping-bean. Active in various facets of Bishop's life (choir, social services etc.) Kath's laugh could be heard running 'round the corners of Glass House, usually running from Moon eyes.

Penquin and the Gang from Gillard occupied a good chunk of her life. Always ready and willing to help you out no matter what the problem. Kathy is coming back next year and then.... God knows where. But wherever this bubble lands we know she'll make out O.K. Best of luck next year and always.

Sharlene Plantz (1972) Curaco, Netherlands Antilles.

From Trafalgar came a quiet girl, to follow in her sister's footsteps by spending every term of the year on a running crease. Any Glass Houser will remember the sisters' duels- the swearing in Dutch and the wild chases around the halls. Watch out when Sharlene is mad! You may never know what she will shoot back at you! She is famed for leaving early and returning late for Christmas vacations. Not to mention the long weekend or rather long week that she enjoyed up in LaSarre with Esther. On the weekends, Sharlene was seldom seen on campus. She was always out in Sherbrooke, buying up all the stores! Sharlene is escaping to London, Ontario next year. Watch Out!!





Richard Pollock (1971) Montreal, Que.

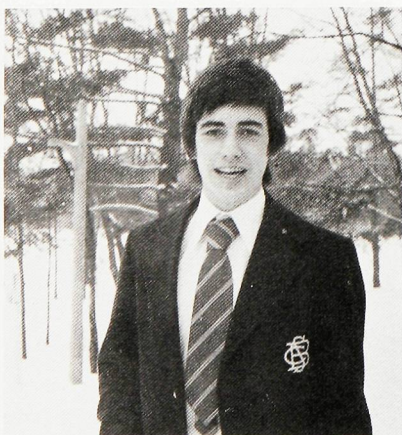
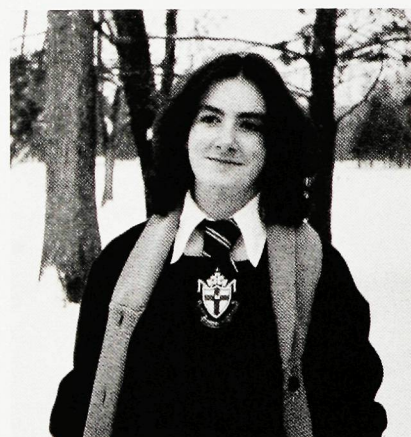
I opened the door to the dorm and there was Richard at his desk, books open, head down, pencil flying. Then, suddenly, he slipped on a jacket and was gone, he said, to the observatory. The next morning his eyes were rather red, but only from peering through the telescope and getting up at some ungodly hour to, supposedly, watch birds. Actually, Richard has other interests, including first team soccer, track, Willy house miscellaneous and brooding about the school, and we hope he doesn't completely forget them when he leaves us this year.

Andrea Poole (1972) London, Ont.

Dear Andrea,

I'll miss you and your red-headed insanity - that special chicken kind. So dramatic, aren't you, Martha? Who is afraid of Virginia Wolf? Or even of a certain field hockey goalie? Remember the East Wing and those 3 contrasting room mates? When my memoir, "The Years With Poole" is published, I'll send you a copy, I promise.

It'll be sure to include "the frownie", all nighters and Moulton Hill and window jumping, your special laugh, those Montreal concerts, those airline bottles, that Tony Graham voodoo doll, problems with the head prefects namesake, the perennial sister image, those troublesome earthly months, Canton and Maggie's cute friend, Sheldon's bar, hooked on New Hampshire, pseudo-intellectual and loves it, Trev and the man who lived in the Art Room. The only person who ever failed room inspection 52 Sundays a year. Visions of Smith and Princeton danced at her head. Slave, Poole, Slave. Love, A Friend.



William Price (1974) Montreal, Que.

Bill came to us from our archrival school called Ashbury. Amazingly, he has moved right in and has fitted into our coed system quite well. Bill devotes his time here to three things: going to Magog on weekends, sports, and spare time. He truly holds up his reputation as a Price in the school, being a Jock in disguise. With stardom on First Team Football, Choctaw Hockey and the darkest corners, Bill's career in sports has just begun along with a little academics on the side too. We wish best of luck to you and your future, chasing whales. We'll see you on the slopes.



Deborah Pritchard (1974) Knowlton, Que.

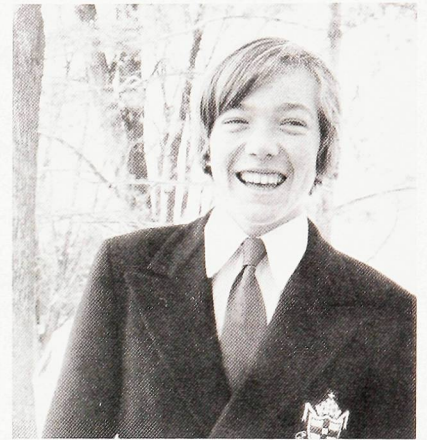
Deb the fuzzy pigmy came this year from the volleyball courts of Massey Vanier, (just to wear those leotards!) However much to the dismay of Mr. Bateman she had frequent visits by those friends from Champlain. She began the year in an outstanding performance as second place holder of the Girl' Cross-Country, which could only be surpassed by that one NO-NO. French and spelling are Debbie's academic achievements so far, not to mention those "Sucky" Journals. During #42's football season B.C.S. also acquired a "Brillo" cheerleader bobbing up and down on the sidelines and if the activities weren't too good this year it's because, "Hey you know what" was on the committee.

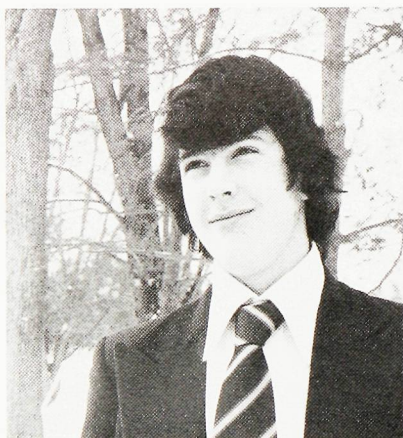
David Roberts (1972) Bromont, Que.

When PIZZA has been ordered and the door opens, there is no question of who is the first in line; everybody knows that a MEDIUM PIZZA will be devoured by Robot.

Last fall when Robot came back to the school unhappy we know he must have had an off day in Golf. "What happened Dave?" His reply was, "I was in the woods more than Smokey the Bear, today." It wouldn't last long though for he would shoot in the low 70's the next day. Due to ankle problems last fall Robot decided not to rip up the track but tear down the ski hills for the down hill trophy for the second year in a row.

Dave, we not only want you back for your personality but your great pizza eating habits. A final note to big Rick:
"Ah yes!"



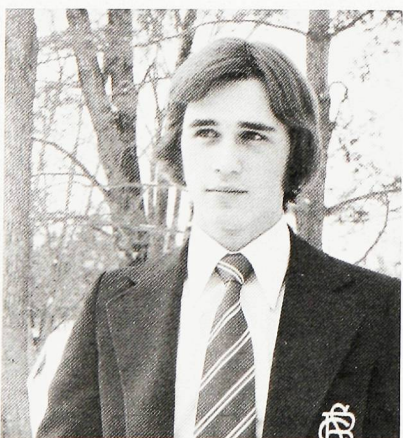
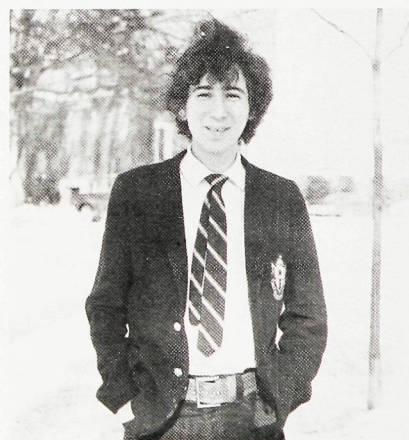


James Ross (1972) Knowlton, Que.

He, like me, was a member of the Massey-Vanier gang. Unfortunately, my memory has failed me, but James has definitely changed. No one can tell if it is for the better or the worse. Behind the happy-go-lucky kid, a brain exists which is quite remarkable. There have been many good times down at McNaughton House with James and the rest of us, usually after our keeper has gone to bed, and it's just about time for a swim or a walk. His academic work is as high as his voice is low, which he donates to the choir, chapel, and library. Sports include squash, rugger, and skiing, which is his best; he's too fast to see! Hopefully, Emma will be back with all his amazing talents.

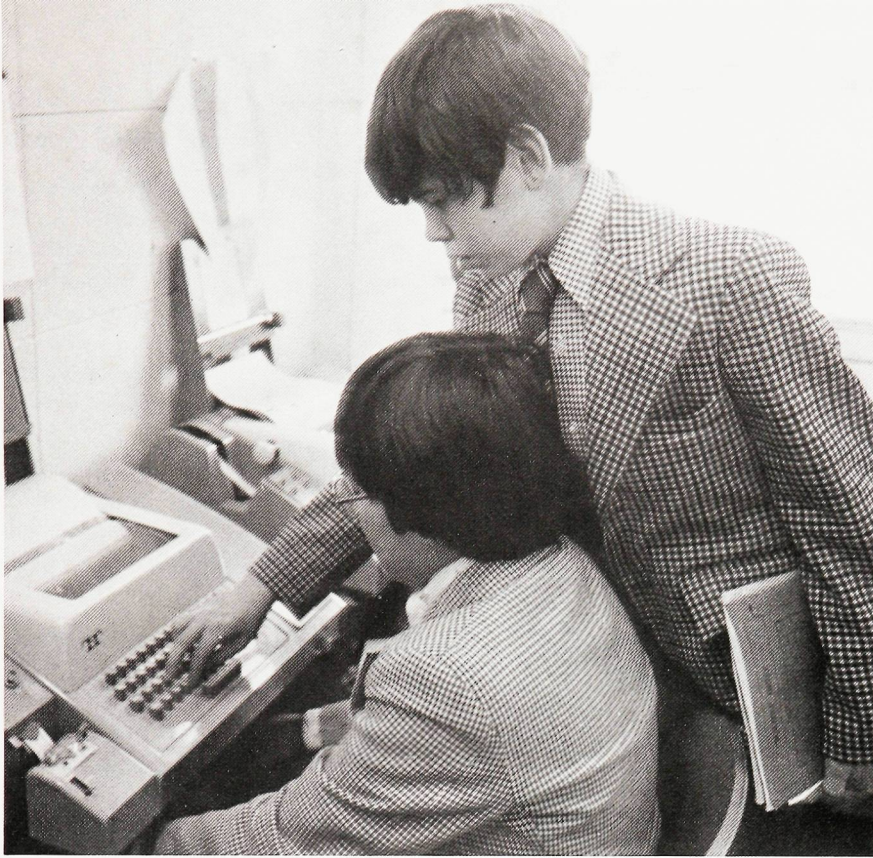
Bruce Rossy (1970) Montreal, Que.

Bruce is one of the few veterans left from second form. He served two years in Glass House where he was seasoned up before moving into Ogre Outhouse for he was going to need it. Bruce was the backbone of house spirit as carnival and track victories have shown. His pride and joy at B. C. S. was when he won the league championship chewing pucks between the pipes for Big Nuge. When he was caught with nothing to do, S.T. would join him for a racial joke session or he would compare sports predictions with Ellen, Ellen, or Ellen. Even if he has been the driving force behind Smith House in inter-house competition or a great competitor in school sports, it has had no effect on his cadet rank. Whether Bruce comes back or not next year, I think Smith House will still manage to survive somehow.....I hope.



Derek Sewell (1972) Baie Comeau, Que.

It's pretty strange that I should write Derek's article, since we were about worst enemies when we were thrown together in a room long, long-ago. Three years have changed things a lot, though. It's put Derek to the top of everything; colours in football and track, a warden, the lead in this year's play, plus directing a great carnival. Not that you'd think this looking at him. He spends 73% of his time sprawled out in Uncle Al's room with the rest of us, and the remainder, either nearly accomplishing the impossible, or tearing around the School and University at all hours of the night. Other feats include surviving with an English accent in Baie Comeau, and setting fire to quite the wrong person's coat. At least we know where Derek will be next year; right back in Room 9 wondering suddenly how to start keeping all the rules.



Alek Speth (1970) Quebec City, Que.

Alek joined the Rat Race at B.C.S. in 1970 following in the footsteps of his three brothers. His first two years were spent in the shadows of Glass House, demolishing it in preparation for the girls. He was then sent to Smith House.

Besides taking part in many activities like the library and Agora, Alek has shown great talent in the athletic field. He showed this as captain on Junior Football, and on the Alpine Ski Team.

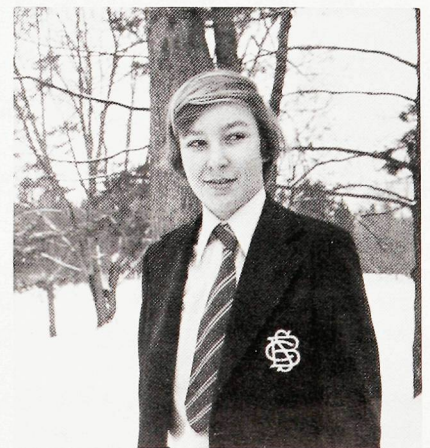
Alek's great ambition is to become a pilot in a big Boeing 747 but his probable destination is being a maintenance man for a Piper Cub.

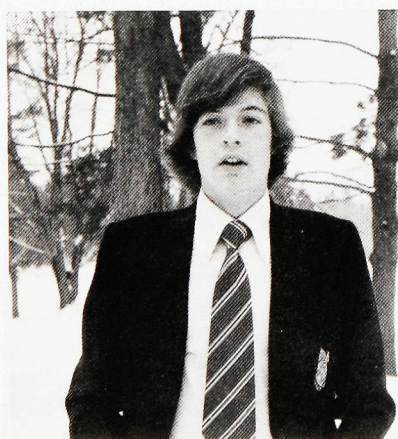


Alan Stairs (1971) Westmount, Que.

How can I put five years into one small paragraph? I arrived at Bishop's in January, 1971. Since then I have lived a totally new life. Sports have played a big part in this life and they include bantam and junior football, junior soccer, ski, squash, first cricket and rugby. Range, drama, choir and the pipe band have also played a large part in my activities.

I am one of the few to have been a part of an all-boys' school and a co-ed school. I sometimes long for the days of all-boys but I am glad to be five years closer to fulfilling my high school education since coming to Bishop's.





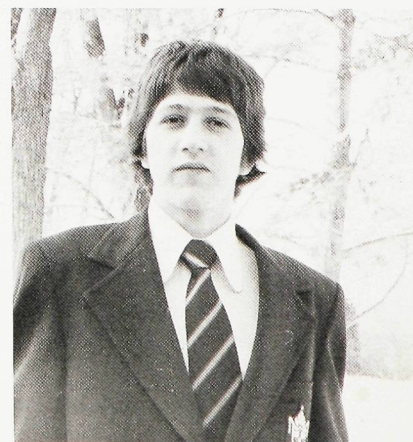
Dacre Stoker (1970) Montreal, Que.

Dacre is one of the few remaining who can boast about the good old Glass House days. In fact even when the boys moved out he was still interested in the house. Since then he has become a prominent member of Chapman House, destined to the long walk up. Sometimes labeled as a true Bish boy Dacre has participated in Students Council, Player's Club and as a server in the Chapel. Always a tough competitor in sports he has excelled in soccer, and hockey playing for both First teams. He is someone you know you can turn to with a problem, and expect his help. His major complaint is that nobody ever gets his name right, apart from that nothing seems to bother Dayker.

Jacques Theberge (1973) St. Anne des Monts, Que.

From his cave in the depths of Zoomanialand, Sabbath noire seldom got out, except to participate in the basic life of his tribe. Instead, he would send his slave to the Magicman at the corner. Sometimes, his name would change to Encore Stone and he would play a strange instrument brought from a punitive expedition against other tribes. His limits were limited to Harry's Hackers ski team, track and cross country-running, and he will probably finish in land-scaping.

Trademark: nice guy, often talking about his summer place near Gaspé, and black corduroy suit.



Frances M. Thomson (1972) Kitimat, B.C.

Many memories come from these past few years.....roommates.....D.H. D.....Italian kitchen boys.....creepy-crawlers...many crushes...good friends...Fuzzy...Reee-Uhr!...Heathcliff...McNaughton...tuck... "Back in a minute, Fran".crepe-paper...efficiently organized...field hockey... skating bruises....bed beats... "give her a lap, Mary"volleyball moods. ...Eeyore... long weekend...my roomie's sisters...funny fits of giggles... the other half of the jelly-bean fights..."ssh, Poolet will hear us"...sad good-byes...occasional tea with LuLu....."It was only a walk".....Gillard House pals.....Cramer and Lyne..."I got a letter from my brother".....English journals and late night scratchings.....we lost our room by default..."think I should tell her what I did tonite?"wake-up duty every morning..... cherished cross-country....evening prayers....candid shots....It's all been great fun. I might even come back for more!

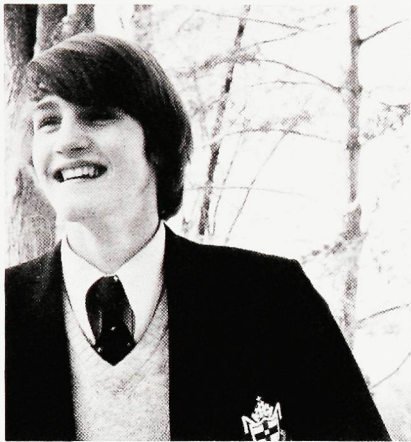


Paul Tinari (1970) Montreal, Que.

"Better Do A Little Well, Than A Great Deal Badly"

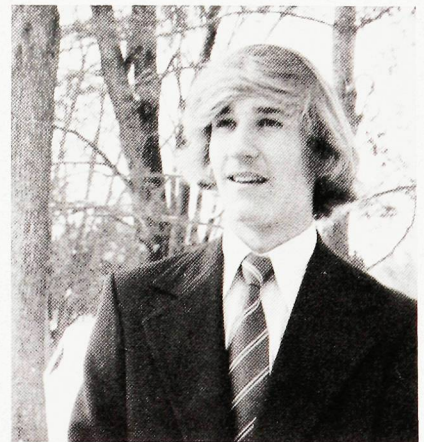
One bright and sunny morning in September of 1970, Paul came jogging into B.C.S., and he has been running around the Eastern townships ever since. Paul's life can be summed in one word: RUN. The lists of records that he has broken, and the races he has won on the track, couldn't possibly be begun in this little article. However there is a lighter side to his character. No one will ever know what took place on those away Cross-Country meets. One thing is for sure.....he always reaches for all the gusto he can.

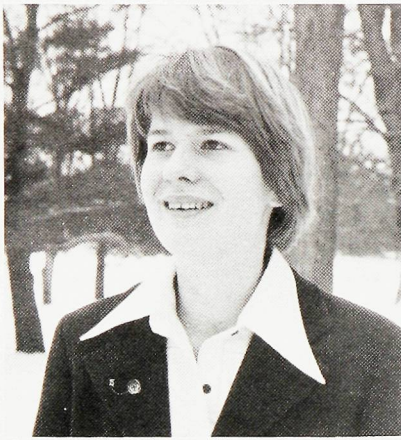
In the Physics lab, on the track, in the do-jang, in the dining hall with Sue, he always did his best. Paul will long be remembered by all on the track creases, and his legs will be missed around Smith House at annual Cross-Country time.



Richard Vaughan (1971) Stowe, Vermont, U.S.A.

Richard hopped over the border to join the gang that resided in the old Glass House. That is where a legendary character was born. I still, to this day, cannot figure out how he accomplishes what he does. He works academically until the sun rises and then works 100% athletically from after classes until the sun sets. Neither has affected the other: he has earned three first class colours and very healthy averages. In his spare time (not much) he does a little acting. He was so good in this that the school awarded him a four-day holiday. As far as his future is concerned, I think he will make a great lawyer until the day that he blows up at the judge's final decision.



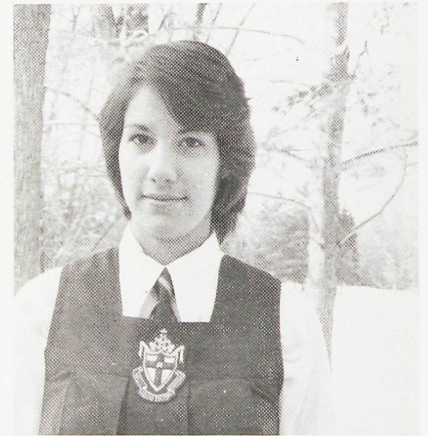


Astrid Von Reuss (1974) Lindenfels, West Germany.

Astrid came to B.C.S. from Germany not speaking much English and leaves beloved by the whole school. This blonde fraulein enlivened Bishop's with her now famous expressions - "How many toes long is it?"... "My chocolate side"... "You're so sexy!"... "I've got beans in my ears and tomatoes in my eyes"... "Tears were rising in my underpants!"... Astrid divided her time between the Cruikshank's farm and school where she sang in the Choir, tried valiantly to master field hockey and kept the rest of us smiling. When you leave Astrid don't forget all your friends on the other side of the Atlantic. We'll miss you.

Sandra Weissman (1972) Montreal, Que.

"Sugar Bear" could be found walking down the halls of Glass House to the T.V. room, a plate full of honey and an apple in hand. She was an avid soccer player (warming the bench waiting for Bates to put her on.) Those trips to Sherbrooke with "Aussie" and company were world famous. (Remember "Country" veal and capuccino?) or (Get the bag, get the bag, get the bag!) From time to time a mysterious young man from Montreal came to visit; yep, we've noticed. And what would choir have done without her? History and French prep always caused complications. There were always suck jobs to be found and "Ah, Yesses" to be heard. She will be leaving us for Carleton and we wish her good luck in her future courses in law.



Mary Wright (1974) Sherbrooke, Que.

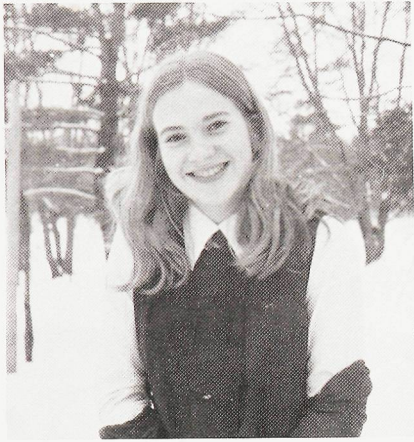
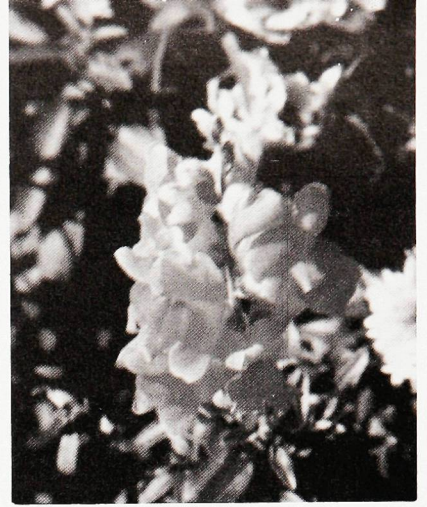
Mary Wright hails from A.G.R.H.S. and has come to join the free-living menagerie of B.C.S.S.

Her animal habits are: debating, country-gazing (Just imagine, Sugar-Bear, no bag necessary!) and Capucchino (thank-you, Aussie, for your beneficial fascination.)

Her sport at the time of this article was cross-country ('though she didn't cross much country).

Her debating skills (cough-cough) often floated to the surface away from the lectern, to which many bored citizens will testify.

She will return next year to complete her Seventh Form - much to the dismay of Mr. Halliday, I mean Mr. Bateman. She's still sorry, sir!



Kathy Wyatt (1972) Town of Mount Royal, Que.

When I look back on all the crap I learned in High School,

It's a wonder I can think at all.

And my lack of education hasn't hurt me none --

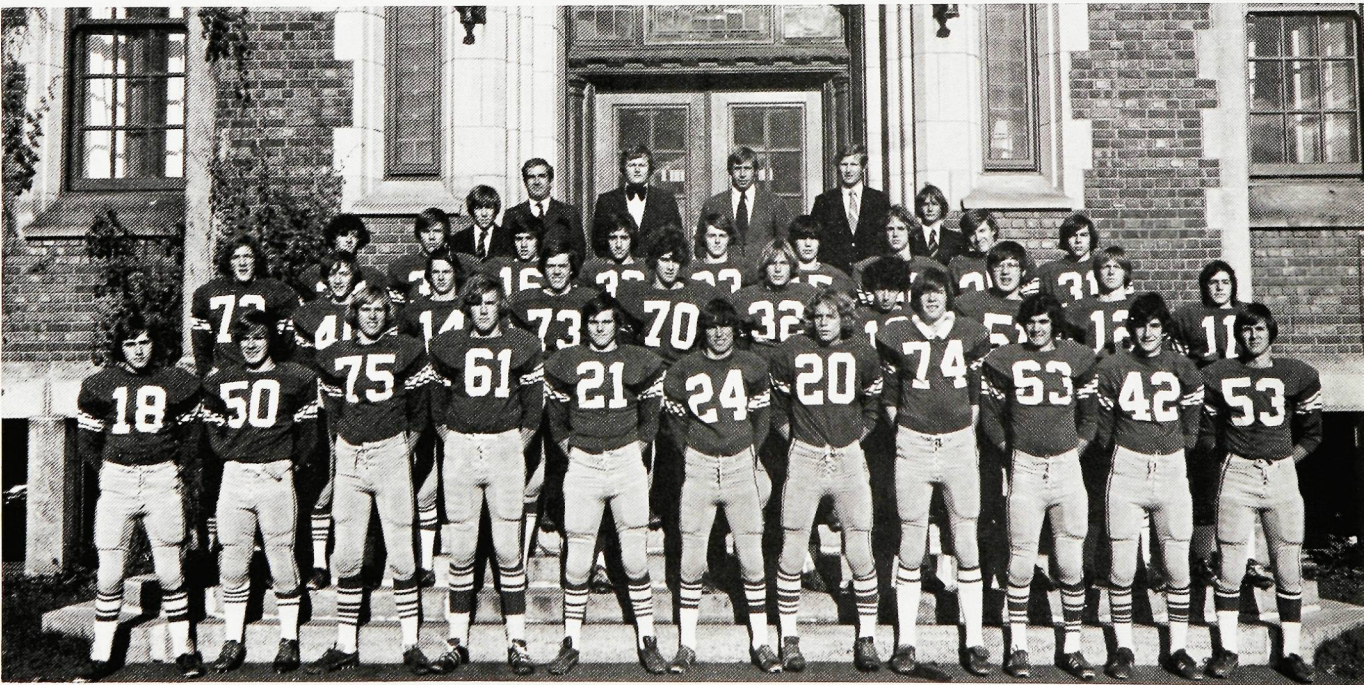
I can still read the writing on the wall.

-- Paul Simon



Our Sports in Fall...





ROW: D. Lorimer, M. Burgess, W. Price, G. Price, J. Olliver, P. Ouellet, S. Prescott, A. Monk, J. De Paul.

REAR ROW: R. Schleiermacher, Mr. J. Cowans, Mr. J. McClintock, Mr. D. Campbell, Mr. M. Gray, M. Kral.



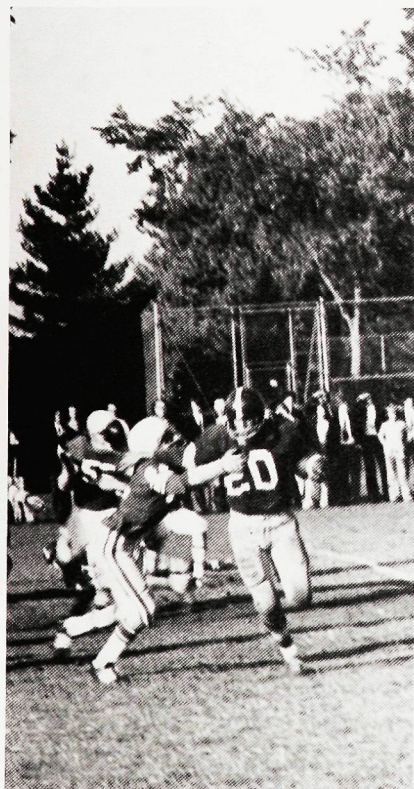
Championship teams are not an everyday occurrence in any school. But among the many winning squads in various sports, both boys and girls, one clearly stands out as spectacular. Even the oldest teachers and old boys would have to think back a long way to remember a Senior Football team that had as successful a season as that of 1974.

Expert coaching by Doug Campbell, John McClintock and Merv Gray was particularly fruitful for this group of talented players. Rugged training ensured that they were in better shape than any of their opponents. The execution of plays was smooth. A tremendous aerial attack, supported by a steady ground game, sparked

a driving offense. The resilience of the defense held back all opposition, and produced key plays in critical spots. Certainly there were "stars"; but the success of the team was due to the co-ordination of all the players, and above all to a shared spirit to win.

And they did win. Of ten games, only one was lost -- a mud-bowl slogging match in which Galt "out-kicked" B.C.S. 3-1. Among the nine victories, the most valued was a narrow one over L.C.C., who as usual constituted the toughest opponent of the year. This game secured the Shirley Russell Trophy. The Senator Howard trophy was earned in two very gratifying victories over

A Championship Season for First Team



the perennial arch-rival, Stanstead. Defeating Selwyn House gained the school the Norseworthy Cup. To round out a terrific season, B.C.S. won the Eastern Townships Senior Football Championship by beating

Galt in the second match between the two teams.

The '74 Seniors will be a source of pride, and a hard example for other school teams to follow in the future.



On the way to a 9-1 record and a league championship:

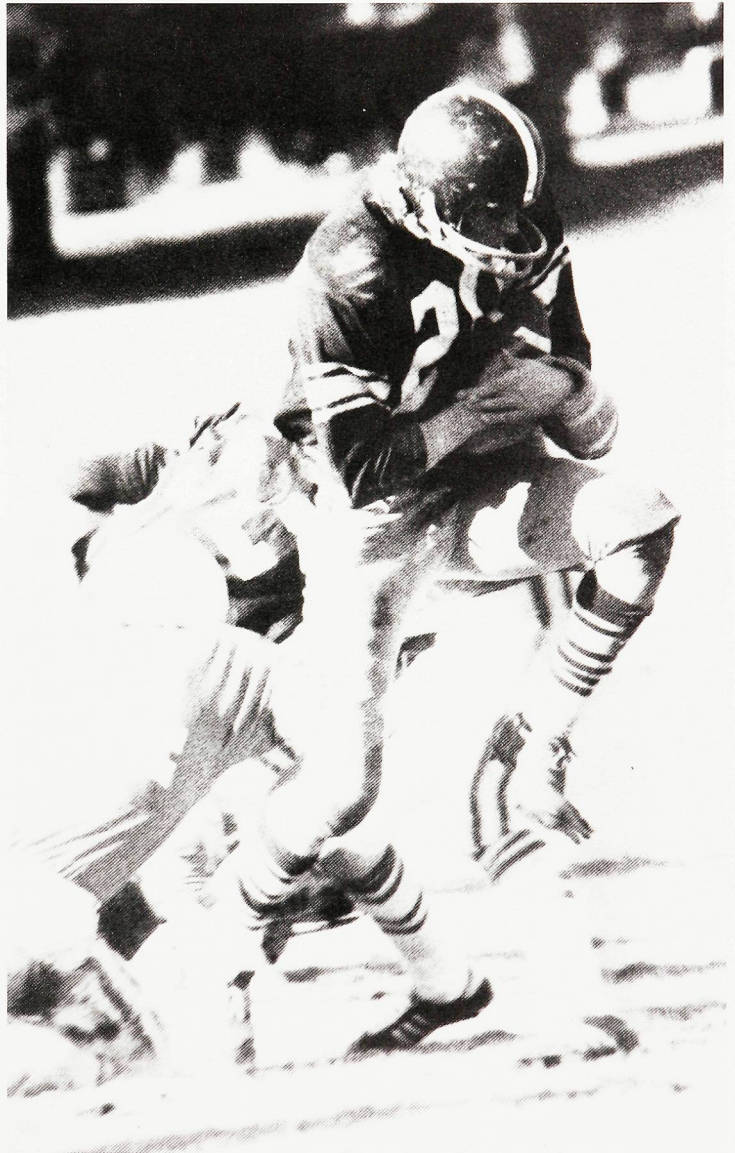
B.C.S.	22	Richelieu Valley	0
	1	Alexander Galt	3
	39	Richelieu Valley	8
	22	L.C.C.	19
	37	Stanstead	26
	13	Selwyn House	0
	19	Old Boys	6
	50	Stanstead	0
	40	Selwyn House	6
	21	Alexander Galt	15

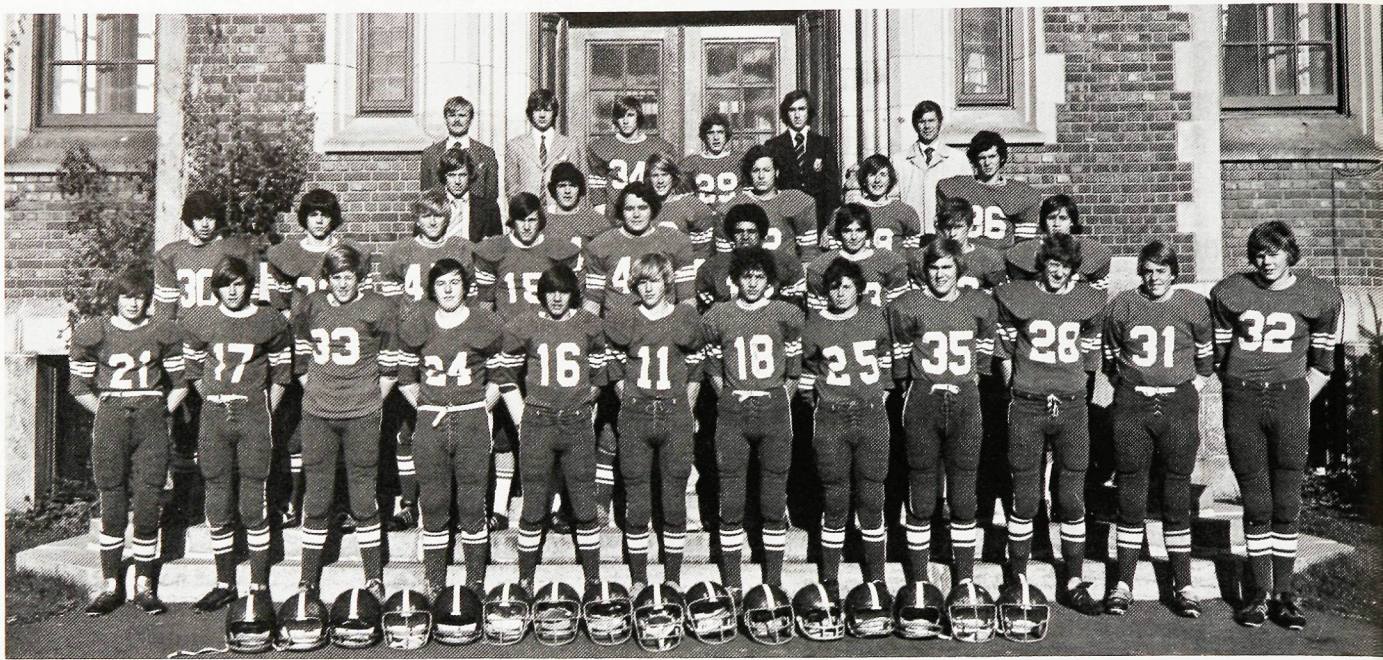




I AM NERVOUS
 I AM NERVOUS
 I AM NERVOUS
 I AM NERVOUS
 TIME FOR MY PRE-GAME DUMP.....

(Dedicated to all those who have
 played on a B.C.S. team, by an
 unknown poet.)





FRONT ROW: N. Cunningham, P. McKenzie, S. Dennis, P. Provencher, D. Morales, E. Price, A. Speth, A. Park, T. Danowski, M. Setlakwe, N. Lomasney, B. Duval.
SECOND ROW: R. Tudela, R. Garneau, R. Dennis, D. Creighton, C. Campbell, J. Nethersole, L. Chabot, E.

Ballantyne, C. Lacroix. THIRD ROW: M. Fenton, G. Karalis, K. MacDougall, C. Tudela, B. Barden, A. Kippen. REAR ROW: Mr. C. Cruikshank, P. Tyndale, G. Atkins, J. Howson, M. Levitt, Mr. C. Goodwin.

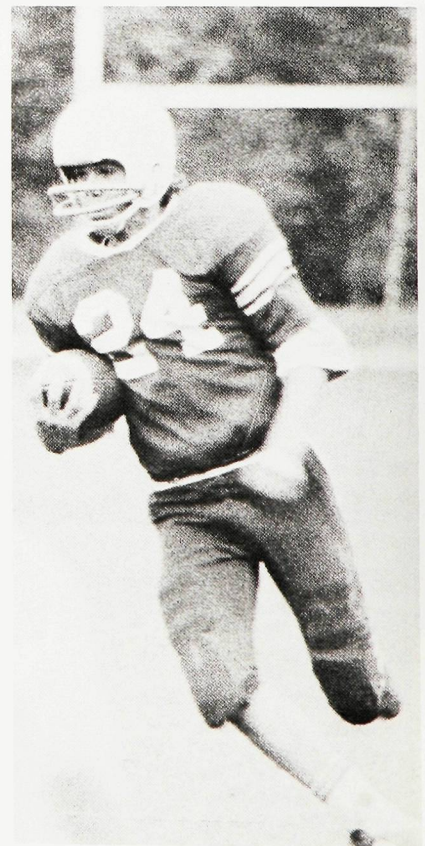
Junior

Junior football was not up to expected standards this year. After a disastrous loss to Ashbury's senior team, all knew that a great deal of work was needed. With a good deal of patience from Mr. Goodwin and Mr. Cruikshank, we started over the fundamentals of the game. Though our next game ended up being a loss, it showed a big improvement. The third game of the season against Stanstead College ended up being the best show of the year; with an amazing come-back in the second half, we tied the game 12-12 with touchdowns by D. Morales and Mark Levitt. Our defense was astounding,

preventing Stanstead time and time again from scoring. This game marked the high point in our season, and from then on we began to go down-hill. We lost four games straight, and ended the season without a win and with one tie.

Though the season had the potential to win, it lacked one thing, this being drive, as Mr. Goodwin told us time and time again. We thank the coaches for all the time, work, and patience they put into this year's team, and we deeply regret that it wasn't shown during any of our games.

We sincerely hope that Mr. Goodwin, Mr. Cruikshank, and the members of the team that stay on will have a better season to come.





Bantam

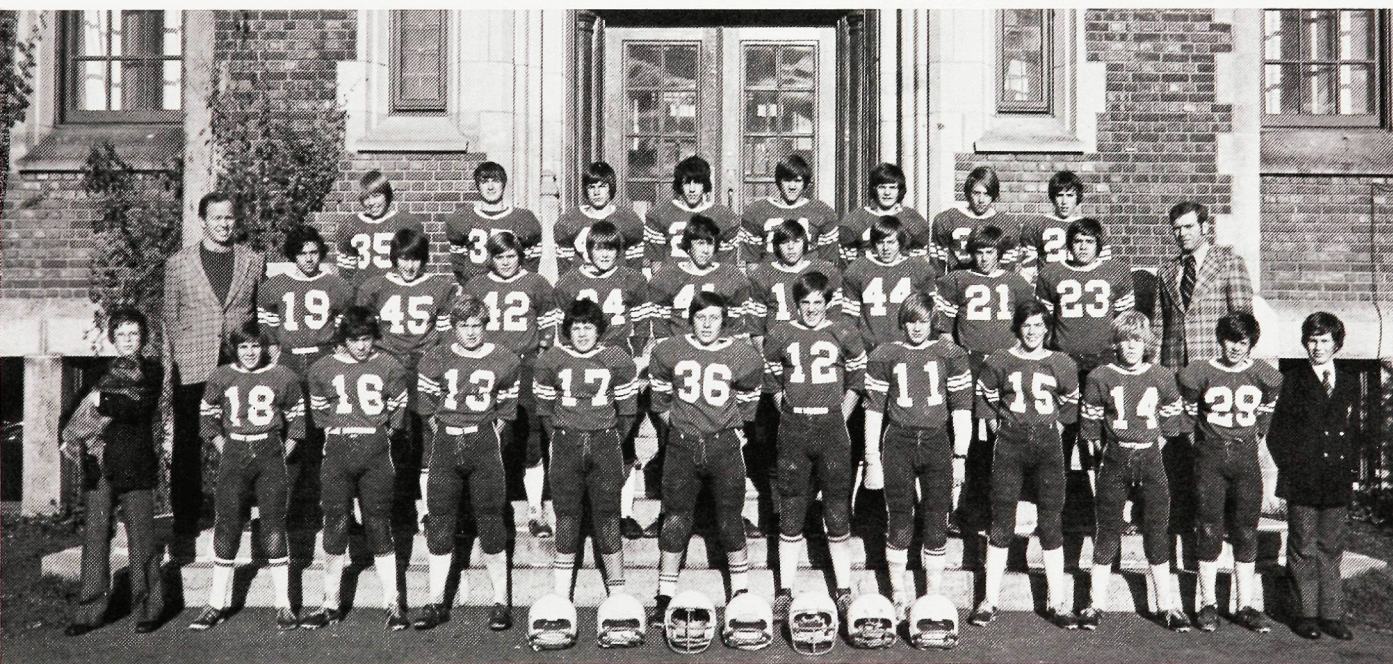
Bantam Football had quite a successful year. We did not start off too well and we lost our first two games, 25-0 to Marymount and 31-8 to Ashbury. But then we started improving rapidly. We beat St.

Hubert 13-6 in a very close game. We next lost to Hudson but then we really "caught fire". We upset Marymount, the G. M. I. A. A. league leaders at the time, 21-0. We then ended off the season with a 59-0 victory over Selwyn House.

This year there was an addition to Bantam Football: the "mighties".

The mighties were organized half-way through the season. They were the twelve smallest guys on the team and they played against the mighties of other teams. The mighties had the unbeatable record of not having a point scored against them.

We had some good players on this team. There was David Molson, known for cracking other people's helmets, Luc Duval who saw the end-zone before he had the ball, and Bruce Rodeck who ran backwards after he caught the ball. We had many other players who were very good and they helped to put together a 5-3-1 record which is the best a Bishop's bantam team has ever had. Many thanks to the coaches: Mr. McCaffery, Mr. Badger and Mr. Bray.



FRONT ROW: F. Vosilla, S. Budning, A. Vineberg, W. McCarter, A. Dumais, P. Provencher, T. Moseley, P. Shaw, M. Austin, A. Ripley, C. Hollands, I. Duncan.
MIDDLE ROW: Mr. B. Badger, C. Delgado, R. Emmett,

M. Duclos, K. Rodeck, M. Weir, D. Scheunert, G. Landry, R. Lynch, I. Morales, Mr. K. McCaffery. REAR ROW: B. Rodeck, R. Blackburn, M. Duquet, D. Theberge, D. Molson, L. Duval, M. Wade, S. Diehl.



Senior Boys

Training camp got underway and the rookies demonstrated their skill while the vets worked out their kinks. We had only five returning from last year's team. Therefore this year was marked as a rebuilding year although it did prove to be quite successful.

Coach Milner had trouble finding the correct combinations at the start, but our team morale, or maybe our individual talents, pulled us through.

The team proved to have a powerfull defence headed by Captain

Stenason and newcomer Fred Kaneb as fullbacks with Dacre Stoker filling the nets. Scott Muddiman and Richard Vaughan displayed their talent on the halfback line, holding back the flow of opposing forwards. Our main problem was the lack of scoring punch up front. We had "Gumbo" Guy dazzling the opposition with his speed although he

sometimes left the ball behind. Even with the amazing tactics of our Colombian import we never succeeded in mounting a sustained scoring attack. Therefore most of our games were decided by one goal differences.

Special thanks go to R. O. K. Milner for putting up with us all season.



FRONT ROW: H. Busse, R. Vaughan, D. Stenason; Capt., W. Guy, D. Stoker. SECOND ROW: J. Caro, S. Muddiman, R. Hodgson, C. Paine, R. Pollock. THIRD ROW: D. Wold, K. Smith, I. Stephen. REAR ROW: M. Shupe, F. Kaneb, Mr. P. Milner, W. Toothe, A. Scott.

Senior Girls

Fortunately this season, our slow start was accompanied by the even slower starts of our opponents. Captained by Cathi Molson and Mary Murphy, the senior girls were playing surprisingly good soccer several weeks into the term. We began to play as a unit, and as the season progressed, we not only tied games, but enjoyed numerous victories as well. By the end of the season, we were both undefeated, and the proud victors of the Galt Invitational Tournament and E. T. W. I. A. C. championship.

Perhaps we owed some of our success to the prevalent rainy weather that kept the ball on the ground; others believe it was the hard work and team spirit that kept the team winning. We all unanimously believe however, that it was our coach Mr. Bateman, whose physical and mental efforts paved the way to one of the finest seasons experienced by a B.C.S. first team, girls or boys. Our thanks to the girls whose "all out" efforts were responsible for this fine team and to Mr. Bateman, the great coach whose support carried us through a very successful season.

FRONT ROW: J. Holcomb, M. Hunkin, C. Molson; Capt., M. Murphy; Capt., D. Cramer, F. Guibord. MIDDLE ROW: J. MacKay, G. Mundy, K. Hart, J. Henry, D. Pritchard, S. Plantz. BACK ROW: C. McDougall, S. Grass, S. Johnston, Mr. S. Bateman, B. Picken, E. Buchanan, S. Weissman.



Junior

This year started off at a good pace, and as the days passed, we began to organize ourselves into a team. In order to prepare ourselves for the many games we had ahead, some hard work was necessary.

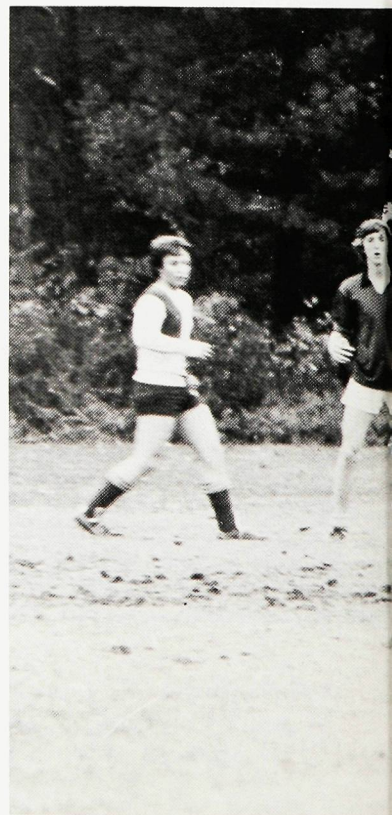
As the first few games rolled by we all realized that we had quite something going here. You could say that we had a style of playing. If we won, we'd win the game in the early moments, if we lost, we'd lose early in the game. However, we rarely lost. Our standing record at the end of the season was: eight wins, three losses, and one tie.

We placed second in the Eastern Townships League. Our major competitor was Galt, but we still beat them the last game we played against them.

Our league was composed of three teams: Galt, who finished first, us second, and Richmond, who finished in last place.

The team's major scorer was Ukitaka Kurata. He finished the season with twenty-four goals. Now as the season closes, we feel we should thank Mr. Dutton our coach, Major Abbot, for organizing all of our games, the players, for constantly putting everything they had into it, and of course, the Lucky Hat.

FRONT ROW: E. Lee, A. Campbell, R. McCarter, R. Hyndman, L. Price.
MIDDLE ROW: W. Yoon, C. Fields, M. Dumais, B. Matheson, Y. Kurata,
C. Kaufman. REAR ROW: P. Laframboise, T. Miki, B. Ogilvy, C. Blood,
J. Stairs, Mr. D. Dutton.





FRONT ROW: L. Price, C. Aparicio, M. Kenny, P. Comeau, P. Clermont, M. Panet-Raymond. MIDDLE ROW: J. MacDonald, C. Beaudet, M. Laframboise, E. Boyd, I. Graham. BACK ROW: T. Moseley, J. Harley, N. Hauck, Mr. M. McGuigan.

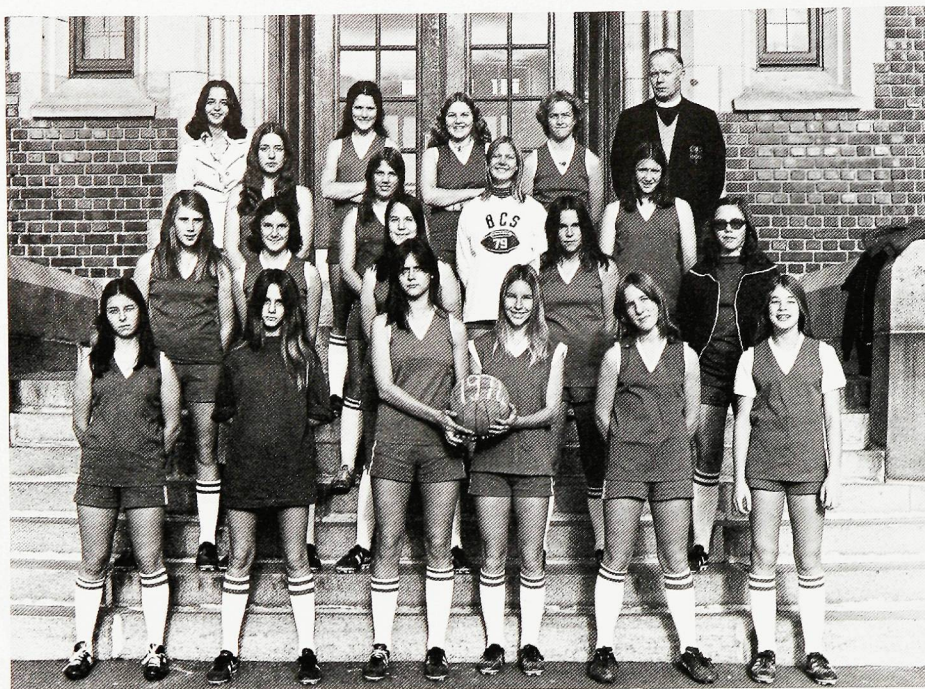
Bantam

Bantam Soccer this year was a lot of fun -- not that we won any games! We excuse ourselves for this because most of us had never played soccer before. Here, Mr. McGuigan's coaching helped us greatly. All of us were soon finding different traps, kicks and plays that we could do well. We were even better at giving out nicknames to "Razzle" Laframboise, "Mat Spaghetti Legs" and "Panorama" Panet-Raymond.

Our games were "something else". Nearly everytime we played it had rained, turning the field into a mud-hole. Two elements became decisive in this mess: strategy and fluke luck!

We had the spirit and will to endure all that, and keep smiling. That matters most of all.



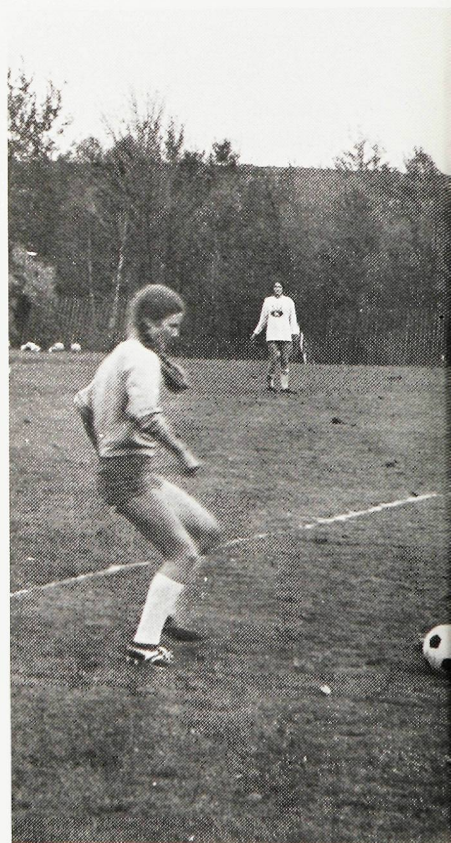
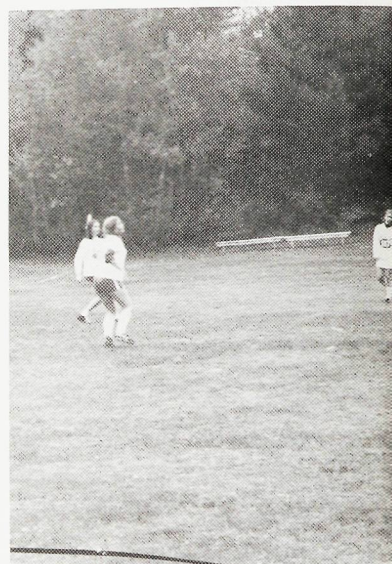


FRONT ROW: J. Caron, D. Laframboise, V. Doheny, L. Emanuel, S. Hibbard, T. Pinck. SECOND ROW: D. Perron, F. Hallward, H. Pangman, L. Adamson, H. MacNab. THIRD ROW: S. Pease, D. Donald, K. Keely, K. McGee. BACK ROW: Miss L. Dumas, I. Mahtab, J. Vaughan, S. Badger, Mr. D. Roberts.

Bantam

During our season we have won, lost and tied, but we have always put our best "cleat" into it! At most of our games, there was always Leigh McFarlane yelling, "Come on Team"! This would always get our spirits up and it would also get us

going. A lot of our pressure, for sure, has been on our goalie, Gini Taboika. We would like to thank the goalies, forwards and defense for doing such a great job! It would be funny if we ever got through a game without Danielle's temper building up - she would always get the team moving! Thanks again, for your great support towards the B.C.S. bantam soccer team.





Juniors

This was a great year for all of us. At the beginning there were some muscles to build up. We could never have done it without Rev. Roberts' exercises. Sure there were times when some comments were thrown about but those were forgiven. The memories that do come back are the encouraging words and tips that came from our two coaches.

On our forward line, Viki, our captain, always kept the ball up the field and to the wings. Sue was great when she stayed on her wing. Iona always put her best effort into it. Tina, the right inside, was always there to score the goal, and Johanne,

left inside, did some fancy traps. Our two stars were Jenny and Denise. The team will agree that these two tried the hardest. We hope they come back next year, kicks and all. Heather's fast foot always passed the ball up to the forwards. The defense, Dynah and Kathy, took a lot off Karen's shoulders when the ball came close to the nets. We must thank Karen for all the goals she did save. We were also lucky to have so many hard-cheering and good-playing subs.

All of this and more made us a proud team. We would not have had the spirit and determination we did have without the great coaching of Rev. Roberts and Miss Dumas. We can never forget this year, the best ever for B.C.S. Juniors.



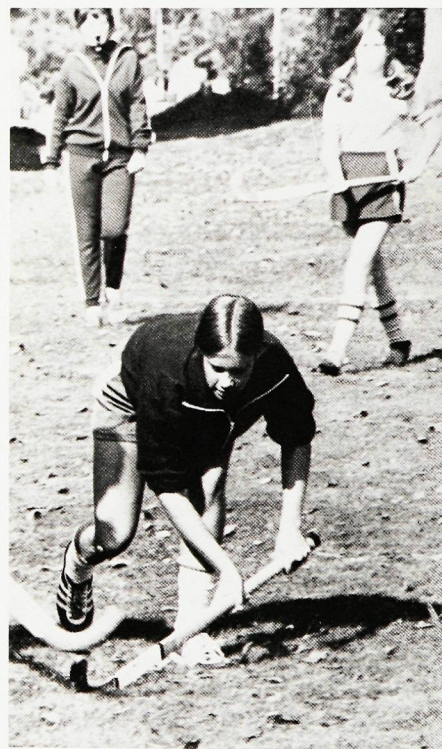
FRONT ROW: C. Younger, K. O'Brien, G. Taboika, D. Simard, J. Claeys, S. Fear, F. Sheridan. MIDDLE ROW: N. Caron, K. Fox, L. Buchanan, A. Pettigrew, D. Symeonides, A. Hope. REAR ROW: Mr. C. Halliday, S. Ouellet, J. Hugessen, W. Hueton, L. McFarlane, J. Badger.



Field Hockey

"Neither rain nor sleet nor black of night, shall stray these brave courriers from their flight." They say this about postmen but they could have written it about field hockey players. Will we ever forget our games at Galt, eh Gwen?

With Harps pushing us along we even made it to the tournament at St. Helen's Island. Our games always have something to remember them by: Allison faithfully obstructing Linda's "Out to the wing, Bernie!" and Bernie's reply "But I am the wing,





FRONT ROW: C. Brownlee, L. Ouellett, A. Ppole, M. Paine, T. Pinck.
MIDDLE ROW: F. Thomson, A. Von Reuss, W. MacDougall, H. Crockett,
A.-M. Belanger. BACK ROW: Mr. Cowans, G. Merrill, G. Skutezky, L.
Gosling, R. Matchett, R. Henri, B. Bell, Miss Harpur.

Linda!" and Miss Harpur from the sidelines, "You're giving me a heart attack, Rosalie and Heather; keep your eye on the ball!" What about our creases? They were lively enough all right, with everyone shouting, "We want that ball!" and Poollet and Big Mac constantly making us laugh with their verbal war on the field.

Of course we musn't forget the others: Frances' "What am I playing now?"; Boom-Boom's "fast little feet"; Raymonde's orange-flavour gum; Gwen and Map, "the perfect team"; Astrid, our German rival; Gay, Linley and Esther: "When are we going to play?"; Allison and Carol, small size with big effort; Lynne's favourite half-time with Mrs. Belton; and Kathy our faithful manager, leading the pack.

Fall Track

How many laps did you say we have to do? Ten repeat 440's? You must be kidding! Do you know how many miles that is? We'll never make it!

Well they (Mr. Perrier and his side-kick Miss Terpstra) were not kidding, and, surprisingly enough, we did make it. Yes, while everyone else enjoyed a warm shower, Cross-Country sped around the track in a race against sunset.

The crease's stars rocketed along on their own intensive training. The rest committed suicide EN MASSE under Mr. Perrier's diabolical pro-



FRONT ROW: H. Morgan, M. Wright, C. Clermont, D. Salvas, K. Marsden, S. Ash. SECOND ROW: L. Daoussis, R. Theberge, D. Thraves, M. Hyde, B. Way, N. Matheson. THIRD ROW: G. De Hostos, S. Jeffries, D. Boiteau, J. Ross, D. Roberts. FOURTH ROW: Mr. R. Perrier, P. Monod, D. Payne, J. Theberge, J. Molson, P. Tinari, Miss S. Terpstra.



gramme, that had us progressing from a crawl to a jog, a sprint and finally a limp. Shins splintered, toes cracked, ankles twisted, but we hung on to the (pant!) end.

This year we competed at Alexander Galt and North Country High in Newport, Vermont. We took on university and CEGEP level competition at B. U. and at the Lac Megantic Relays, where we placed well. Jacques Theberge, Daniel Boiteau, Susan Ash, Bruce Way, Paul Tinari and John Molson qualified for the regional meet. The last three travelled to Ste. Anne de Beaupre for the Provincial Championships.

We stalwart runners pass on the torch to "winterized" Indoor Track.



Cross-Country Race

Ah! the day of the cross-country race! That day for which everyone has been waiting, hoping, or fearing. A day of high personal dreams, keen house competition, and sore legs. A day that conjures up images of racers skimming across roads, but turned out to be a day of plodding through the mud. Nevertheless, sprinting or walking, everyone goes.

In the girls' races, Glass House won the senior and Gillard the junior. Jenny Campbell, Debbie Pritchard and Maggie Paine were the top finishers in the former, in which many broke the previous record, and Susan Ash, Sue Hibbard and Kathy McGee lead the juniors. Grier took the junior boys'; Craig Fields, Patrick Toothe and Mark Setlakwe being the top three. Chapman won the close contest for the senior; Paul Tinari, John Molson and Tony Ross finished ahead.

Despite mud and exhaustion, the annual cross-country remains one of the popular traditions of B.C.S.



... in Winter ...



First Team Hockey

We won 18 and tied 3 of our 31 games, a very respectable season, but obviously disappointing with the possible potential of the team. The players were not without problems during the course of the season, though they were a fairly tight-knit bunch. Thanks to the I.H.A. we had a ready reserve of talent to draw from, that is if you call Gordie Price talented! This was appreciated as there was a high turnover of players during the season for one reason or another.

To recap the season, in ETIAC league play we finished in second place behind AGRHS. We easily handled the other teams in the league but could not beat Galt although tying them twice. In the three tournaments we played in during the winter we finished second each time, always in hard-fought, exciting games. In the Independent Schools Tournament we dropped the final game 3-2 to L.C.C. in a tense struggle. The Bishop's University Tournament was won by Howard S. Billings, the eventual provincial champions, 7-3.

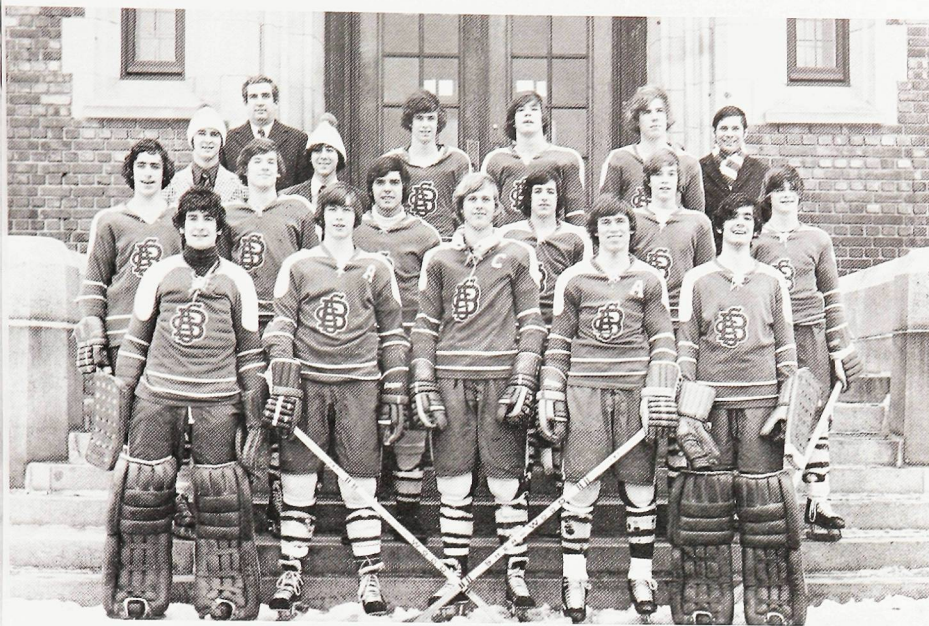
In exhibition play we also fared well with some well earned wins such as vs. Selwyn House (9-2) and King's College (10-1) and a Sherbrooke Junior team (4-3). We also travelled to Hebron Academy in Maine but unfortunately came back with two losses, by 1-0 and 7-0 scores.

The captain of the team was Mark Medland, a tough, hard-hitting hockey player, a fact which earned him many penalties. He and Slack (our slap shot specialist) set fine examples with their early nights and abstinence before games. One of the more impressive players on the team was Tony Ross (with his head hunters taken ten feet away from the net) who got along well with everyone and could always be relied on to score. The other assistant captain, David Stenason, through two years on First Team, received very little credit but always gave a determined effort and was recognized by the team as a solid defenceman. One of the goalers this year was Timmy Price who couldn't understand why everyone thought he didn't try in practice. Scotty Corrieri also had a fine year in the nets despite the odd problem of getting him to play.

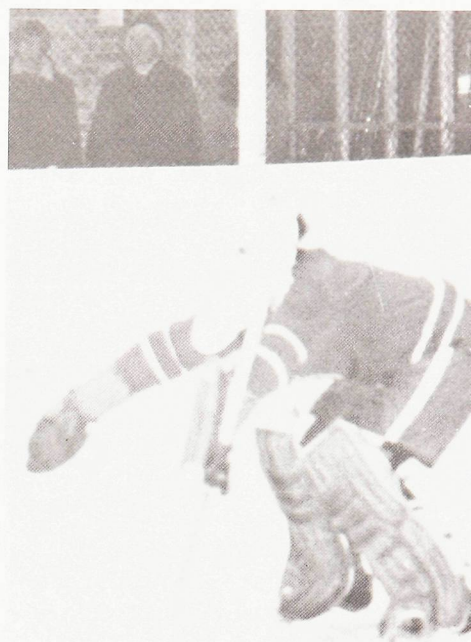
There were many other fine players associated with the team: Fred Kaneb, the Wiggitt trophy winner and fastest dresser on the team, Al Monk, the most improved player (mainly because he didn't forget his skates once all season), not to mention Serge St. Jean who came up from the juniors on occasion. Moose distinguished himself with his fine stickhandling on the ice and in the locker room. Kev Matson, Scott Muddiman and John Nethersole, although small, made up for that with hustle. Dacre Stoker showed himself as a promising defenceman before an injury put him out of action. David Bonnett filled in for him on occasion. Another fine performer for some of the season was Richard Vaughan, before he went into early retirement. It was difficult to tell who was managing the team this year. We all thought it was Bruce Rossy until S.T. showed up for the picture too. It must have been the tuques that confused us.

Everything considered it was not a great year for the Senior Hockey team. The spirit was high at times and the record speaks for itself. Unfortunately, there were some serious problems which only got worse towards the end of the season. If everything works out perhaps next year will be a good year for B.C.S. Senior Hockey.





FRONT ROW: T. Price, D. Stenason, M. Medland, T. Ross, S. Corrieri.
 MIDDLE ROW: G. Price, A. Monk, F. Kaneb, K. Matson, D. Stoker, S.
 Muddiman. BACK ROW: T. Simard, Mr. J. Cowans, B. Rossy, D. Bonnet, S.
 McTavish, D. Fuller, Mr. C. Goodwin.



A few impressive weeks of vigorous try-outs started with some fifty people and ended with the unity of about twenty hockey enthusiasts (one with a tongueless skate). Our backstage squad consisted of two of the most helpful coaches, Ken McCaffery and Mitch McGuigan, an efficient semi-playing manager, Wim Toothe, and a quick-eyed scorekeeper Peter Shaw.

The highlight of our season was our overnight trip to Hebron Academy in Maine, during which we chalked up two wins. There was not only tough playing but there were times of comedy with the Flying Frenchman's line featuring our captain, Serge St. John. Oh yes! Back on the defense was the alternate Danny Scheunert. The nets were usually inhabited by the Super Saving Sprawler, Gilbert Landry, who prevented the team's misfortune many-a-time.

This year Mr. McC. organized a round-robin tournament for the first time. We had a high-spirited and well-supported series against A.G.R., MacDonald Cartier, and Antigonish East High School of Nova Scotia.

Many thanks to Mr. McGuigan and especially to Mr. McCaffery for their great help.

Bantams

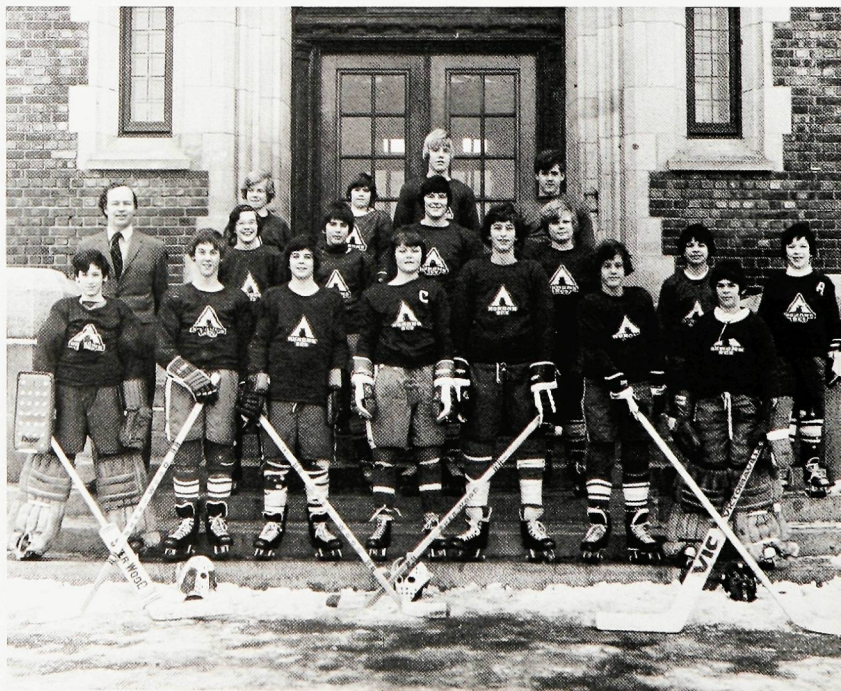
The glory boys on Bantam Hockey did not exactly have a spectacular season. In league play against Galt, Stanstead and Seminaire, they won only two games. They fared better in exhibition play, coming out on top in three matches against Selwyn House and a local high-powered group.

Were there any future N.H.L.ers in this group? Well, "Razzle" Laframboise kept the crowd on its feet. Rocket Rod Lynch shone in action. The goalies, Marc Panet-Raymond, Ian Graham and Michael "Clutch" Austin could be counted on to make daring saves. "Yes, the future looks bright", declared Coach Badger, "Just as long as I never see another slap shot."

Juniors



FRONT ROW: M. Weir, M. Wade, B. Messier, S. St. Jean, M. Duquet, G. Landry. MIDDLE ROW: P. Toothe, N. Cunningham, D. Scheunert, G. Karalis, I. Morales, M. Setlakwe, Mr. K. McCaffery. BACK ROW: Mr. M. McGuigan, W. Ogilvie, B. Rodeck, R. Hodgson, J. Stairs.



FRONT ROW: I. Graham, R. Lynch, E. Boyd, K. Rodeck, M. Kenny, M. Laframboise, M. Panet-Raymond. MIDDLE ROW: Mr. B. Badger, M. Austin, R. Emmet, M. St. Onge, G. Webb, A. Dumais, T. Moseley. BACK ROW: W. McCarter, N. Hauck, A. Fuller, D. Molson.

Commissioner John McClintock made an enormous contribution to the School by initiating the Intramural Hockey Association for hockey enthusiasts of all calibres who could not play on competitive squads. From the outset, everything was done with a professional touch. Four teams were formed initially: Nordiques, Sabres, Flyers and Islanders. Major Abbott dropped the puck for the opening face-off; Mr. Cowans cut the opening tape; and the Commissioner, of course, came decked out in his tux.

Each team was given a first line of four of the best players, a second string of five boys of medium quality, and the "mighties", including a new goalie, who were those who had never or seldom skated before. The corresponding lines from each side would play simultaneously. Everyone, no matter how good they were, got equal playing time, and against players of like skill. Thus sportsmanship and hard work were stressed.

After each team had finished ten games, an all-star game (the I. H. A. is really into the big time!) saw the West beat the East 7-6. Then, a fifth team, the Canucks, was added, as there were too many per team, and they were reformed in a draft by the captains. The teams then played ten more games to decide which four would go into the play-offs. After two best-of-three semi-finals, the Nordiques and the Flyers met in the exciting sudden-death championship for the Master's Cup. Captained by Tom Simard, the Flyers won 4-3.

Exhibition games by the older boys, the Choctaws, vs. the Juniors, and by the younger fellows, the Crees, against Sherbrooke Elementary, the Bantams and a girls' team were held. In this last match, the B.C.S. girls gained everlasting glory by defeating the Crees in a thrilling over-time period, 1-0.

Not wishing to be outdone by 1st Hockey in awards, the Commissioner made sure that the I. H. A. had plenty. Hugh Notman was leading scorer; Allard Keeley won the award for sportsmanship; Yuki Karata was selected as the most improved player; Peter Provencher was the best goalie; Derek Sewell was accorded the distinction of M.V.P.; Robert Setlakwe was picked as the top mighty.

Many must be thanked for helping to make this so successful a season, for so many players. Kevin Matson, Gilbert Landry, Scott Muddiman, Mike Wade, Richard Vaughan, and Serge St. Jean refereed many games. Messrs. Goodwin and McCaffery helped throughout the season, while Messrs. Owen and McGuigan coached the championship teams. Major Abbott gave his full support and valuable ice time to the league. And of course the Commissioner deserves the biggest hand for being at the centre of the league's formation. Again, not to be seconded by the pros, he plans an expansion next year to six teams.

IHA



Senior Basketball

Girls' team sports have been given a big boost this year by the potential towards high-level play brought into the system by the enthusiastic rookies. This was evident during the soccer season but even more so during basketball.

The starting fire was a strong combination of three rookies and two vets. They were the backbone of the team, but were often saved by the subs, when games became muscle-bound and foul-clad. Everyone worked exceptionally hard in both game and practice, always striving for good sportsmanship and good team play. From the starters evolved the league's top scorer, Mary Hunkin, with Gwen Skutezky tied for third, and Carrie McDougall for fifth. But it was, in no way, an individual who made the team; it was weeks of those wretched plays, and the determination of a top-notch coach that led us to share the league lead with Galt at the end of a rather long season.

Nothing can be picked as the single highlight of the season - every game contributed: a triumphant weekend in Montreal, a close call with the Masters, action against the Lennoxville ladies. Each part of the season was as necessary as the next.

This team has left a hard path to follow for the next. Such an example of striving enthusiasm and constant hard work has been a good example for girls' sports this year. We wish the squad that follows ours all the fun and good play that we enjoyed this season.

Juniors

The end of the season - what can we say? The record was not encouraging: we had scored only one 20-5 victory against Massey Vanier. Yet we were not disheartened. Our play had improved tremendously since the term's beginning, and for this we thank Miss Harpur for her great efforts in long hours of practice.

Iona proved to be our M.V.P. - most vicious and ferocious players Allison was always waiting for passes that never came! Jenny always seemed to be unjustly fouled out, while Stacy kept on sinking those forty footers. Has there ever been a game when Diane managed not to travel? Phil was waiting so patiently on the bench. Katie never quite knew what to do with the ball. We had to depend on Susan to block shots. Tina never tired while Kathy always missed lay-ups. Most of all, we had a fun season.



FRONT ROW: S. Ouellet, P. Barber, K. McGee, T. Pinck. BACK ROW: Miss K. Harpur, D. Laframboise, I. Mahtab, K. Whitehead, J. Vaughan, S. Badger.



FRONT ROW: J. MacKay, C. McDougall, J. Holcomb, F. Guibord, A.M. Belanger. BACK ROW: G. Skutezky, Mr. J. Cowans, M. Hunkin, J. Campbell, E. Buchanan, Mr. R. Perrier, S. Grass.

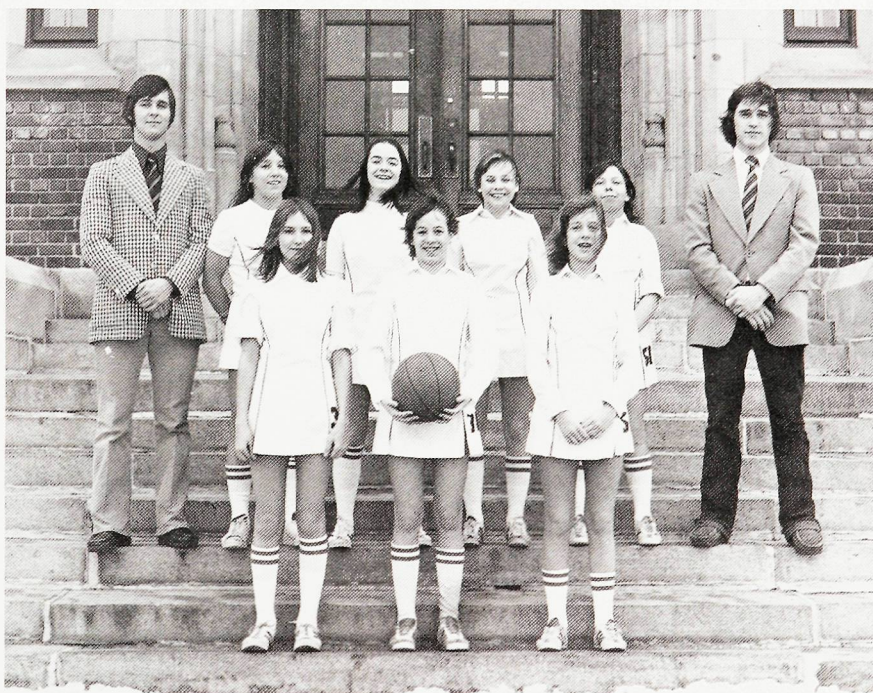


Bantams

This year B.C.S. had its first Bantam Girls' Basketball Team. We had a very good season, though we won few games. The highlights were tournaments at Galt and at Massey-Vanier.

Derek and S.T. did a fantastic job of teaching us how to play the game. Jill was great with her shots from centre court, as was Danielle's style of charging down the court. Sarah, despite numerous injuries, was a very valuable player. Gini's lucky baskets helped us greatly and Carol had very good legs for jumping at rebounds. Lexie had some lucky lay-ups, and we wouldn't have known where to go if Alison hadn't told us. Denise, while she was with us, was very good at stealing the ball and getting break-aways.

Thanks everyone for the fun!



FRONT ROW: A. Stuchberry, J. Badger, G. Taboika. BACK ROW: T. Simard, D. Simard, C. Brownlee, A. Hope, S. Fear, D. Sewell.

Volleyball



FRONT ROW: F. Thomson, W. MacDougall, D. Pritchard. MIDDLE ROW: G. Mundy, B.L. Picken, J. Henry, D. Cramer. BACK ROW: Miss L. Dumas, R. Henri, H. Pangman, J. Hamel, Mr. J. Cowans.

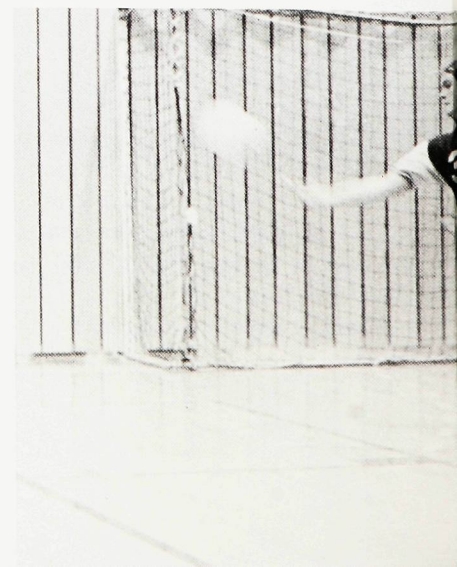
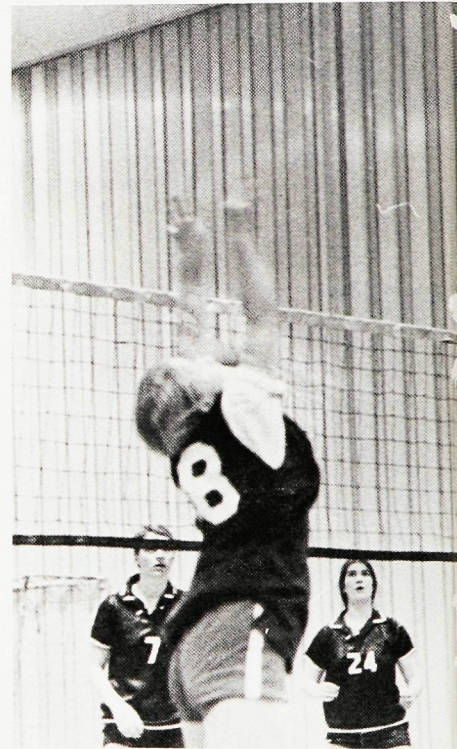
Seniors

Despite the fact that the team broke the all-time high school record of losses, it was a blast doing it. With Mr. McFarlane and Miss Dumas as dutiful coaches, the team had ... eventful creases.

The general optimistic attitude of the players was heroic and the coaches were smothered with enthusiasm. As an active team of Captain and Co-Captain Franny Thomson and Debbie Pritchard kept the team up when it would otherwise have been down.

The focal points in the season occurred on numerous chaotic bus rides to Massey Vanier, the Study and Trafalgar. In fact, without the bus rides, the team wouldn't have had anything to compensate for the continuous defeats.

We try harder!!





At the beginning it was hard enough just to hit the ball over the net, but as the term went on we got into spiking, blocking and most of all, better team spirit. Every day we were ready to get into a power-packed crease filled with Mr. Detchon's ideas of how to improve our game, and surprisingly, most of them worked.

Although we worked hard, we always enjoyed ourselves - even though we rarely won a game; but I don't think anyone will forget the good sportsmanship.

To highlight our season we had a tournament with many schools from all over the eastern part of Quebec. At this tournament, at which we were hosts, we played our best games of the season and we know that Mr. Detchon was pleased. He was a great coach and friend to us all and everyone tried their best, which is what really counts. With work, B.C.S. may yet turn out some winning teams in the future. Even this season is one which we will remember for some time,

Good Luck!

Juniors



FRONT ROW: H. Morgan, L. Buchanan, K. Teron, D. Donald, K. Marsden.
BACK ROW: J. Hugessen, Mr. E. Detchon, K. Fox, H. MacNab, F. Sheridan,
W. Hueton, N. Caron.



Squash

After the departure of such players as Tom Lynch and Graham Hallward, this was a year of rebuilding and innovation. An enlarged crease of twelve boys and six girls undertook a busy programme of matches in which they met with limited success, but gained useful experience which will, hopefully, stand them in good stead in next year's campaign.

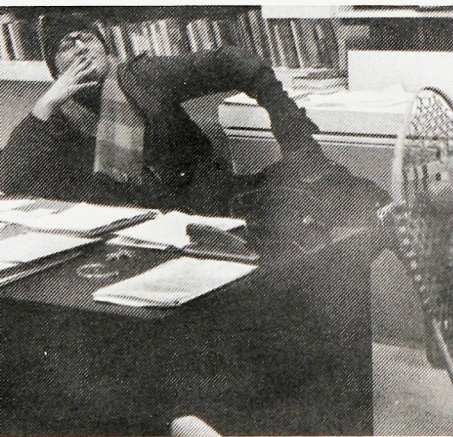
Of the boys, Alan Stairs filled the number one spot with much promise. His stroke-making and cool temperament showed to advantage against a series of gifted and usually older opponents. He was backed up manfully by big-hitting John Molson, by the steady Ashley Park, by the stylish Keith MacDougall and by eight others of varying ability but constant enthusiasm.

In addition to the usual trips to Montreal the team travelled to Port Hope and Toronto, and Keith MacDougall and Chris Kaufmann represented the School in the Quebec Juvenile Team which competed in Toronto in January.

The boys also took part in a useful joint coaching session with boys from Stanstead College where Squash is growing fast. We hope to meet them again in 1976, perhaps on a more competitive basis!

The introduction of six girls to the crease could be reckoned a most successful innovation, though it put added pressure on the already over-crowded courts. Our leading girls were the hard-hitting Cathi Moson and fast-moving Mary Murphy. Only two matches, both with the M.B.S.C., were possible, and all six girls acquitted themselves promisingly in these enjoyable encounters.

Finally, the most encouraging feature of the season at B.C.S. was the fast-growing popularity of the game of Squash at all levels of the School. The indications seem to be that more courts are needed to satisfy the growing demand.



And then, let us not forget the snowshoers, those intrepid adventurers who braved the unimaginable dangers of the virgin wilderness with the courage and tenacity befitting all great figures in history! Their names shall endure in glory for ever! Never has so much been owed to so few by so many.

Winston Churchill

Alpine Ski

This year the Alpine team flourished and produced what has been the finest season seen in many. Fortunately the weather held out, so that the team could race regularly at many different meets. With the chance to train and race, which was missed the year before, consistency and experience were ensured.

Good results were helped by excellent spirit, mainly instilled by coach and old boy Lanny Smith, who provided the necessary guidance in the gates and worked the team into superb shape. A new "togetherness" developed; good chats would last for several hours after crease.

Those who finished regularly in the top ten of zone competition were Lyne Ouellet, Dave Roberts, and Hugh Notman, all led by Luc Chabot who was obviously the most valuable member. With only one departure from the team next year, the personnel should evolve into a group of even higher calibre. All everyone has to do is to pray for snow.



FRONT ROW: K. MacDougall, J. Molson, A. Stairs, A. Park, K. Kaufmann. MIDDLE ROW: J. McKinnon, J. Howson, G. Scott, D. Lorimer, E. Price, D. Morales, R. McCarter. BACK ROW: Messrs. Halliday, Gray and Bateman.



FRONT ROW: P. Ouellet, J. Ross, A. Speth, D. Theberge, L. Chabot, D. Roberts. BACK ROW: Mr. J. Cowans, H. Notman, G. Atkins, L. Ouellet, R. Coulombe, Mr. L. Smith.



FRONT ROW: M. Hyde, B. Way, J. Theberge, S. Shaw, M. Ray, C. Fields.
MIDDLE ROW: R. Theberge, S. Jeffries, J. Caron, R. Pollock, L. Daoussis.
BACK ROW: S. Zarov, T. McGee, D. Salvas, I. Scott, Mr. P. Milner.



Inconsistent weather conditions spoiled what could have been a truly excellent year for the Nordic Ski team. The team personnel trained hard in the early weeks of winter, as the days grew colder and the snow began to fall. If the trails and courses were not quite ready, the team was. In such a sport conditioning is vital, and the team's program included varied calisthenics, wind sprints and a five kilometer run.

During the few weeks when good skiing conditions prevailed, the "River Run" was set and time trials run on a daily basis. The strength of the team was in the senior grouping, although the juniors showed promise. The team travelled to Ottawa for the Independent Schools meet, where it finished a close second to Ashbury. Jacques Theberge was second in one race, and won the Porteous Cup for Nordic Skiing at the season's end.

The improvement in style and endurance of all the team members was marked. Peter Milner guided and instructed the team, through thick and through thin (mostly thin!). As Cross-Country skiing gains popularity in the School and across the province the prospects for a strong team at B.C.S. are excellent.

...and in Spring.



1st XV Rugger

Through the mists of a yawning dawn came wailings and hashing of teeth. Yep, sure enough the 1st XV was out for another eye-opening crease.

The Rugger season at B.C.S. is unfortunately very short. The first few weeks of practice were spent on circuit work in the gym - it was some time before snow and rain permitted the team to practice on the field. However, they were certainly up for their first match, in which they over-powered Bishop Weylan 48-0. Selwyn House and Riverdale High were also handed 8-3 and 10-3 defeats, respectively. Members from past teams formed the Old Boys' squad, which was suitably massacred 24-0. However, the team had to end the season with a sour note, as Riverdale beat them 17-9. 1st XV had lost its first match in the three-year history of Rugger at B.C.S.

The team was coached by Merv Gray and Doug Campbell, who drove the group on with enthusiasm, while arguing over Canadian and South African terminology. Captains Tim McGee and Mark Medland provided fine examples of first class play, as did Tony Ross and the "Atlas" of the Scrum, David Stenason. Tim Price kept rushing into the end-zone with exciting tries. And Broadway Bruce psyched up the whole team with his emotionally-charged "Fats" before each game.

Considering the calibre of the players, it was unfortunate that they did not have more opportunities in which to display their capabilities. B.C.S. has one of the best squads in the province, but will need more competition in which to prove it.





FRONT ROW: D. Stenason, S. McTavish, T. McGee, M. Medland, D. Fuller.
MIDDLE ROW: R. Vaughan, D. Sewell, H. Notman, T. Ross, D. Bonnet, T.
Price, T. Simard. BACK ROW: Mr. J. Cowans, K. Matson, Mr. M. Gray, J.
Howson, B. Simms, Mr. D. Campbell, F. Kaneb, B. Rossy.

Bantam Rugby



FRONT ROW: M. Duquet, M. Setlakwe, L. Duval, D. Molson, S. Budning.
MIDDLE ROW: R. McCarter, P. Provencher, K. Rodeck, B. Matheson, R. Lynch,
M. Laframboise, P. Shaw. BACK ROW: A. Vineberg, Mr. R. McGonnegal, M.
Marsden, R. Blackburn, M. St. Onge, E. Boyd, Mr. A. Bateman, S. Shaw.

Bantam Rugby set a new record this year by winning both of its much publicized matches against Selwyn House and L.C.C. Thanks to Set's super scoring power we crashed our way to victory for the first time in the history of Bantam Rugger at B.C.S.

Bate's grueling creases had us all in tip top shape for the matches. Rugged 1/4 mile runs daily assured us of enough stamina to see both the games through. McGonnegal's famous wind sprints separated the men from the boys, or namely Budning from the rest of the team. The French Connection, Duval and Duquet, after receiving the ball from our often off-side Scrum Half, McCarter, scored tries on two occasions. Although we never quite converted a try we managed to wrack up 29 points throughout the season. We even watched video-taped films of the games. We all enjoyed the films of Pretty Boy Boyd's famous tackles.

All told this has been a great start for Bantam Rugby.

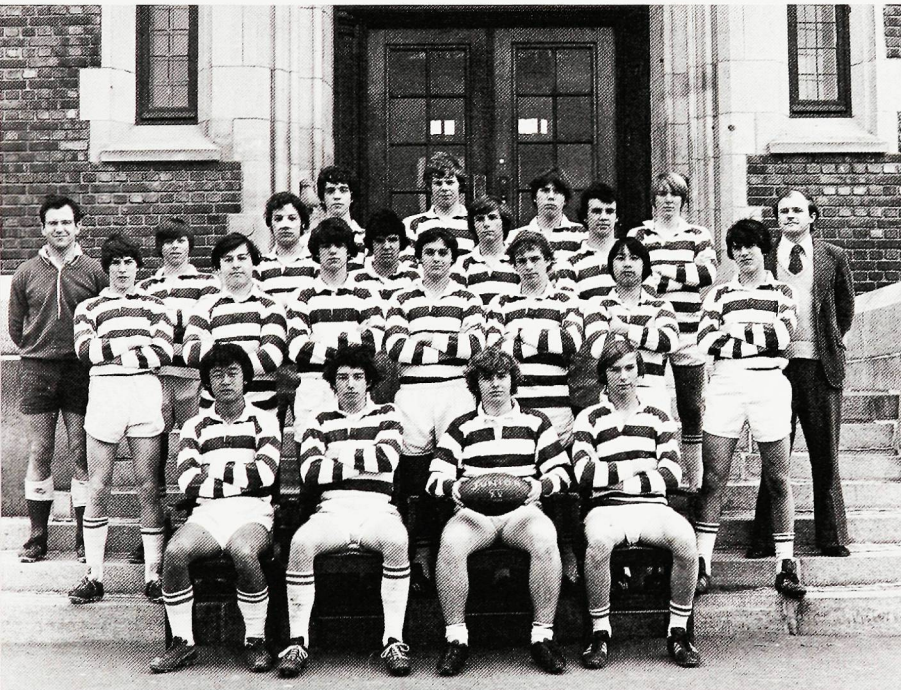
Junior Rugby

During initial training we looked more like a track team than a rugby team. Everyone will remember our gruelling six inches and our refreshing wind sprints. But as the snow receded our practice involved more hitting and less running. Although only five junior veterans were on the "A" team this year, the other ten learned fast and the team started shaping up during training.

Our season started off strongly with a 16-0 victory over Selwyn House. On the road, we lost to L.C.C. but came back to beat the Senior "B's" by a score of ... need we say? Then, one hot Friday afternoon, we defeated Monseigneur High School 20-13. That was our last and probably our finest game.

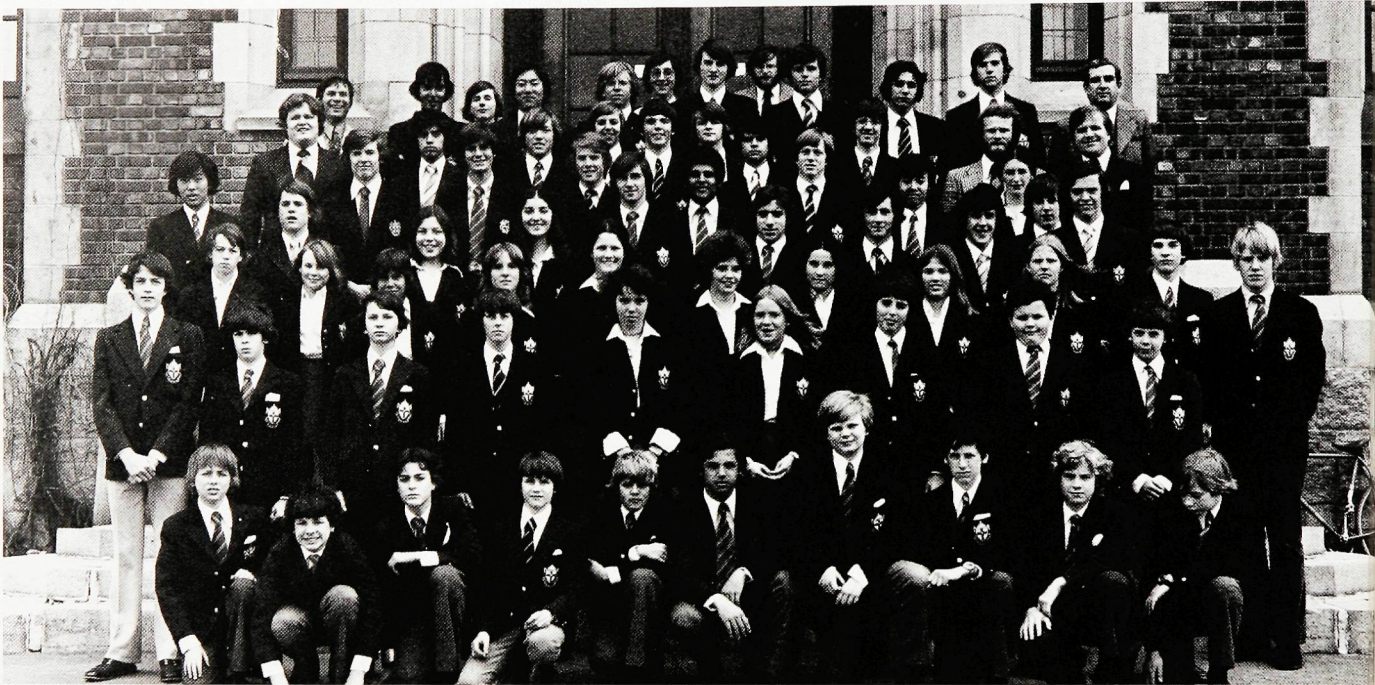
The line was outstanding this season. Hot Dog Hodgson at fly half played well (when he wasn't cutting in) and Yuki (Flash) Kurata was one of our best rookies. The scrum showed itself more than once this year against bigger teams. People like St. Jean and Ballantyne added to its effectiveness.

This season of Junior Rugby has undoubtedly been the most successful yet. For this we can thank Mr. Dutton and Mr. Halliday who provided excellent coaching. We hope that future Junior teams will retain the spirit and level of competition that was achieved this year.



FRONT ROW: Y. Kurata, A. Marcus, C. Paine, R. Hodgson. MIDDLE ROW: S. Diehl, P. Provencher, R. Garneau, C. Lacroix, E. Ballantyne, E. Lee, G. Scott. BACK ROW: Mr. C. Halliday, D. Scheunert, C. Tudela, C. Blood, G. Karalis, B. Duval, P. Mackenzie, M. Burgess, S. St. Jean, J. Stairs, Mr. D. Dutton.

Spring Track and Field



The B.C.S. track and field team has enjoyed a very successful season. Most of the applause must be directed towards the senior boys' efforts on the track. At Stanstead, our boys came first in three out of a possible five track events and second three times as well. In the Eastern Townships Relays, held one week later, the senior boys set records in the 4 x 400 (3:34.0) and mile medley (3:45.4) relays. In our final meet of the year, the 33rd Annual Y's Men's Meet, the B.C.S. boys swept first, second and third places in the 800m, 1500m and 3000m races. In the 800m race Henri Busse set a track record, covering the distance in 1:50.6. Paul Tinari, in winning the 1500m race in 4:29, won the Sam Abbott Trophy for the third consecutive year, a feat which moved the award to Paul's trophy shelf for keeps. This was the result of Major Abbott's challenge to any runner who won the mile event or its equivalent three consecutive years: that person would keep it. Paul Tinari also won the 3000m race, covering the gruelling distance in 9:41.9. Second and third places were John Molson and Allard Keeley. The senior boys won the Dr. W.W. Lynch Trophy for accumulating the highest point total in the open class.

There were a number of other notable performances by B.C.S. athletes. Jenny Campbell placed second six times in the Y's Men's Meet. Cristobal Delgado won the only other B.C.S. first place finish outside of the senior boys class in the 60m dash. Allard Keeley was selected by the coaches, Messrs. Goodwin McGuigan, Milner and Perrier as the winner of the James Parker Trophy for the most improved individual in spring track. Allard, a long to middle distance man, began the season running 1500m in approximately five minutes. By season's end at the Y's Men's Track Meet Allard ran the 1500m in 4:37, certainly a considerable improvement in six weeks. The surprise of our season was Scott Muddiman who developed into the team's best sprinter.

A final note must be a thank you to coaches Goodwin, McGuigan, and the Perriers for this time and effort in rounding the squad into a complete, competitive team.



Inter-House Meet

INDIVIDUAL TRACK AND FIELD AWARDS:

The Senator White Challenge Cup	T. Ross
The Allan Challenge Cup (880 yds.)	P. Tinari
The Kaulback Medal	P. Tinari
The Molson Medal	R. Vaughan
The Allan Challenge Cup (Broad Jump) ...	P. Tinari
The Janner Challenge Trophy	S. Muddiman
The E.H. Drury Cup	R. Lynch
The Price Challenge Cup	R. Lynch

HOUSE STANDINGS:

Girls	Gillard	174
	Glass	167
Boys	Smith	82
	McNaughton	71.5
	Williams	53
	Chapman	49.5
	Grier	14

INTER-HOUSE TRACK AND FIELD MEET:

As usual, this was a hotly contested series of events which lasted for more than a week, culminating in the running of the Track finals on June 8th. The students must be thanked for their enthusiasm, and the athletic coaches for organizing these events. The number of broken records this year speaks for itself; this has been a fine year for Track & Field at the School, at all levels of competition.



NEW TRACK AND FIELD RECORDS:

BOYS

EVENT	WON BY	RECORD
Half Mile Run (Open)	P. Tinari	2:00.5
440 Yds. (Open)	T. Ross	53.1
220 Yds. (Bantam)	R. Lynch	29.4
100 Yds. (Bantam)	R. Lynch	12.7
Hurdles (8) (Junior)	M. Setlakwe	14.9
Hurdles (8) (Bantam)	C. Hollands	17.2
High Jump (Bantam)	M. Kenny	4'7"
Cricket Ball Throw (Bantam)	K. Rodeck	189'3"
Discus (Bantam)	C. Aparicio	68'0"
Shot Put (Junior)	D. Molson	35'7 1/4"
Shot Put (Bantam)	R. Lynch	27'6 1/2"

GIRLS

880 Yds. (Open)	J. Campbell	2:40.55
100 Yds. (Senior)	J. Campbell	12.6
High Jump (Senior)	G. Skutezky	4'5"
Discus (Open)	C. Molson	75'6"
Shot Put (Intermediate)	M. Hunkin	29'11"
Broad Jump (Intermediate)	S. Badger	12'8"
High Jump (Intermediate)	M. Hunkin	4'1"
100 Yds. (Intermediate)	D. Pritchard	12.4
Hurdles (Junior)	K. McGee	18.0
Discus (Junior)	S. Hibbard	68.5'
Softball Throw (Junior)	D. Simard	134.6'
High Jump (Junior)	V. Doheny,	4'2"
	I. Mahtab	
Broad Jump (Junior)	A. Stuchberry	12'7"
220 Yds. (Junior)	K. McGee	30.8
100 Yds. (Bantam)	J. Badger	13.5
220 Yds. (Bantam)	J. Badger	31.5
Hurdles (Bantam)	J. Badger	18.1
Broad Jump (Bantam)	J. Badger	12'2 1/2"

Cycling



This year was the first time that B.C.S. had a cycling crease. And to say the least it was intriguing for everyone.

The plan of the crease grew from a friendly chat with Mr. McCaffery at which he had been reminiscing about his adventures on wheels at St. Hubert. Then, after a quick survey it was discovered that there was enough interest to start the crease. So away we went!

At the beginning we trained so that we would be able to cope with the hardships of travelling to the Shark's Den at Brome Lake. During this trip the whole group enjoyed themselves immensely, except that we suffered nine flat tires.

Two weekends later we went to Island Pond in Vermont. Believe it or not we made it through the trip without a flat. Between the dunking of the "Pilsbury Dough Boy" and our National Frisbee Competition we were well entertained.

The crease of twenty-two managed to do a grand total of 12,292 miles in the Spring Term. After the school closing nine of us stayed on to do a ten days' trip through the White Mountains.

Many thanks to Mr. McCaffery and also to the seniors, especially Luc Chabot and Alec Speth, who helped to initiate and organize the crease.

D. Theberge, J. Theberge, L. Chabot, N. Cunningham, C. Fields, B. Way, M. Wade, R. Coulombe, D. Morales, R. Perrault, I. Morales, M. Weir, M. Kenny, M. Ray, S. Prescott, B. Rodeck, Mr. K. McCaffery, A. Speth, L. Price, P. Khazzam.





FRONT ROW: N. Beirne, K. Kaufmann, J. Claeys, J. McKinnon, F. Vosilla, P. Jarjour, P. Laframboise. BACK ROW: S. Stiegler, A. Stairs, B. Campbell, P. Ouellet, Mr. A. Campbell, Mr. J. McFarlane.

Mountain Country

Mountain Country evokes images of tough mountaineers scaling awe-inspiring heights under the rigours of the wild. Team work where it is most needed, dominates the spirit of this adventure group. Surely this is a gruelling test of endurance, one which should be experienced by more people in some way, as it may be next year.

Well, there are other ways to look at it!

This year we started with seven and were later joined by Stan and Steve and a horde of females (barriers are falling every day) who started with a pilot expedition of their own.

The fall saw us atop Mt. Mansfield in readiness for an aborted Mountain Day attempt, stealing bases on our way to Beaver Meadow, cursing Darney's Dome and fearing the phantom in the cable car atop Jay Peak. The spring saw us on an unlucky trip with snowshoes round our necks.

The girls should bring a few changes to the routine on our final, ten day venture down the Long Trail. Slack's hashed browns may run into a little competition and Tony's snoring may be replaced by Georgina's laughing in her sleep. S.T. will be giving us his Quebec wildlife calls and keeping warm in his thermo-nuclear underwear. Mike will still be figuring out the slopes of the hills but this time we'll have a MAP to guide us and Brenda Lee to tell us how far it is to the next camp. Mary will be helping bring up the rear while "Them men" forge on ahead although that may change if Gwen goes swimming. Carrie may lose some of her enthusiasm for unclaimed sleeping bags if Al keeps up with his ghost stories. One thing for certain is that Charlie and Evan will eat any of your leftover birdseed.

Thanks as always to Mr. Cruikshank who revived Mountain Country as a special Seventh Form activity upon his return this year, and to Mrs. Cruikshank who reminded us how good civilized food can be.

Pioneering

Oh, we're pioneers and we're O.K.
We sleep all night and we work all day

We chop down trees

We skip and jump

We go to the lavatory

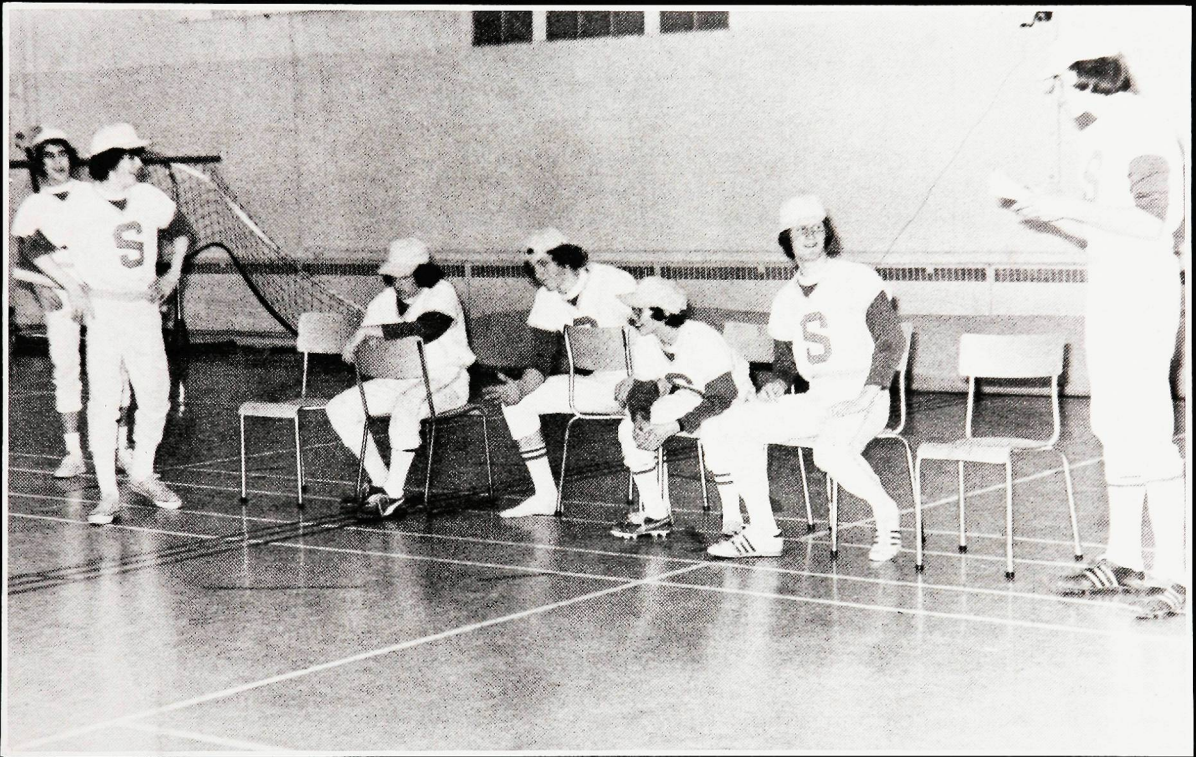
On Wednesdays we go shopping

And have buttered scones for tea.

W.I.A.

The need for some good girls' sports in the spring term was solved this year by the introduction of an intramural league. Mr. Detchon, Miss Dumas, Miss Harpur and Miss Lyall threw the whole affair of umpteen screaming females together. They were grouped in teams under the captainship of the indomitable Judy Holcomb, the expert Carrie McDougall, the super-human Gwen Skutezky and the joint command of the Titans, Cathy Molson and Mary Hunkin. In search of diversity, these girls played the most incredible assortment of sports, games and other unmentionable practices. For the record, the list included baseball, soccer, flag football (whatever that is!), cricket (Lords), soccer baseball, jogging, relays and calisthenics (pant!). Different teams dominated each event - God (that's Miss Harpur) knows who won overall. But what does it matter? They all had a bloody good time!

Our Year-Round Activities.



No. 2 B.C.S. Cadet Corps



Year after year it becomes increasingly difficult to evaluate the relative success of the Cadet programme. On the one hand, over 170 students will complete a 15 week recruit course, dealing with basic cadet activities. On the other hand there remain a significant number of cadets who have no alternative but to repeat courses and activities from previous years.

The valuable process of experience through teaching is being realized by a growing number of cadets and in this regard the Monday afternoon sessions are most beneficial. The essence of the Cadet Corps lies in the value placed on one's ability both to obey and give orders. In this regard it functions solely as a drill corps, with the ultimate objective being a show of various parade ground skills in the month of May.

As with any activity Cadets is not without its share of criticism. Most of these remarks are directed towards the worth of the Cadet classes themselves. It is the feeling of this year's administration that while much of the material involved is over simplified, the majority of the cadets have little or no standing knowledge of basic cadet fundamentals. Even as the Corps spirit seemingly hinges on the supposedly unimportant classes, it is here that unity is developed and tolerance matures into enthusiasm.

The success of this cadet year in terms of class participation is guaranteed. The recruits are quick to learn unfamiliar drill movements and both boys and girls have made progress since December. Various third and fourth year activities such as Fire Fighting and Typing have been completed as well as the standard Royal Life Saving course.

The path the Cadet Corps will take in the future will be a smooth one only if the training staff make a serious and objective evaluation of the present programme. It seems likely that without this honest self appraisal Cadet Corps No. 2 will face a serious drop in standards. Does the true spirit and force of the Corps lie on the parade square? Or does it lie in the classroom? The present blending situation is stunting our capacity for outright excellence in at least one area. In reflection one watches the new Adventure Training group operating efficiently, correctly, and with spirit, under self-supervision in the woods surrounding the School, and the thought of a completely new set-up flashes to mind. Whatever the channels of its development, change is in the wind.





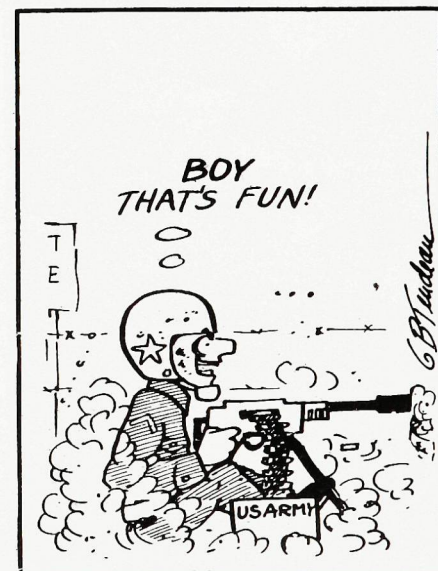
OFFICERS: FRONT ROW; Maj. S. Abbott, Cdt. Maj. T. Ross, Mr. J. Cowans, Capt. T. Price, Lt. T. McGee. BACK ROW: Lt. D. Fuller, Lt. T. Simard, Lt. A. Monk, Lt. C. Molson, Lt. M. Murphy, Lt. M. Hunkin, Lt. D. Stenason, Lt. D. Stoker, Lt. H. Notman.



NCO'S: FRONT ROW; M. Sgt. D. Morales, Q.M.S. I. Scott, C.S.M. M. Medland, M. Sgt. N. Matheson, M. Sgt. S. Jeffries. MIDDLE ROW: Sgt. G. Mindy, Sgt. K. Smith, Sgt. D. Sewell, Sgt. R. Pollock, Sgt. A. Keeley, Sgt. C. McQuade, Sgt. C. Paine, Sgt. D. Lorimer, M. Sgt. M. Paine. BACK ROW: Sgt. D. Bonnet, Sgt. R. Vaughan, Sgt. A. Park, Sgt. E. Buchanan, Sgt. J. Campbell, Sgt. F. Thomson, Sgt. S. Weissman, Sgt. K. Matson, Sgt. D. Boiteau, Sgt. S. MacTavish.



Range





Agora

It is 8:30 on a Friday evening. The lights in the library are still on. What in the world is happening? It must be Agora. Are they debating? No, they are probably joking about Harry. (See above picture).

Agora demonstrated an incredible lack of organization this year. Thoughts about constitutions, chairmen, and especially preparation for competition were quickly dispelled. No, only one idea dominated the imagination of everyone in Agora this year: escape from the School for a week-end (or better yet, a mid-week event) and have a good time. (Right, Andrea?) Oh, and win occasionally to keep Harry happy.

The fall term opened with a few hack debates in the School to try and draw some new debators to the floor. A debate against A.G.R. on October 11th opened the home season; the subject being Canadian Literature, Professor Sutherland served as an excellent judge and commentator. In November, Tim McGee, Paul Monod, Hugh Notman, Tim Moseley, Alec Speth and Brenda-Lee Picken travelled to the McGill High School Debating Tournament, McGee and Monod claiming that they could have won. Our people attended a Rotary Club Demonstration Debate, took on Richmond, Stanstead and A.G.R. at Galt, and travelled to St. Lawrence University in Canton, New York for a speech tournament. Mr. Blood acted as judge at the final debate of the term, held at the School.

In the winter term, the hot air was really needed and began to fly. Hat Night tried to open up the New Year with impromptu speaking. Mr. Zarov judged a debate on which he is an expert -- "a picture is worth a thousand words". On January 30th to 31st Galt held a bilingual seminar and model U.N. at which Paul Tinari was a winner. Selwyn House came out to the School that last night of the month with two teams. While Tim Moseley and Doug Mitchell gleefully confused the opposition on the topic "Ignorance is Bliss", Monod and Matheson blew it with the famous, hysterical Fascist Ice Cream Debate on the topic "The Old Ways Should Be Restored". Poor Mr. Patriquin had to judge this riot! Who said debating had to be sane? Just to prove that it wasn't, Matheson won the Provincial Debating Tournament on March 7th, and Monod took the honours at the Sherbrooke Rotary Speaking Contest. Well, someone must have liked us.

The Friday night Agora in the last term moved as far as three thousand miles from B.C.S. (Now that's really escaping from the School!). Monod continued his escapades by winning at the Rotary semi-final on May 8th, only to be prevented from winning the final in Montreal on the 27th by some obtrusive waiters. Mike Austin followed his lead, winning Optimist rounds on April 15th, and at Cowansville on May 21st. He will take part in a Provincial final in September (and we'll kill him if he doesn't win!). On the weekend of May 2nd to 4th Andrea Poole, Mary Wright, Gillian McConnell, Paul Tinari, And Wayne Guy represented us (or so they claim) at the Plymouth Model United Nations in New Hampshire. The following weekend, McGee and Monod placed third at the U.C.C. International Invitational Debates in Toronto, while Notman and Prescott came ninth. They celebrated by cruising Yonge Street singing "Underdog". And while all this was going on, poor ol' Matheson was exiled to Yellowknife for a week for the National Debating Seminar.

Harry says that next year he will organize a separate U.N. club to take care of the public speaking, while Agora will concentrate on debating. What he's really going to have to offer are all-expenses paid trips to Montreal, Toronto, Plymouth and St. John's Newfoundland, draft Himmel Matthew, and write his own article for the yearbook!

LIBRARY BOOK REQUESTS

Author: Bernard Creek
Title: Basic Forms of Government
Desired by: Notts

Author: Colishtick
Title: French Politeeks
Desired by: S.T.

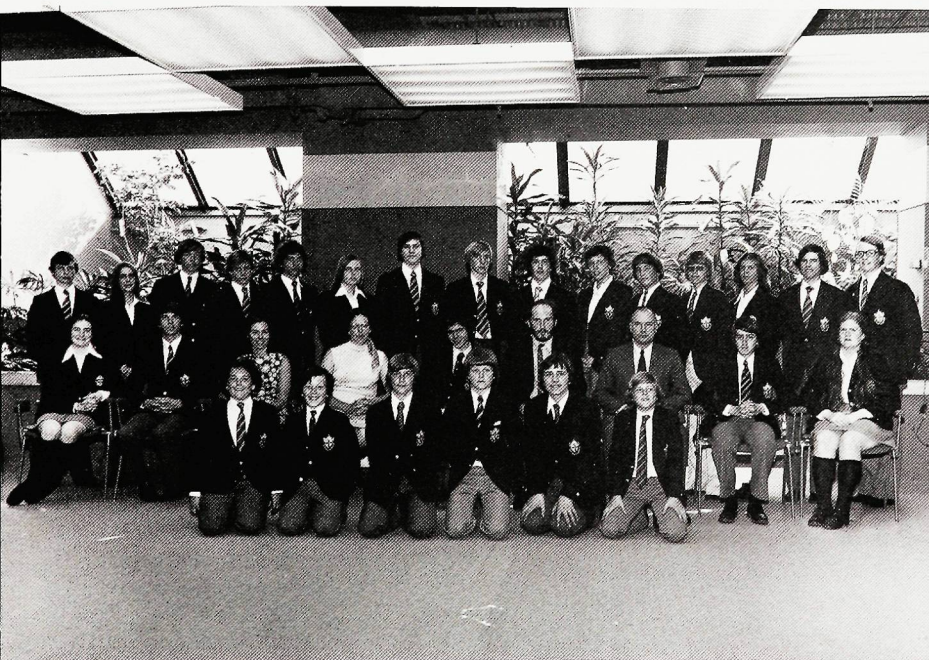
Author: Max Weber
Title: Problems in Teaching
Poleetical Science
Desired by: Blond & Sags





FRONT ROW: P. Tinari, I. Scott, T. McGee, Harry, N. Matheson, W. Guy.
BACK ROW: T. Moseley, S. Prescott, G. McConnell, M. Wright, A. Poole,
B.L. Picken, H. Notman, D. Mitchell.

Librarians



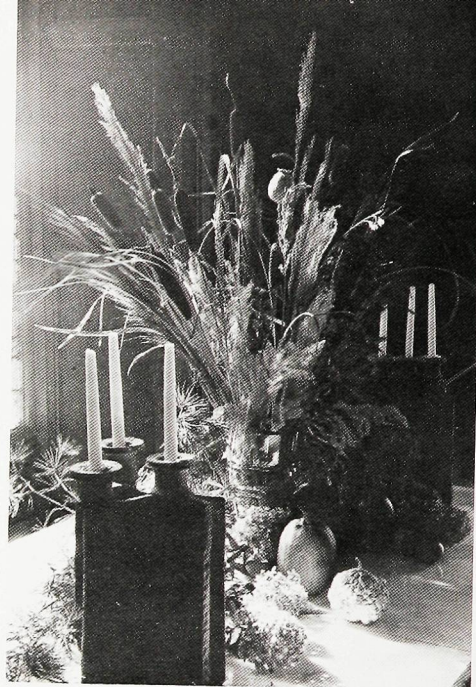
FRONT ROW: J. McKinnon, T. Moseley, M. Ray, K. Rodeck, S. Stiegler, R. Coulombe. MIDDLE ROW: A. Poole, K. Smith, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. McFarlane, N. Matheson, Mr. McFarlane, Mr. Winder, M. Hyde, F. Thomson. BACK ROW: A. Park, L. Ouellet, D. Roberts, E. Ballantyne, A. Speth, K. Pease, G. Vale, J. Stairs, J. Ross, A. Elliot, P. Laframboise, B. Rodeck, S. Grass, B. Way, N. Lomasney.



The library underwent notable changes in personnel this year. Mr. McFarlane replaced Mrs. Allison as head of what became a group of over thirty librarians. His practical frame of mind put the library on a more efficient system of operation, including organization of the periodical and reference sections, opening of adjacent workroom, and book processing. Mr. James Winder offered his services to be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library. His offer came at a time when such a person was desperately needed. His knowledge of the School and of the students through other activities helped him to fit in well in the new position. He fulfilled his duties there excellently, through much tedious "bookkeeping".

Mrs. McFarlane and Mrs. Gray must be thanked for doing duty in the library during prep, a time slot which is not always easy to fill. This year, library prep became extensively used by students engaged in research study. This trend has been encouraged by teachers, who have been bringing their classes down to the library and helping them to find material and use it properly. Hopefully this will encourage more independent study on the part of the students.

The greatest numerical change in staff came with the creation of a large student library committee. They took charge of signing books in and out, processing and shelving books, cleaning up and prep and Sunday duty. Their efforts and those of the rest of the staff have made the library a more efficient but also friendlier operation this year.



Chapel





WARDENS AND SERVERS -- FRONT ROW: D. Stenason, J. Ross, S. Jeffries, D. Bonnet. MIDDLE ROW: D. Stoker, D. Sewell, D. Barden. BACK ROW: T. Price, The Rev. D. Roberts, A. Monk.



The success of the choir this year need not be explained but rather may be seen in the number of members, some eighty strong, who joined voluntarily at the beginning of the year and remained faithful throughout. We sang our way through a carol service and special anthems such as "O Thou The Central Orb", "The Heavens Are Telling" (in spite of Hannibal's elephants) as well as our regular Sunday services. We didn't quite blast the roof off the chapel, but we certainly perked up slumbering members of the congregation. We were sad that we did not get the chance to sing on our choir weekend but if the grapevine is to be believed it was a tremendously successful season anyway.

Our Christmas carol service was performed both in our own chapel as well as in St. Peter's Church in Sherbrooke. Among the selections were "Torches, Torches", "The Sussex Carol" and a medley of traditional Christmas carols including a solo by Cathy Moson. More than once in practice Shelagh Johnston acted as conductor while Mr. Cruikshank relinquished his role to judge the overall quality from the back of the chapel.

Many weeks of practice produced our first anthem, "O Thou The Central Orb", and we closed the year with a piece from Haydn's CREATION -- "The Heavens Are Telling", which featured an octet of Shelagh Johnston, Cathy Molson, Meg Livingston, Georgina Mundy, Nick Lomasney, Alan Stairs, Ashley Park and Kelly Smith.

Excellence in daily hymns, psalms, the Magnificat, Nunc Dimitis and Benedictus was also stressed.

A number of people deserve thanks for their contributions of time and effort which helped to build the choir. We will sorely miss the late Mrs. Bertha Bell whose patience and unending loyalty for seventeen years is an example to us all. Thanks go out to David Wold, Miss Hewson, and Danny Morel who sacrificed many hours at practice as well as on Sundays to play the organ.

Finally we pay tribute to Mr. David Cruikshank who once declared that he never understood women and seldom shook his head at the tenor and bass sections. He managed to keep us together and in tune despite ourselves. Through his work over ten years as choirmaster he has gained the respect and the friendship of everyone, but especially the members of the choir. We will miss his leadership next year, but will look forward to the times when he has promised to come and sing with us.

We extend the warmest welcome to Mr. Beven, our future organist and choirmaster. We had a sample of his capabilities at our closing service on June 6th. His marvelous demonstration of playing abilities indicates that next year will be an exceptionally exciting one.

Damn Yankees



After six months of batting practice, coach and manager Rod Lloyd took his team into the ball park for a double-header on March 7th and 8th. Wearing a yellow Washington Senator's cap, he paced the dugout, signalled directions and offered advice. The club consisted of nineteen very different players, ranging from a devil and a witch to the loyal fans and nosey newspaper reporters. All it took was heart, a little brains, and talent. And ... you had to think about the game.

An efficient stage crew under the management of Mr. Winder provided the right atmosphere, lights and sound effects for playing ball, dancing or whatever. With Shelagh on the keyboards the music varied from a waltz to zippy songs of advice and to a couple of seduction numbers.

Getting back to the cast: well, the pennant couldn't have been won without them. Tim, a conniving little devil with no taste in clothes, tricked Nick, an avid baseball fan into becoming Derek, a young superstar who came along in a puff of smoke. Quite a character he was, that Mr. Applegate. He sure was handy with fire. He performed other tricks too. One of these was the appearance of Senorita Lolita Banana. While Cathy did her thing, poor Derek sat innocently, not reacting to her advances. Meanwhile, back in the locker room, manager Al Van Buren was telling his boys to get their chins up off the floor. Taking his advice, Smokey the Moose went back to his crossword puzzle and Rocky to his dumb broad from the drugstore. Bruce, the postmaster who almost saved the day, was drafted with only three weeks remaining. As Wendy thought of her old Joe and waltzed with the young Joe, Poolet and Franny grooved on. Charlie was one who was lucky enough to sign their autograph books. Maggie Thorpe and the other reporters published all the news and more, while Miss Mary Weston kept everything in order.

Everyone in the production put in their two cents' worth, whether it was laughter in the Green Room, added sound effects back-stage or fun in the night-club. After all, it's those little things that count! Those six months of work and play will be hard to forget. Those were the good old days!



House Play Festival

Among the annual cycle of School events, the House Play Festival ranks as one of the most valuable. Despite limitations of time and space for rehearsals, some ambitious and imaginative works are produced.

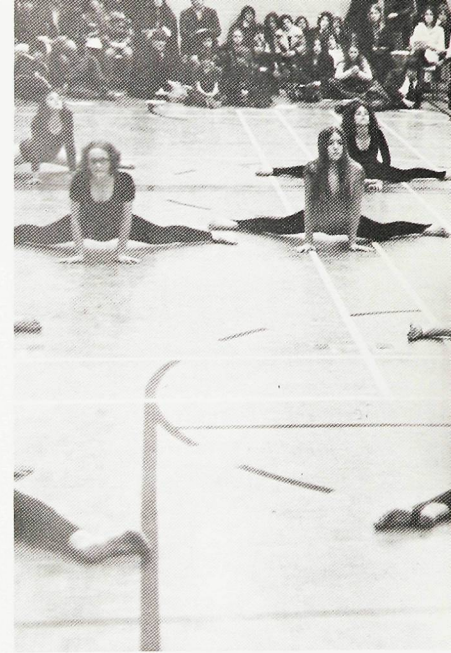
George Sperdakos, an old boy who has gone into professional acting, was good enough to return for his second consecutive year of working on these plays. On the Friday and Saturday of the festival, Dec. 6 and 7, he helped the different casts in rehearsal. The plays were performed before the school the next afternoon and evening.

The shows fell into two categories. Two houses picked out solid pieces by BONA FIDE playwrights. In "Mushroom" (directed by Tim McGee) Chapman recreated an electrifying seance. Gillard presented a wittingly characterized comedy, "Teacher's Pet" (directed by Wendy MacDougall).

All the other plays were "Home grown". Glass and Grier created original versions of "'Twas the Night Before Christmas" (Andrea Poole, director) and "The Wizard of Oz" (Tim Price, director), respectively. Williams re-wrote the Kung-Fu story into the zany adventure, "Enter the Fruit-Fly" (directed by Allard Keeley). McNaughton stayed to a familiar theme with a riotous treatment of "A Day In The Life" of a new boy (Neil Matheson, director). Also satirizing the School, Smith delved into the theatre of the absurd with "Meet thy Maker" (directed by Dave Creighton).

Unfortunately, some of these "experimental" plays did not succeed. Some were too fragmented, without solid plots. Mr. Sperdakos, instead of selecting a winner, chose the three plays that he thought had been the most effective. Chapman's creation of the supernatural, Gillard's portrayal of effective characters and McNaughton's bursting yet well-organized energy earned each house the commendation of Mr. Sperdakos.

Despite some discouragement, the series pointed encouragingly towards better innovation and imagination in future productions, to add the challenge of script-writing to acting. Mr. Winder and his crew arranged the lighting on the stage, so that now it can be used effectively for most productions. Hopefully, plays on the simple but imaginative scale of the House Festival will appear more often throughout the years.



Modern Dance

This winter a new crease for girls moved into the sports line-up, one which also bears a relationship to dramatics in the School. Ms. Betsy Tirk introduced Modern Dance. Fifteen girls took the crease the winter term. At first we were unsure of what to expect but Ms. Tirk was patient with our spasticity and we came to understand that Modern Dance is a combination of mime, ballet, and gymnastics.

The first term we concentrated on learning basic exercises and on increasing flexibility. But we didn't neglect creative studies and presented a collage of our work on March 14th, including haiku, rope dances, name dances, movement choreographed to music and some exercises.

The spring term, we concentrated on improving technique, learning the difference between such movements as percussive and sustained. All the girls who participated enjoyed the crease and we found we developed very distinctive and individual dance styles. Despite initial opposition from boys who termed it "slack", modern dance proved to be a viable alternative to competition sports.

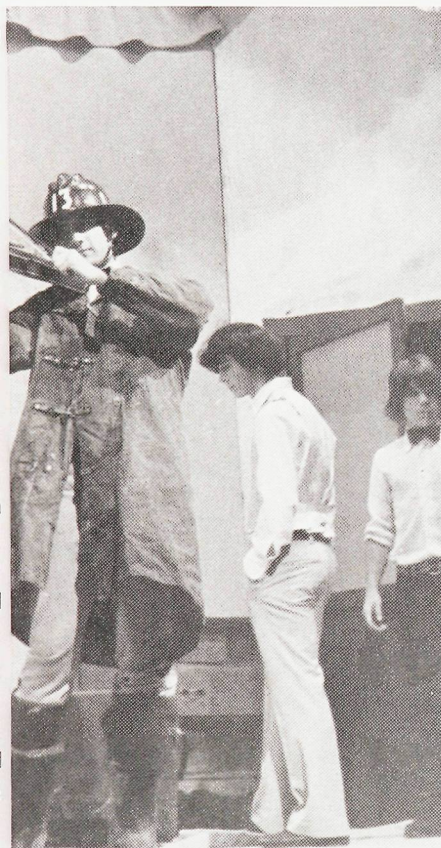
Thanks Betsy!



In maintaining the dramatic interests of the School, Messrs. Detchon and Gray and Ms. Tirk, initiated a new event -- a series of one-act plays held on the night of May 2nd. As the Bishop's University High School Play Festival, regularly held at this time and including a B.C.S. play, did not materialize, the enthusiasm of various would-be actors and the willingness of the three directors combined to produce a worthwhile evening of four productions.

Betsey Tirk opened with her shorter one, "Here We Are", an amusing TABLEAU about newly-weds David Creighton and Wendy MacDougall, on their first day of marriage, planning the night's activities through various shades of embarrassment. The second play, directed by Merv Gray, "The Still Alarm", was in the spirit of Monty Python. Despite warnings from the bellhop, Jamie Hibbard, Bruce McQuade and D'Arcy Lorimer took their time in leaving the hotel which was rapidly burning to the ground. The fire brigade of Henri Busse and Scott Corrieri rushed in, complete with coats, boots and hoses, only to have the latter embark on a violin rhapsody by Paganini, bathed in the inspiration of the flames. Ms. Tirk's second number, "Impromptu" followed with Ian Stephen, Deb Pritchard, Dave Bonnett and Sarah Grass acting as actors performing an impromptu, or rather arguing over how to play the impromptu, before an unknown audience. The metaphor on life was effective, and showed that the School's acting talents are not directed solely in the comedy line. Eric Detchon rounded off the evening with "The Monkey's Paw, a mystery in which James Ross introduces the fated paw into the family of Neil Matheson, Jane MacKay and their son Llew Price. The son's death, due to a coincidental wish taken on the paw for 200 pounds, is announced by the solicitor Paul Monod, who presents the money in compensation from the company for the boy's services. The father and mother then struggle over whether to bring the boy back to life, the father's realization of the true state of the living corpse sending it back to its grave in the last mad, electrifying wish.

B.C.S.'s ability in theatre has been well-established. Events like these help to diversify the interest, which for the past several years has been concentrated in Rod Lloyd's excellent musical comedies. It is gratifying to know that good shows can be put on without recourse to practising "six months out of every year".



Ookpic '75



The 1975 Winter Carnival was an ecstatic week-end of play for the entire School!

It is the undying tradition that the Fifth Form is responsible for the organization of the Winter Carnival each year. This year the chief administrators were Sarah Grass and Chuck Paine. Mr. McGuigan and Miss Harpur were the advisors to the committee. We thank these four people for making this year's Carnival a reality and a success.

The Carnival took place the first week-end after the February break. The Carnival began on a Thursday night with House competitions in volleyball and basketball. That evening was concluded by the presentation of the movie "Sleuth".

Friday was spent at Mt. Sutton, skiing in six inches of glorious fresh snow. That night was hockey night at B.C.S. Our First Team defeated King's College by a score of 10 to 1.

The usual games were played on Saturday -- volleyball, basketball, broomball, ball hockey, and tug-of-war. In addition to these games was this year's introduction of a new competition, the dog sled races. A person from each house would mount any kind of sled available, and then be pulled over the snow-covered track by five team-mates. The result was a hilarious and exhausting race.

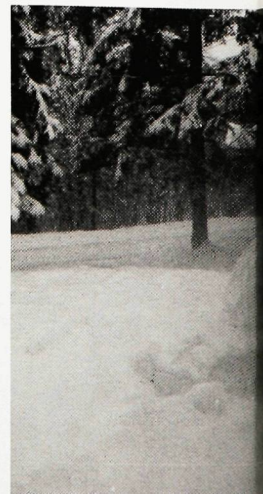
Each of the above events counted towards the House competition. The snow sculptures also entered the judging. Smith House remained victorious in the boys' (they are still telling everyone how great they are!) and Glass won the girls' division.

While these games were being played on Saturday, the Fifth Formers spent the afternoon creating a new gym for the dance. Their labours produced excellent results, the dance being the climax of the entire Carnival. Both walls and ceilings were brilliantly decorated. The fabulous stage lighting illuminated the band Highstreet Underground. Sunday, thank God, was a day of rest.

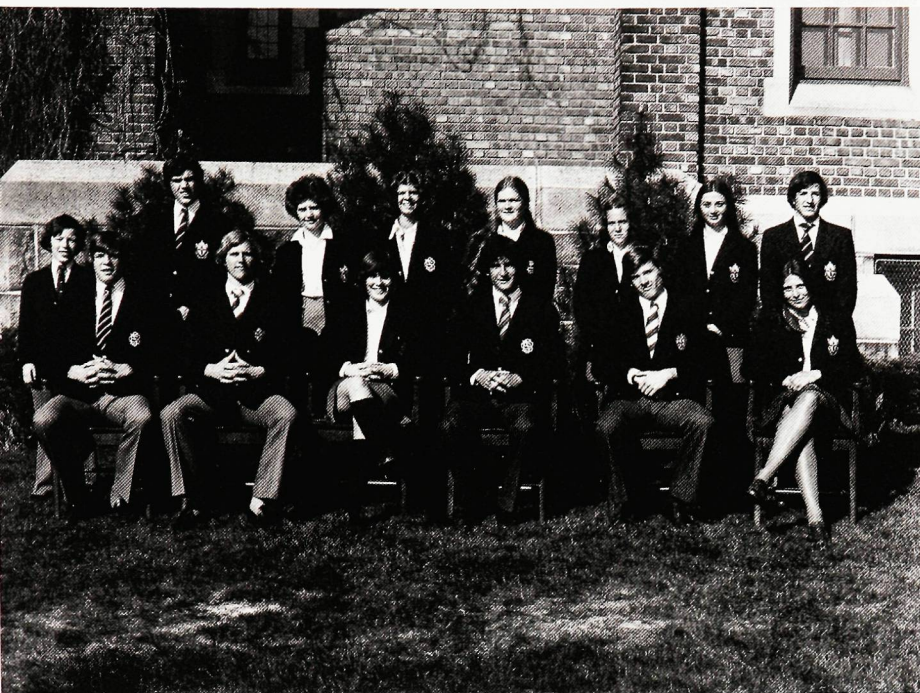
Social Services

Led by Art Campbell and Ron Owen, the Social Services group continued their Monday night visits to the Grace Christian Home and foster homes for kids in Huntingville, and to the C.H.U. in Sherbrooke. The kids were treated to a Halloween party and use of the School's rink on Friday evenings. The old folks were sent various gifts on special occasions throughout the year. Organization of this and of the Spring Fair was largely the work of Mrs. Luella Brady. This year the Fair collected over \$500 in sales of Bingo and raffle tickets, clothes, books, cakes, and White Elephants.

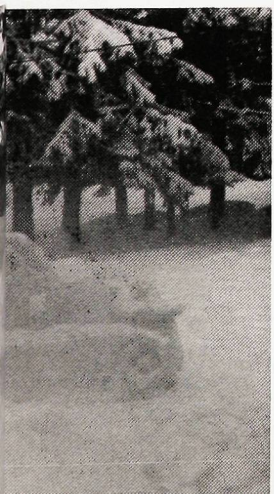
Over the years, Social Services has helped students see beyond their own dormitory walls. It has also been greatly appreciated by the people whom they visit. As the best established contact with the outside community, it forms a vital aspect of School life -- one which should be expanded if possible.



Activities Committee



FRONT ROW: S. McTavish, M. Medland, M. Hunkin, T. Price, A. Monk, G. Skutezky. BACK ROW: T. Moseley, G. Scott, D. Pritchard, S. Grass, F. Thomson, D. Cramer, F. Guibord, K. Matson.



This year the Activities Committee wanted to do something different and get away from Coffee Houses and movies. So they held meetings and thought and came up with Coffee Houses and movies. Although these were the main Saturday night entertainments, there was also a skating party in the winter, complete with music in the rink. A volleyball round-robin was held for anyone who wanted to play, and that was lots of fun. Coffee Houses, however, remained popular, especially with the juniors. The movies picked and asked for were really great but the ones that were received were not always the best, or were subject to censorship! The biggest success was the Tea Dance held early in the year, where most of the thanks goes to the girls who organized the whole circus: Debbie Pritchard, Debbie Cramer, Fran Thomson, and Frank Guibord. Business affairs for the dances, asking the girls, getting the materials, movies and band were handled by the boys: Tim Price, Tim Moseley, Geoff Scott, Kevin Matson, and Al Monk. The rest helped to ensure that all ran according to plan.

Athletic Awards 1974-1975

INTER-HOUSE COMPETITION:

Annual Cross-Country Race:

Junior Boys	Grier House
Junior Girls	Gillard House
Senior Boys	Chapman House
Senior Girls.....	Glass House

Winter Carnival:

Girls' Championship ...	Glass House
Boys' Championship ...	Smith House

Track & Field Meet:

Girls' Championship ...	Gillard House
Boys' Championship ...	Smith House

CHAMPIONSHIP TEAMS:

1st Team Football: E.T.I.A.C. League Champions

The Senator Howard Trophy
The H.H. Norsworthy Trophy
The Old Boys' Association Cup
The Shirley Russel Cup

Girls' 1st Team Soccer: E.T.W.I.A.C. Champions

Senior Boys' Track Team: The Dr. W.W. Lynch Trophy

INDIVIDUAL AWARDS:

FALL TERM:

The Heneker Cup	C. Fields
Old Girls' Cup (Junior)	S. Ash
The Boswell Cup	P. Tinari
Old Girls' Cup (Senior)	J. Campbell
Football Rookie Award	M. Medland
The Cleghorn Cup	S. McTavish

WINTER TERM:

The Porteous Cup (Junior Alpine)	P. Provencher
The Porteous Cup (X-C).....	J. Theberge
The Whittal Cup (Junior Alpine)	P. Provencher
The Whittal Cup (Senior Alpine)	L. Chabot
Most Improved Player (1st Hockey)	A. McNk
The Gerald H. Wigget Trophy	F. Kaneb

SPRING TERM:

Sam Abbott Trophy.....	P. Tinari (Permanent)
Warren Lynch Trophy	P. Tinari
James Parker Trophy	A. Keeley

ALL-ROUND ATHLETIC AWARDS:

The Rankin Trophy	P. Tinari
The Morton Shield	J. Campbell
The Richardson Cup	M. Laframboise
The Harding Trophy	J. Badger
The R.M.C. Cup	M. Setlakwe
The K.H.C. Shield	K. McGee
The Captain C.S. Martin Cup	F. Kaneb
The Winsor Shield	M. Hunkin
The Smith Cup & Fortune Medal	T. Ross
The King's Hall Cup	J. Campbell

Academic Awards 1974-1975

FORM II:

General Proficiency	K. O'Brien (1st)
	C. Brownlee
	I. Duncan
	M. Laframboise
The Boswell Writing Prize	G. Taboika

FORM III:

General Proficiency	A. Stuchberry (1st)
	T. Moseley

FORM IV:

The Matheson Prize	B. Rodeck
General Proficiency	J. Huggesen
	R. Hyndman
	H. Morgan
	H. MacNab
	S. Ouellet
	S. Shaw
Effort Prize	B. Rodeck

FORM V:

The Magor Prize	J. Caro
General Proficiency	S. Diehl
	L. Emanuel
	K. Marsden
	J. MacKay
	P. MacKenzie
	W. Yoon
Effort Prizes	J. Caro
	L. Emanuel
	J. MacKay

FORM VI:

The Governor General's Medal	R. Pollock
General Proficiency	L. Chabot
	S. Johnston
	G. McConnell
	L. Ouellet
	J. Ross
	P. Tinari
Effort Prizes	L. Chabot
	R. Pollock

The Captain J. Melville Greenshields

Memorial Scholarship	L. Ouellet
Junior French Medal: Anglophone ...	F. Th nson
Francophone ..	L. Chabot

Lt. Col. G.R. Hooper Prize

for Mathematics	A. Stairs
English Prize	S. Johnston
Biology Prize	S. Johnston
Chemistry Prize	R. Pollock
Geography Prize	B. Rossy
	K. Wyatt
Physics Prize	R. Pollock
Spanish Prize	L. Gosling
German Prize	N. Lomasney

Home Economics Prize	G. McConnell
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FORM VII:

The Old Boys' Prize	S. Jeffries
General Proficiency Prizes	N. Matheson
	P. Monod
	T. McGee
	M. Paine
	M. Shupe
Senior French Medal: Anglophone ...	E. Price
Francophone ...	T. Simard

The Robert A. Kenny Prize

for Advanced Mathematics	M. Shupe
The L/Cp. Gerry Hanso	
Prize for History	T. McGee
English Prize	N. Matheson
Biology Prize	S. Jeffries
Chemistry Prize	S. Jeffries
Geography Prize	S. McTavish
History Prize	P. Monod
Physics Prize	M. Shupe
Journalism Prize	T. McGee
Economics Prize	T. Price
Political Science Prize	N. Matheson
German Prize	P. Monod

SPECIAL PRIZES:

Anthony Awde Trophy for	
Public Speaking	P. Monod
The Kay Art Prize	P. Tinari
The B.C.S. Music Prize	B. Rodeck
The Grant Hall Medal for Debating ..	N. Matheson
The Kenneth Huggesen Prize	
for Creative Writing	S. Johnston
The Winder Cup	T. McGee
The Chairman's Prize	M. Medland
The Vice-Chairman's Prize	P. Monod
The Headmaster's Prize	T. McGee
The Senior Master's Prize	G. de Hostos
The Laura Joll Award	M. Paine
The Lt. Hugh Ross Cleveland Medal ..	D. Stoker

B.C.S. TANKARDS:

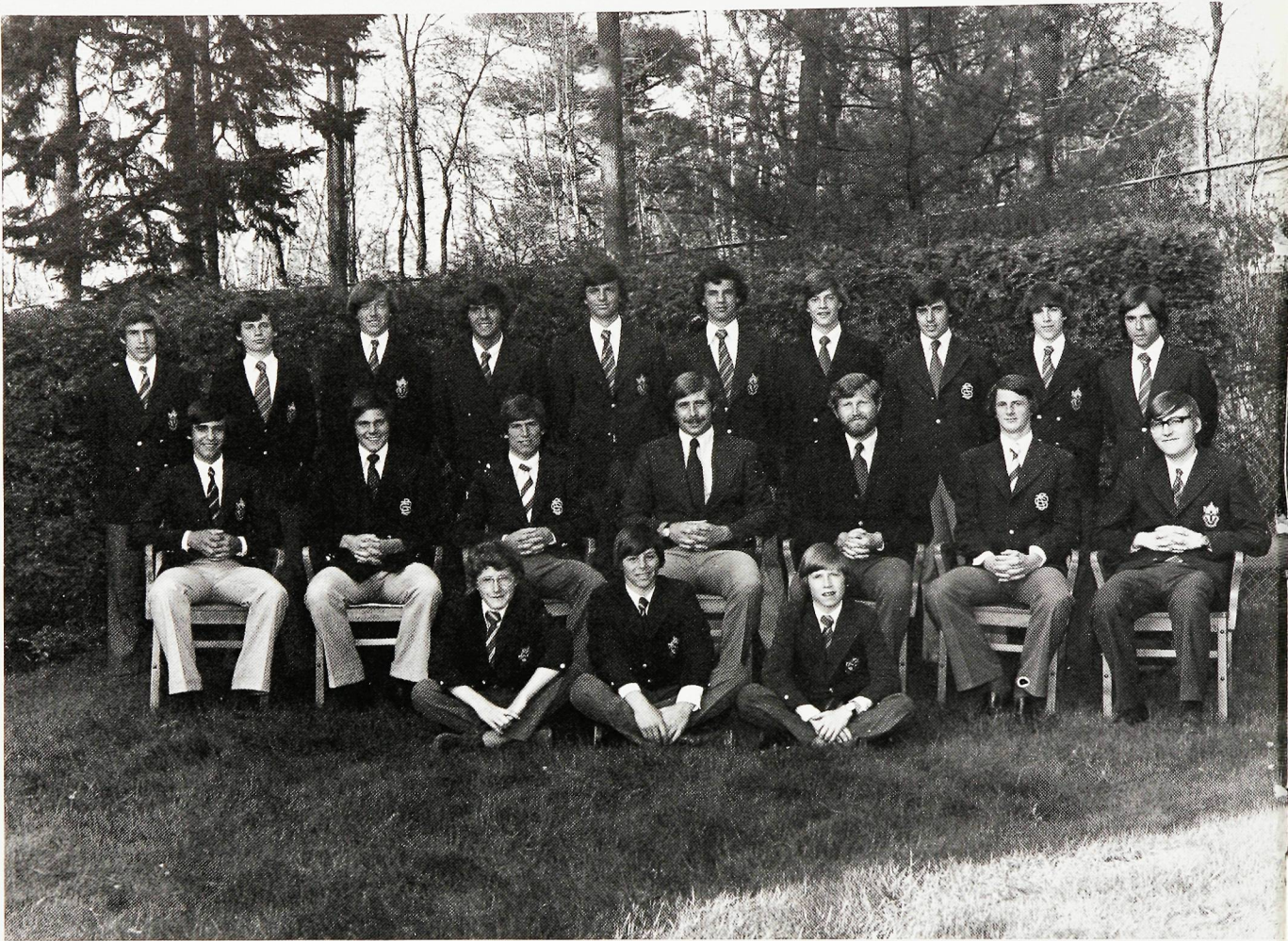
For Successive First Class Honours ...	S. Jeffries
	N. Matheson
	M. Paine
	M. Shupe

For Exceptional Service

To the School	M. Hunkin
	S. Johnston
	N. Matheson
	T. McGee
	D. Morales-Bello
	T. Simard
The Gillard Award	M. Hunkin
The Hartland B. MacDougall Medal ..	T. Ross

Our Houses :





FRONT ROW: S. Shaw, D. Scheunert, R. McCarter.
MIDDLE ROW: D. Morales, T. McGee, T. Ross, Mr. D. Campbell, Mr. M. Gray, H. Notman, P. Monod. BACK

ROW: J. Howson, A. Park, D. Roberts, F. Kaneb, G. De Hostos, S. St. Jean, D. Stoker, W. Price, S. Diehl, L. Daoussis.



A GUIDED TOUR OF A HISTORIC HOUSE OR CHAPMAN ON ONE PIZZA A DAY.

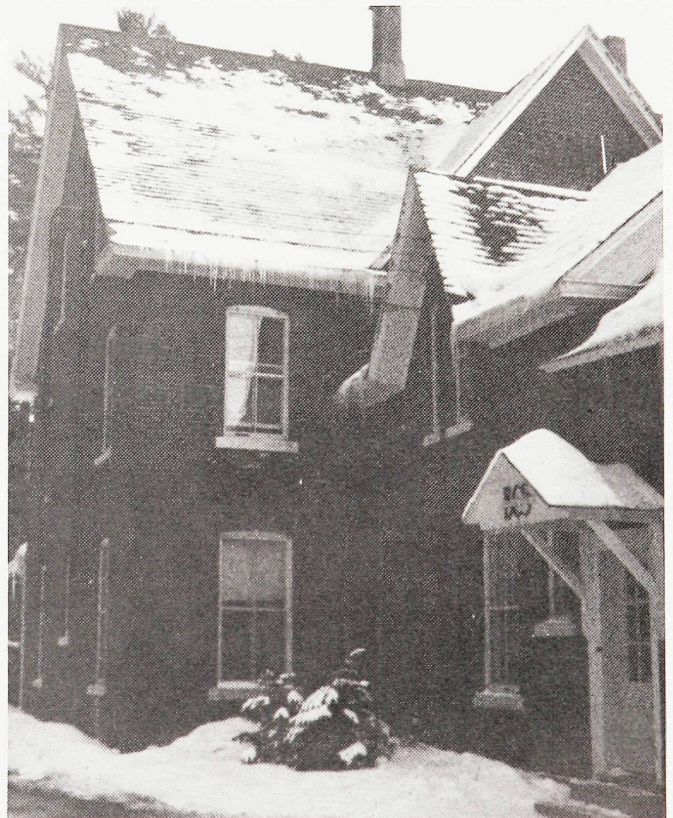
Chapman is elite. After all, where else could you find not one, but TWO busted T.V. sets and three (equally useful) prefects cluttering up the halls? Chateau Chapman is indeed a house for only the CREME DE LA CREME.

But who are these privileged ones who grace this noble place? Let us sneak up the creaky old stairs and take a look. Passing the playroom of the late Jack Sterlin, we come to a room with "Prefect" written all over it, and there are Tony and Tim, telling each other how great they are. If they get bored of small talk, they can always walk across the hall into the "Rat's Den" to Shaw, he bites. At the end of the corridor we find the "Ethnic Bazaar", where we hear Gus singing "I Love Me" in Puerto Rican while Serge polishes his knives (Serge hopes to be able to speak English by 1978) and Diehl doesn't know quite what's coming off. The room opposite is only 2/3 full, and we may ask Howson and Daoussis why they didn't leave with Bernard . . .

And now to the second floor. This is where Robot eats. And eats. And eats. And where "Tarzan" Kaneb swings. But say, fellas, where's Ashley? In the bath with the chickadees? Dacre likes being upstairs because it lets him look down on people - especially Ashley. In the next room is Hugo who thinks he's a prefect but who is really full of it (really full). In the corner of his room we find a condemned area where Bill Price exists. And now to the last cell of all where Pauncho dreams of his \$6 billion Rancho and "loud mouth" Monod has been vegetating since September.

So much for our quick rundown -- speaking of running, constant training at 6:45 won us the Senior Cross-Country this year. Next year Mr. C. . . . ll will give twice as many laps and we'll win the junior, too. For now, let's just thank God that another year has passed and that the eighth wonder of the world is still standing.

Chapman



Gillard



Gillard House was blessed this fall with the annals of our two new teachers (?), Mses. Tirk and Harpur, whose nightly activities varied from the concoction of potent cake to purple-headed monsters, not to mention obscene phone calls. And what form are they in?

Our year started with a bang. The daily routine went round in circles; the morning starting anywhere in between Wendy's non-existent bedtime and Susan and Karin's 4 a.m. rising. The junior screaming squad of Daphne and Carol were up well before wake up, combatting the golden silence and occasional vibes emerging from Joanne and Lulu's room. Jane and Jane climbed into their fire-fighting gear eagerly, complete with fire extinguishers and trucked up to School, leaving Shelagh behind, catching a snooze at 7:45. The house stood quiet. At School, the cries of the resident jocks, Kathies McGee and Wyatt resounded through the halls: Kathy Wyatt is still struggling to snowshoe in the Olympics. Rosalie clung to the washroom for some unknown reason and our skiers Annette and Katy headed down the hill to the river. Up at School, one could find Nicole fleeing from Mary's power, rejoicing in her "laplessness". Sarah sat in the dining hall. Rumour has it that she just couldn't get enough of the chocolate mousse.

The word prep held a special place in each of Gillard girls' vocabulary. Dianne was the exception: after two years she still wonders what all the fuss is about. Heather and Allison united in their efforts to educate the house. As of June, 1975, the future looks bleak.

Eric the Red paced the halls in great distress, issuing such classic comments as "Where's Danielle, that hot little pepper?" and "Judy, do blondes really have more fun?". His warm, well, lukewarm, sense of humour will always be appreciated by the house.

A pre-bedtime bulletin: contrary to public belief, Sara is not the shortest shrimp in the school. We musn't forget Andrew and Ian, as well as Mitsy, Kato and Heathcliffe. The continuing ring of the telephone brought sweet dreams to Frances, and her room mate Suzanne slept contentedly, EN REVE. Nancy choked on her tuna, while the endless search for Tina started. Uneventfully, it always ended up in Murph's room. The remainder of the house would congregate in Allison's room, learning of a dark rendez-vous on the Boston subway.

Boom-Boom sat despondently in her room, slaving over physics, or was it Mr. Perrier? There was no question as to what went on in George's room -- she sat silently dreaming for days gone by on Mountain Country. Oh, Lyne would be gone by then for her nightly prowls. Miss Crockett remained a hideaway in her room, running tests on a fail-proof air-conditioning system, which we don't recommend. The lights would dim, the coloured lights and the music would begin to roll, and a night at Gillard would be at its best. (Come up and see us sometime.)

Life proved most constructive for the house in the play festival, in which our blooming actresses displayed their talents in a great production. The carnival, was, uh, lots of fun. You've heard of a hot line; well, we've installed a cold one. We redeemed ourselves in the track meet, which we won for the third straight year. Speaking of three years, Miss Hewsen added her own special touch to the house. Once again, we had a fine season; thanks to all!





FRONT ROW: D. Symeonides, F. Sheridan, G. Taboika, S. Fear, A. Stuchberry, T. Pinck, K. McGee, D. Laframboise, D. Simard, H. MacNab, N. Caron, C. Brownlee. MIDDLE ROW: H. Crockett, W. MacDougall, K. Wyatt, J. Henry, G. Mundy, Ms. E. Tirk, Mr. E. Detchon and Andrew, Miss K. Harpur, M. Murphy, G.

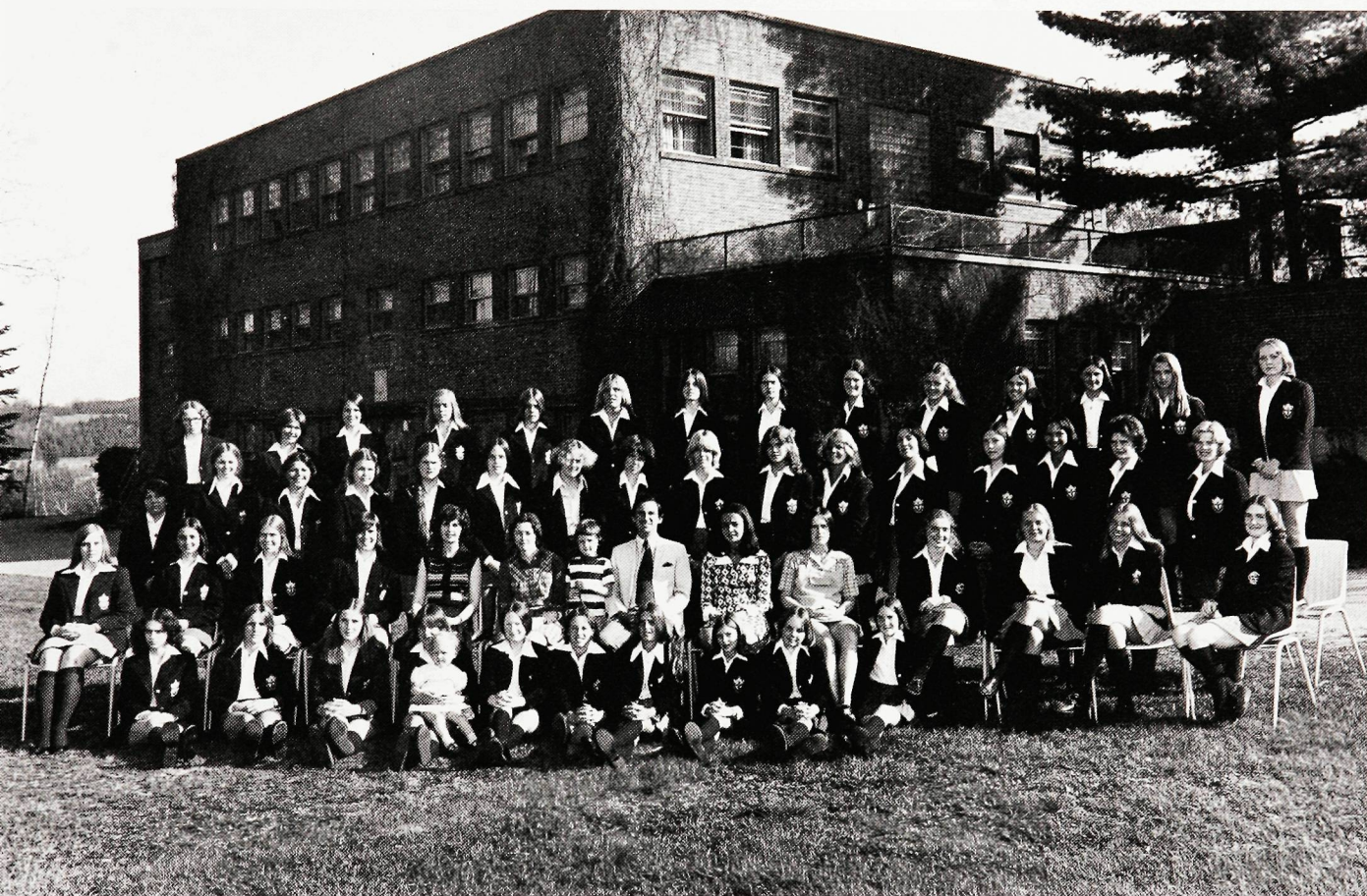
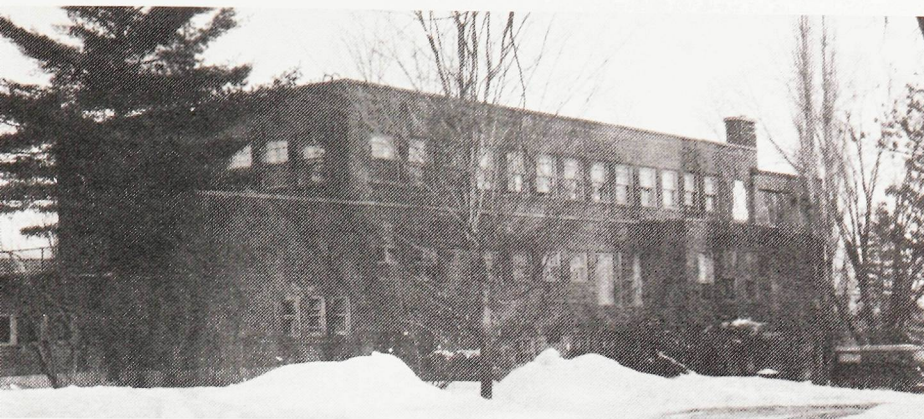
Skutezky, L. Ouellet, A.M. Belanger, D. Cramer. BACK ROW: J. MacKay, K. Keeley, N. Fortier, S. Ouellet, K. Hart, R. Matchett, J. Holcomb, S. Grass, S. Pease, A. Goodro, A. Elliot, D. Salvas, L. MacFarlane, S. Johnston, J. Caron, S. Ash, A. L. Emanuel, A. Dennis.



Glass

FRONT ROW: D. Oes, S. Hibbard, D. Perron, P. Barber, C. Younger, J. Badger, C. Clermont, N. Beirne, A. Hope, K. O'Brien. SECOND ROW: K. Pease, F. Guibord, C. McDougall, M. Hunkin, Mrs. McGregor, Mrs. Bateman, Son, Mr. A. Bateman, Miss L. Dumas, Miss M. Lyall, M. Paine, E. Buchanan, L. Gosling, A. Poole. THIRD ROW: J. Hamel, B. -L. Picken, E. Gobeil, G. Merrill, F. Thomson, K. Teron, S. Badger, K. Marsden, L. Buchanan, K. Whitehead, C. Molson, S. Weissman, G. McConnell, S. Plantz, D. Pritchard, M. Wright. BACK ROW: M. Livingstone, J. Claeys, H. Pangman, F. Thraves, B. Bell, W. Hueton, J. Hugessen, V. Doheny, I. Mahtab, J. Vaughan, D. Donald, F. Hallward, D. Monast, K. Fox. ABSENT: H. Morgan.





RECIPE

In one red brick building dating to 1930 (re-established 1972), place 44 carefully selected, ripe, females. These must vary in every aspect. Be sure to add two prefects for spice. For flavour, add various foreign herbs. In the cloister, gently place a few couples, and a Triumph motorbike. Next, place a student teacher in a small, cavellike apartment, and replace her at Christmas to add more taste. In a piano room, sprinkle bicycles and seat a few budding Beethovens at the piano. On the first floor, set the phone to ring non-stop, and throw a pinch of people into the common room to eat tuck and watch the colour T.V.

Upstairs, sautee a handful of screaming juniors and a few seniors for variety. Don't forget a young American French teacher and lots of plants for the penthouse apartment. Mix also: one grouch on the lower floor and a home economist (susceptible to booby-traps) in one small office.

Add a generous amount of stereo music, late movies, laps, phone calls, mischief and patience. Pour in the Senior Cross-Country and Winter Carnival. Garnish with a rainy barbecue. Cover and let age for approximately eight months. ET VOILA: you have Glass House!

Grier



FRONT ROW: C. Aparicio, P. Clermont, C. Delgado, I. Duncan, R. Emmett, I. Graham, N. Hauck, G. Hollands, M. Laframboise, R. Lynch, W. McCarter, M. Panet-Raymond, L. Price, F. Vosilla, G. Webb. SECOND ROW: D. McDonagh, M. Dumais, A. Marcus, W. Yoon, Mr. K. McCafferty, C. Goodwin, his brood, Mr. H. McFarlane, and one of HIS brood, Mr. R. Perrier, T. Price, P. Tyndale,

G. Brocklehurst, M. Duquet, L. Duval, G. Karalis, A. Kippen, C. Tudela, P. Shaw, J. McKinnon, B. Way, M. Weir, D. Molson. BACK ROW: M. Kenny, B. Cliche, A. Rheame, C. Beaudet, A. Dumais, E. Boyd, J. MacDonald, D. Mitchell, A. Vineberg, M. Ray, K. Rodeck, R. Setlakwe, S. Stiegler, R. Theberge, T. Moseley.

Grier House has come a long way from the era in which it was a senior house. Today the House faces another drastic change, a split down the middle creating two separate junior houses under the same roof. Over the middle years the house has been subject to a period of rocky transition. Many of the traditions inherent to the old Grier House spirit have been altered, such as our Honour Roll and Initiation. As the last of the old Grier Housers leaves perhaps it is suitable that Grier House's existence as a spirited senior and separate unity finally dies.

Anyway, there were quite a few characters in the house this year. Down in the swamp the ever-cosmic Gary Atkins ruled over the Penthouse Club -- Adam "What, me worry?" Marcus and our oriental guru Stone, not to mention the official house rock, Heavy Co. The swamp was the scene for many of Muhammed Kippen's boxing galas, furthering Grier House's unquenchable thirst for blood. The fans thrilled to the exploits of Yogi, Vines, and the champions, Shaw, Brocklehurst and Panet-Raymond.

A little further upstairs there was more of the same with such individuals as Moose, Porky, Dead End II, Tyndale (the house clown) and then as usual, the assorted little nippers running around. K.K. got a divorce and moved downstairs to a single room. He had considerably more success with his tennis racquet than with members of the opposite sex. Across the hall in the blue room suite, the house prefect and occasional visitors were safely domiciled, forever asking people to turn down the T.V. set and shut up so he could sleep.

Upstairs, the wicked witch Moshe Levitt, reigned over the juniors. His hurdling ability was very valuable to the house, too. He was assisted by the Honourable Dunc McDonagh and still another Price, this time Gordie, who continues the line of Prices in Grier House. There was the fair share of devils up there, too: Squeak, Franco, Tim "Mouth" Moseley, "Pretty Boy" Boyd, Doug "Mover" Mitchell, and Willie to name just a few. George "the Greek" Karalis, Brock (the John Gale Award winner), Mike, Bruce and the two Dupeps combined to keep the juniors on their toes.

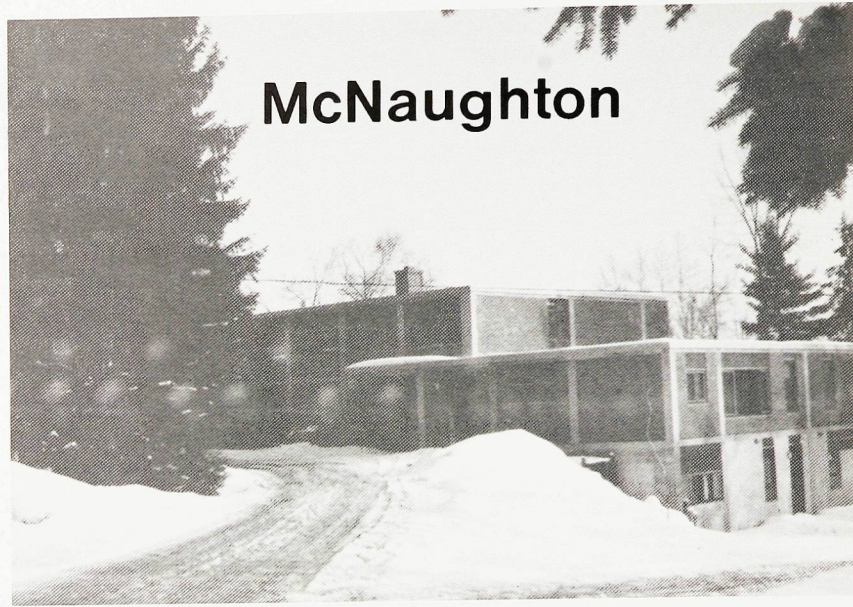
The masters in the house covered a wide range of interests. We had a farmer, a newly-wed, a big junior and a Tippy. Mr. McFarlane, as usual, directed the house with savoir-faire and introduced such innovations as a new serving window for the tuck shop. He kept busy moving people around, too. Messrs. Perrier, McCafferty and Goodwin were respected in the house but as they say: "Quand le chat s'en va, les souris dansent".

Grier House didn't exactly distinguish itself in inter-house competition this year (although we did win the squash championship) but everybody had fun and it's well known that:

"Good guys finish last. "



McNaughton



FRONT ROW: I. Morales, E. Ballantyne, K. Kaufmann, J. Harley, S. Zarov, R. Coulombe, R. Blackburn. SECOND ROW: D. Boiteau, A. Monk, Mr. M. McGuigan, Mr. R. Lloyd, Mr. J. McClintock, N. Matheson, A. Scott, M. Nakaoka. THIRD ROW: J. Ross, D. Bonnett, B. McQuade,

R. Vaughan, D. Sewell, K. Matson, R. Garneau, S. Correr, H. Busse, B. Messier, C. Blood. BACK ROW: B. Campbell, R. Schliermacher, G. Landry, S. Muddiman, M. Wade, R. Hodgson, I. Stephen, B. Barden, C. Lacroix, M. Kral, C. Paine, C. Blood.

MIDNIGHT MUSEUM

The witching hour tolls in the air. The nightstalker creeps out from his cell, preparing for his tour through the museum. Shadows lurk in the corners. The last drone of the bell, is chased away by a scowling silence.

Last check -- make sure all is quiet and safe for the night. Spooky job this is -- those wax figures seem so real, bathed in moonlight. They are figures from all ages, covering the wildest fantasies of twisted imagination.

It takes a brave heart to venture downstairs to the dungeons. The Tasmanian Devil, however, is only a silent effigy, and the Thing is locked up in its pen.

The door groans open onto the first hall. In the first room which depicts a torture chamber, one can almost hear Neil's screams as the torturer Andrew stretches his contorted body on the rack. Two witch doctors, Rafael from the jungles of Caracas and Charles from the depths of Sillery, practice magic on their electronic Voodoo dolls. Evan represents the perfect man before the tragic accident which transformed him into Igor, which Stephane thought was an exceptionally successful change. Bruce the Mouse nibbles on a hairy piece of cheese, while Scott roars in pain at the thorn in his paw. All is safe on this corridor.

The first exhibit in the next gallery shows Mineo exorcising a devil-possessed Henri. On a lighter note, two famous chefs, Gilbert and Rupert, prepare magnificent frogs legs and sly sauerkraut. Oh, but again a dreary scene: the sadist Brian persecuting Mike the masochist. And in the last room, the figures seem particularly alive. Bruce poses as Atlas holding the world on his shoulders, as James, the Phantom of the Opera, plays a funeral dirge.

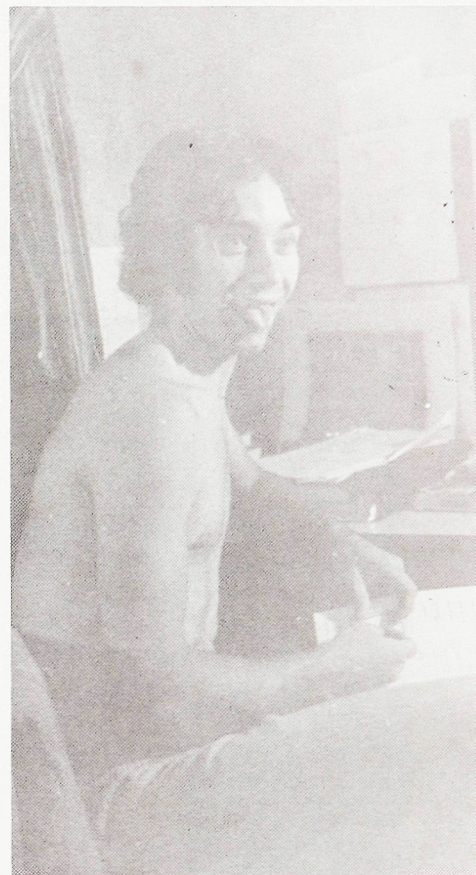
The silence presses in on the ears. The quiet has a haunting quality. Such incredible characters -- how can such wax statues seem so alive? The answer lies in their creator, on the second floor.

The first closet up here is draped with cobwebs -- Marty, the Spiderman hangs from the ceiling. Ian, better known as cool Ernie the pimp, is also stuffed in here. John the new boy is set on in the second smoke-filled scene by Chris, his tormentor. King Kong Blair is climbing the Empire Tuck Building, clutching Robert, who is helpless in his grasp. Jamie and Randy lie like ghosts who are about to rise at night from their graves, their skeletons creaking at the joints. Two historical characters stand in the next room: Richard the Lion Hearted and Ivan the Terrible. The final scene in this row has Derek the gravedigger snatching bodies while Danny the Shadow disappears into the mists.

Now for the final chambers. Footsteps crash on the floor. Whose breathing is that?

Richard switches his poses between Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde. Kevin Einstein conducts mad experiments with rats. In the subsequent TABLEAU, Dracula sucks blood from his victim, who writhes in pain. Richard Romeo is poised to kill himself, having heard of his lover's death. With chains clanking, Scott Scrooge collects other peoples' books for eternity. And, yes; a light emerges from the last cell. Dr. Al Frankenstein is bending over his latest creation, watching its immobile hulk turn blue in a gas chamber. He looks up with a twisted smile.

"Welcome to my nightmare."





FRONT ROW: J. Theberge, N. Lomasney, D. Payne, B. Rossy, K. Smith, S. MacTavish, T. Simard, Mrs. Halliday and helper, Mr. C. Halliday, Mr. R. Owen, Mr. R. McGonnagal, D. Stenason, I. Scott, M. Shupe, M. Hyde, D. Creighton, P. Ouellet, A. Speth, P. Tinari.

BACK ROW: L. Price, R. Hyndman, E. Lee, R. Perrault, P. Khazzam, K. MacDougall, M. Setlakwe, B. Duval, J. Olliver, G. Vale, P. Toothe, W. Ogilvie, J. Stairs, B. Rodeck, P. Jarjour, P. Laframboise, M. Duclos.
TROPHIES: M. Marsden, R. Lee.



Smith House

We can't start off without congratulating ourselves with two more victories: the Carnival and the Inter-House Track Meet. The Big Green powered in once more to add another Carnival to its already staggering score. We also fought hard to win our first T & F meet in three years. We are grateful to Paul Fu, Teeth, and Sets in helping us to attain this victory.

Smith wouldn't be the same without this year's fresh supply of juniors. Their claim to fame can be attributed to the T.V. room. Five-O and Schnoz were christened the first night, Mungo is Mungo, and Pygmy already was well known. Most of the others remained quiet for a while until things got rolling (Cheeze, Band-Aid Boy, Mike, and Mini Oge).

While Stanley was busy telling Moose to shut up or work downstairs, S.T. and Razz were talking about chicks with Pep and Clarence. Fatte was constantly looking for the Tuck Shop key. The Tuck Shop would have fallen into an irreparable state of decay had it not been for Kelly Schmidt.

The Zoo survived a major crisis this year. The T.V. went on a leave of absence for convalescence for two months in March and April.

We would like to thank Mr. Owen for his patience with the house and Mr. Morgan for his brief stay. We hope that the Hallidays have all the success possible back in England. And our best wishes go to Mr. McGonnegal, who is going on to a married life.



Williams House, the house of eccentrics, can easily be found. All you have to do is walk towards something that sounds like music (or perhaps a garbage disposal plant, depending on your musical taste). You will find Allard on his electric guitar with Neil sitting in front of the speaker trying to make something out of all the emitted noise. On the other hand, Dave Wold takes up the role of Chopin as he composes his newest creation on the out of tune piano in the common room.

In contrast to all this activity, the T.V. room in the basement is the place to go if you just want to sit back and vegetate. There you will probably find these savages of distinction: Matthew (the Animal) Burgess, lying sprawled over the couch and looking dazed as usual; and Bruce Simms, known as "the King of the Can" (a well-deserved title). Al Stairs will be there too, sitting back and demanding to see the hockey game while Theberge calmly changes it to the movie of the week.

That glorious cry of "Tuck Shop" can still be heard as the hungry mob scrambles down the stairs. There is always one straggler (normally D'Arcy) who yells from the shower, "Keep it open"!

On your excursion through the house you'll find these individuals: Don't be alarmed by Miki, a black belt karate expert from Osaka -- he won't hurt you if you stay out of his way; Danowski, our electronic genius, can fix any broken radio while Yuki, his room mate, spends his time playing the harmonica, kicking soccer balls, and being friendly; Derney, our Mexican amigo, has only one problem -- maintaining his tan in Canada; Wayne, commonly referred to as "Gumbo", is able to leap tall buildings in a single bound--the problem is getting him back down to earth again; Richard likes his books and glossy magazines and he teams up with Luc as star watcher and girl watcher; the firm of Scott and Mackenzie can be found hustling the fairer sex, reading the financial papers and generally looking executive; but Prescott and McQuade won't be found--they've gone into town for a pogo and a shake.

The management of the house begins with Steve Jeffries, our suave, cool prefect who never loses his temper and solves the problems of the house with a minimum of effort. Mr. Milner explains the finer points of French language, culture and women to us when he's on duty. Mr. Dutton will be expounding the virtues of Physics and trying to fill up the bus for the next orchestra concert. Our housemaster, Mr. Campbell, will be heard preaching chemistry to studious Chem Study students ("Now who understands that?") or working on his latest piece of furniture and keeping three or four of us engaged in discussions on nearly any topic.

This was a great year for Williams House and we know that the people involved will long remember it.

Williams



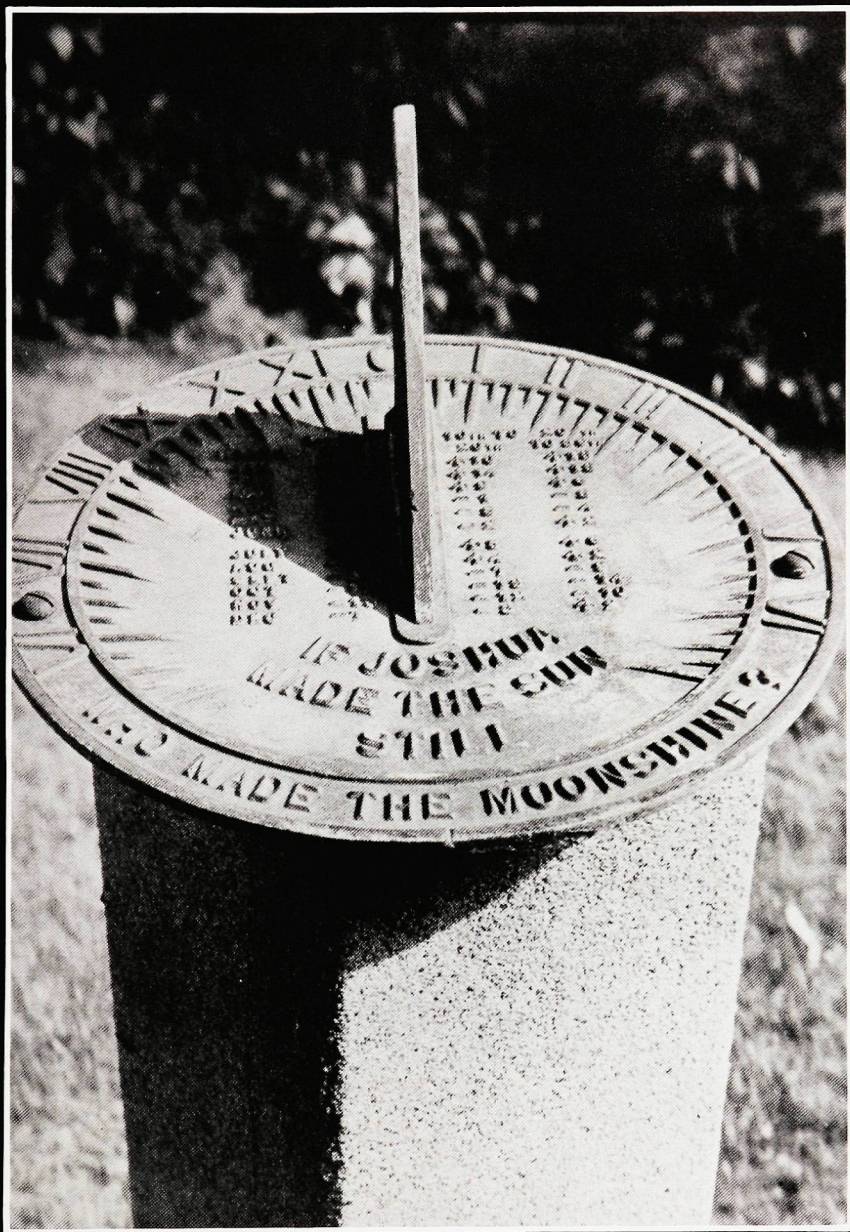


FRONT ROW: B. Matheson, P. MacKenzie, R. Pollock,
Mr. D. Dutton, S. Jeffries, Mr. A. Campbell, Mr. P.
Milner, W. Guy, A. Stairs, D. Chabot. BACK ROW:
T. Miki, D. Wold, Y. Kurata, A. Keeley, T. Danowski,

D. Theberge, N. Cunningham, D. Lorimer, M. Derney,
B. Simms, S. Prescott, J. Campbell, C. McQuade, M.
Burgess, G. Scott.



Our Expression.



The steady throb of the heart
 swells desires into kingdoms
 where perfumed breezes waft muted melodies
 across coaxing lawns of dozing parks
 o'er watched by gleaming towers floating on fluff
 that sprays from fountains of luxurious wine.
 Dive into the stream to search for elusive pearls
 that Hope has hidden there.
 The water's grasp chills the skin.
 Its blandness pushes down the throat past stale fumes.
 The growls of thunder rumble in the ears.
 A drab light rubs the eyes open.
 The grime of morning wakes the man
 who dreams of the blaze of dawn.

MAN AND PACK IN WINTER

The small path seemed timeless
 Through the thick grove of pine trees
 Towering above him in the sky,
 Ruling the endless wilderness.

But today he couldn't see the tops of the trees
 Because there was a great mist of snow and wind
 Blowing fiercely in all directions
 Even though there was the protection of the forest.

He had a small pack and snowshoes
 But he wasn't experienced with the wilderness
 Or used to the cold winds, and his heavy pack.
 Night was coming fast, and the storm was growing stronger.

How he longed to rest.
 But he kept walking slowly into the lonely wind
 And empty voices of the forest
 Which seemed to have no limits and no pity.

The trail he took wasn't popular with the traders
 And not until the thawing of the Spring
 did they find his ragged body
 Wasted by the sharpness of the new Canadian Winter.

THIEVES

In the spring
 when the sun was still stingy
 and the strong wind, cold;
 we grabbed what we could for ourselves
 and laughed as the angry rain
 chased us down the hill.

A LAKE IN NORTHERN ONTARIO



I found a lake sleeping among some others,
Resting peacefully in and out of thousands of green
islands.

There were towering skyscraper cliffs
With delicate pine trees surging into the northern skies
Swaying gently in the wind and
Dropping carelessly a bed of needles.

Growing bravely from the weak-soiled earth
Were blue pearls of wine, strangled in the grass-coloured
bushes,
With heads peeking out from their leafy clothing,
Asking you to come and eat their luscious bodies.

Whispering birch trees, near the water's edge
Fondly moved with the wind
With shadows creasing the sharp blue water.

The wind would paint white brows on each ladder of water,
Which climbed over the previous one,
Jumping to meet the land, and reaching to the cloud-
streaked sky.



LOVE

A thoughtful wave
lingering across ocean depths
floats onto a sandy shore.
Detached, swirling eddies swim together,
reflecting eternally down sparkling pools,
greeting currents of high tide.
Silent lappings rise to a thunderous spray
and soften in the trickle of subsiding surf.

RECOLLECTION

In those days I looked at the sea,
It was the happiest time for me.
I looked at the big sea, which extends endlessly,
And I thought of something as I sat alone.
I saw a violent wave which like my father,
Removed all the misery from my heart.
Memories mean nothing to me,
But I need something for my heart.
In this land in which I am restrained,
I need something for my heart.

Sunlight is peace.

The leaves are dancing in the breeze, swirling about to the rhythm of its breath -- that caressing warmth which lifts each leaf in worship to its creator. The silent voice whispers in the ear, promising treasures of cool relief, and singing hymns to its master.

The sun strides in, breaking past a cloud, and pushing off the vagrant. He swoops down, caressing each flower, kissing every blade. His gaze spreads across the field below, sweeping over the disrupted thought of the fence -- a confused idea that sags in dejection. And the sun gently touches the gleaming skin of the youths.

They tumble in wild play, through repeated motions. What is their game? Well, they all seem to chase a ball. It hobbles across a field, vainly trying to outdistance their leaps. They pounce on it, wrestle for it, and gobble it up. They are peculiar, these youths. They are so alive, and so silent, like shadows on a black wall.

The trees have picked up the dance again. It is a slow meter, and they waltz graciously to it with a gentle swing. They are good partners for such a talent as this breeze -- never do they complain, but follow the strain meekly and joyfully.

The sun crosses the sky with unnoticed steps, and slides along the nose, across the cheeks. He burns onto parched lips -- that kiss each other closed in deepest embrace. He rolls down the leg, tripping in matted hair, and springing off the toe. And so he dances to the tune across the lawn below.

She comes along the road, holding the sun's tail that pulls her near. The breeze plays page to the long train of her golden hair, which gleams in triumphant blasts between stanzas. A new verse begins, a muted awe which softens in her smile. Her lips open in a question, and spread in a narrow bridge of understanding. Her eyes laugh with mischief and carefree lilt. Yet they still seem to pierce through all, and light fires in the darkest cavern of the mind. And the sun also smiles.

See who comes, the little boy, mimicking her sooth strides with unconscious mockery, a jostling gallop that charges into her silken legs. She stretches down to his groping hand, that tugs her through the rebelling dust on the road. His mouth hangs open in bewilderment, then flutters open and shut as he turns towards her. He points across the lawn, the valley, the hills, to the sun.

She bends to his ear, kissing it with wonderful secrets. His teeth flash in laughter. Her smile creeps past his head, and the two are bathed in the glow. A tear slips gently down the cheek.

The sun sings, as the chorus rises. The trees waltz again in the breeze. The orb soars skyward.

Over and over again

The song repeats inside your head.

A silent symphony of praise

Blessing the joys of a deaf man's days.





RAIN

The rain is falling softly in the dark city night.
At that time the rain was also falling.
You waited for the bus beside the road with
When your shoulder touched my body,
My heart flared up with fire.
I wanted to kiss your wet hair.
This rain is just like it was then.
Since that time, you have not come back to me.
A long time has passed, like this shower.
Also my tears have run down like this rain.
Only my heart is empty because of its endless feelings.
The rain is falling softly just as at that time.

THE GREENERY

The April showers have come and gone,
Washing away the last remains of winter.
All is in bloom in the first days of spring
As new buds are exposed to the world.
No longer is the sky a dreary grey colour,
The sun has finally decided to show its face.
The young saplings turn to the sun
In order to absorb their necessary nourishment.
With the spring comes a change in spirits,
As time spent outdoors removes all frustrations.
Children once again enjoy the feeling of mud oozing
from their toes,
Realizing that days on the beach are not far away.
Last summer's grass is to be replaced
To add to the beauty of summer months.
This beautiful season will soon pass away,
Bringing back the dark, dreary winter.

BOUGHS

Lift your magnificent branches to us
and reach the light heavens;
above us we bow before you.
In all your grace
you stand to greet the unruly world
another shuddering day.
Silence it all and let
your branches close around us.

Those flames -- they leap into the night air. They pierce the starry sky with teeth of fire, that seem to tear a wound in the space above. And yet they radiate a welcome heat on this chilly night. The flames are pure, and wash away the coldness in my marrow, and the emptiness in my stomach.

They are burning on some sort of good fuel. Burning flesh -- yes, I can see martyrs in those flames. Only four hundred years ago, this square witnessed many such executions. Those men marched bravely to their deaths. Oh, poor books, you have no way in which to show your courage.

The fire is leaping higher. It dances wildly over the heads of the row ahead. Those black heads are silhouetted by the glare. Are they just watching? ... No, there someone has thrown a pile into the flames. The pages fly open in all directions, and the flames rip them up, and gobble them greedily.

There are some of my students. So they've come too, have they? I wonder who told THEM to

Ah, and now they start singing the song! Yes, that song of "Youth, People, Country and Leader" that the Ministry concocted. It is rousing, I have to admit. I wish I were young again, and could sing with them.

What's this? The men ahead are rushing forward. They're hurling books into the fire. It lashes out at them! They certainly plunge them into the flames with enthusiasm. I wonder if such an excited crowd watched those poor martyrs?

The pushy types behind me are jostling me towards that searing heat. It's too much; I must collect my thoughts.

There! A gap lies open between those two big fellows. Hope they don't notice me squeezing by

Phew! Good, now those people will screen me from that inferno, at least for a short time. Soon, I will have to pitch in my 'contribution'. Yes, soon I will have to help purify the people. I was worried, back at the elections. I was wondering if this might not happen. Yes, I have seen Marx burned before, but this?

What do I have here? These are some of my older books. They are outdated, I am told. I don't know. Yes, we are building a new nation, but on what? Don't we need some old thoughts. Does the Minister really know how education should be?

Let's see, I think I have about seven. I'd been sorting them out, but I don't remember which I brought. In my haste I just grabbed the first pile.

Yes, I did pick up my old treasures. It's a pity to lose them, yet I suppose the greater the sacrifice, the greater the good. That's the Minister's thought. Yet perhaps I could keep one -- these are so valuable. Just one, no one would notice. Of course it's too late to take them all home. That policeman over there looks like a thug. People would yell at me, and give me away. But just one. Ah! Good, some light passes between those tall fellows

in front me. Now, let's see, what's this first one?

Lord! I must have been in a hurry! A dictionary -- of all the silly things to burn in a rally! I suppose that we musn't speak properly. Well, everything that's ever been written comes from here, from this little word book. Yes, I hope people keep these, without burning every word in print. But really, is this worth keeping? There must be something else.

Now, what's on the hinge? These books, I hope they don't fall! Quite a juggling act I must perform. Yes, why it's Nietzsche! Of course, I have a copy of ZARATHUSTRA. And so he says, "Cleanse yourselves, make yourselves better, become over-men." Are we cleaning ourselves here, overcoming ourselves? Should Zarathustra be silent for ever? Well, I'd better judge from the others.

Why here's old Plato! Yes, I studied THE REPUBLIC years ago, as a student at the University. Our professor imbued us with the spirit of sacrifice for society saying that each man would have his role to fulfill. We could be the philosopher-kings. Yes, I hoped to become so important. But now I am ordered by a king, who burns philosophy. All is upside-down.

I'm sweating in this heat. I must hurry and choose.

Ho! And so here is the Leader's plan. Yes, I obtained a copy of that when it was scorned, and even banned for a time. And now it is holy gospel! No one paid it any attention, but now it is surely coming true. I hope not. Yet, if I burn it, it would be ridiculous, perhaps traitorous! But what would be its value if kept?

And now, why of all the ironies! Gibbon, the pompous ass, telling us how the Romans rotted away. Yet, he was sharp, and not so stuffed-up as one would think; indeed, a most educated Englishman was he! Yes, the Roman Empire disappeared. Now, did it last a thousand years? Well Rome burned, so now books burn.

And this heavy one! Well, no wonder, it is WAR AND PEACE packed into one volume. I suppose it must be condemned as a piece of Russian literature. Yet it is so fine and complete an account of people and history. Yes, and people, even under the greatest stress of war, must be held sacred. God forbid that there be another one, but even this peace is in flames.

No! The front row has tossed in their books. It's my turn! I can't hide now ... but what's this last one?

The Bible. Of course, my mother gave me this. Shall it burn also? Luther made it the base of his faith, and then they burnt books for him. But can a faith be consumed by fire? This gift -- I have always cherished it; I cannot ...

The flames -- they are leaping at me. Everyone is silent. The students are staring at me. They want me to throw them in. People are behind me, pressing me forward. I must. I cannot.

Damn it! Let them rot in hell, and burn in brimstone! On your way, be gone! I'll keep this, just this one

FIRE EYES

Breathe a little fire eye,
suck it in your breath to die,
let it lead you over there
out on the road if you dare.

I will meet your fire eyes
and dance with them among the smiles
of your glad heart which pines for love
I'll come to you as a warm white dove.

Show me dark corners in this fire eye
let me feel its air, and inwards dive
to lose myself in a land of bliss
a mystery dungeon in spite of this.

I am trapped by your fire eyes
they glare at me through blackest skies
and wound my spirit which would set me free
if only I was not bounded by this new-found liberty.

You burn my soul with each fire eye
I dare not see the light for fear I die
and dread the awakening of the morn
when you are gone, and I am reborn.



RED

The match makes love to the wood, and silently the flames creep along the log. Unhesitatingly, the scarlet tongues lick at the innocent piece of timber. A crack is heard and the blazing fairies dance about, skipping from log to log. At the slightest breeze they flicker and snap, and crack with excitement. Higher and higher the vermillion flames leap, trying to get to the top with the blue points. As the logs slip, the flames shrink and sit quietly, as if afraid. Slowly, one single brave flame begins to sneak higher and higher, all on its own. Shrieking desperately it tries to fight the breeze, but it is unsuccessful. Down it goes, defeated, only to try again. Fiercely now, the tongue of fire dances, the smaller flames watching attentively from along the logs. This time the breeze is not strong enough and the flame sends up spirals of smoke in expression of its victory. The other flames join in, some of them leaping to join the hero. Again the logs shift positions and the flames disappear momentarily. Once more they dare to show themselves and the yellows turn to oranges which in turn change to shades of brilliant red, peaked by blue caps.

As the wood gets eaten up by the devilish snakes, the serpents have no choice but to calm down. The flames are only flickers of light now. Ever so often, they spark at a knot in the wood, then fall underneath to hide. The logs are nothing but black sticks and grey ashes. From within the pile of coals comes a comforting warm glow. Then, suddenly, the glow dies and the ashes lie still, dead.

THE QUESTION

He woke up very early that morning, before the sun was up. He had carefully laid out his clothes the night before. He washed and then dressed slowly and with care. As he was about to knot his necktie, he wondered if maybe he should wear the pin-striped one instead. He thought about this for a brief moment, but then he reaffirmed his choice of the night before by completing the knot. He adjusted the tie and his collar flaps until they suited him. He went to the closet, took out his rain coat, and draped it carefully over his arm. Next he took his hat from the shelf and put it on before the oval mirror next to the closet. He then stepped outside and pulled the door shut behind him.

It was still very early and few people were to be seen. There was very little traffic either. A milk truck passed him as he walked. He glanced at it to notice that the grinning cow faces were looking back at him through painted eyes. The truck then turned left at the corner and was gone.

The morning was chilly and damp. A cold, heavy dew was to be seen on the little patches of grass that were left growing here and there as reminders that the world was not all concrete once.

The man actually relished this time of the morning when few people shared his sidewalk, and when the air was not yet thick and foul. Soon he arrived at the little cafe where he ate each morning. He went in and was shown by the hostess to his regular booth. He could view the street and also the little park across the street. He ordered a plate of eggs, toast, and a cup of coffee. While he waited he stared at the squirrels as they clipped up and down the oaks

and maples in the park. His breakfast arrived and he ate slowly, savoring every mouthful. When he finished, he touched the cloth napkin to his mouth, received the check, and left the tip. He told them to put the check on his bill, which they did without hesitation because he was a dependable patron. He replaced his coat over his arm, put his hat back on his head, and took a toothpick from the counter. He placed this deliberately between his teeth and made his way out. He held open the door for a woman coming in and tipped his hat to her. Then he was back on the street.

He walked back, retracing the path he had already travelled that morning. More people were about now. The more he saw, the faster he made his pace. He was moving quite briskly when he noticed how many men, attired as he was, carried briefcases. He made a mental note to get one himself, besides he thought it might come in handy.

Soon he was back home. He went in and undressed quickly but again laid out his clothes carefully. He then put on an old, weathered jacket and some oft-patched pants. His shirt was dull and faded. He put his hat back on the shelf in the closet and hung up his coat. He now went outside once more.

He shuffled slowly over his sidewalk until he spied a young woman, who was probably a secretary on her way to work. He stumbled up to her and asked:

"Excuse me miss, but could you spare something for a fellow down on his luck?"

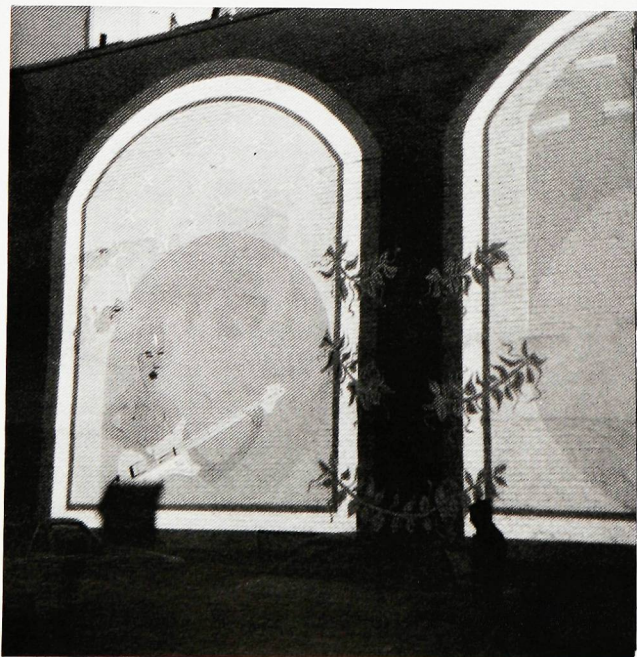
She frowned but gave him a dollar. Then he knew it was going to be a good day indeed.

A PORTRAIT

Stirring in the stillness of night
a figure, barely perceivable
back and forth,
the velvety blanket enshrouding him,
embracing him in a world
encompassed by the rails of his rocker.

A pain of gnarled hands
clutching the creases of worn corduroys
as tired as his body.
The limbs, searching for something
left behind, oh where did he put it?
lost in the creaking
of age.

The air is stagnant, and a
repulsive mixture of sweet
tobacco and urine reaches out;
I continue to smile reassuringly
as I hold and caress the
withered hand of
my grandpa.



VISIONS FROM A SPOON

Pinned on faces as faded as the fumes
From a burning cigarette,
I see dark tired rings droop lazily
Under bloodshot eyes.
Eyes staring over red pulpy noses,
That slouch over mouths of
Coffee-stained teeth.

Voices pouring forth from lips so thick,
Melting like wax on sticky counter tops,
Beside ash trays;
All containing the grey remnants of war.
A festered feast
On cardboard menus soaked in grease,
Illustrating food only a fool would eat.

Dirty dishes drown
In kitchen sinks
Whilst other cups and saucers
Wait their turn
To soak endlessly
In cheap soiled soap.

The waitress waits impatiently
For the unchosen order:
Maybe some day she'll find a lover.
Fat and forty, not a chance,
Yet she wrinkles, and she waits ...

Here I am, by the entrance, in the front!
I sit silent, observing -- only watching.
Pensively sipping tea by the cash,
Registering lines in Bourgeois:
These common concoctions are not for me,
And these people who dwell in crypts of poverty;
Why can't they live in ritz like me?

A simple servant approaches unhappy
Does she want my body?
"Your bill, sir."
And for what services my dear,
We have not yet begun ...

Out of the dreams of a tattered grey suit:
A poor man's hand plunges into a pocket,
Only to find a familiar hole.
"I'm so sorry,
I have no money ..."



THE NEW JERUSALEM

Those odd types one sees in bus stations
pace up and down, read the paper, watch the small T.V.'s
with sagging bodies and faces lost in flesh.
Going nowhere. Coming from nowhere.
Burnt out. Drowned.

Waiting waiting
for a magic time when the newspaper advertisements will
become real
and all the smooth young faces smiling from the television
will hover in the sky, proclaiming
"JUBILATION" in flashing neon lights.
All men, all life, all being then
sings out in praise, and the chrome-
plated towers of the rebuilt temple
stretch out shining arms to heaven ...
from whence, to the crash of cymbals, issues forth
the Eternal Love of God, bringing
flames of mercy, waters of redemption,
a Cadillac, a swimming pool,
and a winter trip to Florida.

We odd types wait in bus stations
In spite of everything
In hope of everything.



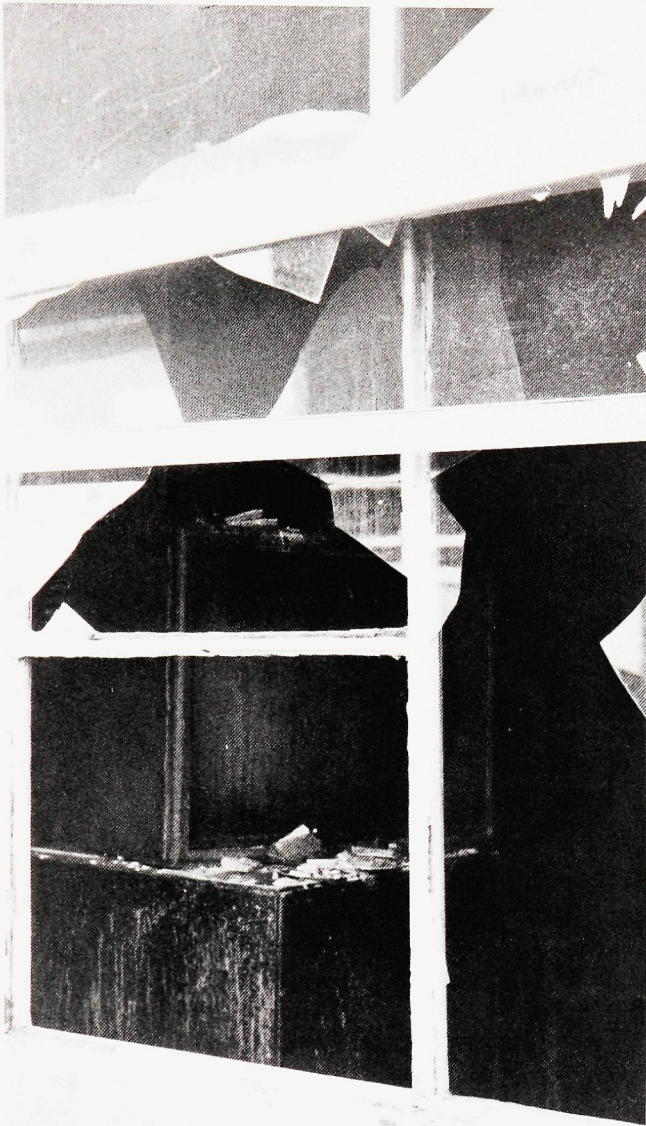
EARLY MORNING MUSAK

Listening to the pulse beat
 of Syracuse, New York
 pumping the airways
 with the solid beat
 of garbage music.
 A familiar beat,
 endlessly pumping --
 filling the dark, cavernous
 security of night-bound autos.
 A growing affinity with the
 truck driver
 as the musak pushes onward
 into light, the songs
 come to a grinding halt.
 And it really makes me wonder why
 anything makes sense.
 The AM garble lost
 deep in morning thoughts.

WALK IN THE NIGHT

In the soundless depths of night
 her footsteps echoed through the alley.
 Clutching the shoulder bag under her arm
 she stopped for a minute --
 looked around, and then went on.
 Unaccompanied, fear could be detected in her swift
 movements.
 She obviously knew where she was headed
 and was not taking her time.
 The sky began to cloud over,
 and the intensifying wind rattled the garbage pails on
 the sidewalk.
 As she rounded the corner
 a black figure sprang in front of her path
 holding a carving knife upright in his left hand.
 She stopped abruptly, but did not utter a word.
 Neither did he say anything as he advanced towards her.
 She had only just taken her first steps in hopes of escape
 When his massive body was on top of her.





SLUMS

The streets were dark. The silence was almost haunting. Misery, poverty lingered in the air. The tenements hung over the streets. The silence was broken by a squeaking from one of the porches over the street, where an old woman was rocking back and forth. As I approached her, it was clear that this woman was not old but worn out by her misfortune. Her face was lined and dirty, her clothes hung from her bony frame and her eyes were staring and were filled with great despair.

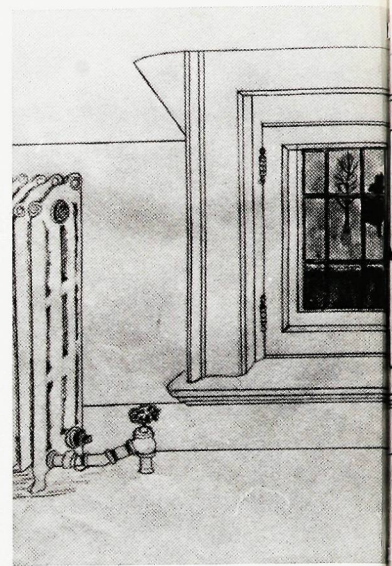
I wandered down the road, passing one alley after another until I came to one which was cluttered with garbage cans on top of each other. In the background I could see the morning sun rising, beginning a new day. I remember now how sad I felt that the people of the ghetto could not enjoy that sunrise and every sunrise of a new beginning because they didn't have one to start with.

STRAY DOG

Alone in the night. Slinking nervously through the shadows, past the lifeless gray buildings with windows like empty eyes staring down at him. A small ribby dog, bent and old, his muzzle gray, his body scarred. He turns sharply and snarls as a pair of old men wander by him. Old yellow teeth gleam menacingly. As dawn approaches he becomes nervous and wary, cowering against the dirty walls, crawling into corners, watching the city bustle round him with narrow faded eyes. He watches and his eyes light up as he sees a cat streak across the road. He leaps up after it with a sharp rasping bark, but falls. Lying on the road, the cars tear over and past him. Coarse dirty fur soaked in blood.



You gave me life --
 Now you say
 you want to take it
 away
 Why?
 What have I ever done
 to you?
 How can you destroy
 someone
 that has not had a chance
 to begin?
 I guess you are right --
 there is not enough room for
 another
 in this overcrowded world.
 But why did you start it all
 when there was no
 need?
 I guess that you had
 your reasons.



BECAUSE

When I was born, the doctor whacked me on my bottom. My momma said that if the doctor did it, then it must be good for me. She always told me that when she hit me. She hit me an awful lot. Because of Doctor Garner.

We used to live in a big house with lots of rooms. There was flowers all around, too, and I had a swing on the front lawn. But we don't live there any more. Went away after my daddy left. The doctor told my momma that the house was too big for just two people, so we lived at his house, which was just right. I didn't want to live there, but I had to because of Dr. Garner.

When I was six years old, and we still lived at my house, my daddy got real sick, and Dr. Garner came over. My momma said that he was going to fix my daddy, so that he would be better again. Dr. Garner came over a lot, but my daddy just kept being sick. Because Dr. Garner didn't fix him.

My momma used to take me over to Auntie Ruthie's house when Dr. Garner came over. She said that he needed the house quiet when he tried to make my daddy better. Auntie Ruthie was nice, but she didn't like my momma, so I didn't like it there. But I went anyway. Because of Dr. Garner.

One day I hurt my knee. I didn't tell Auntie Ruthie, but I came home. I went inside and called for my momma. She came out of the den, and ran towards me. I cried and Dr. Garner came. I told him that my daddy had a red robe too, and then my mommy hit me. But I didn't tell a lie -- I gave it to him at Christmas time. Anyway, Dr. Garner looked at my knee, and put on some yellow stuff that hurt. When he put on a bandaid, I cried. My momma hit me again. Then she started to laugh. But that was okay, because she was drinking her laughing water again. Dr.

Garner gave her some more. I was all sore, but I stopped crying, so that Dr. Garner could fix my daddy. Because of Dr. Garner.

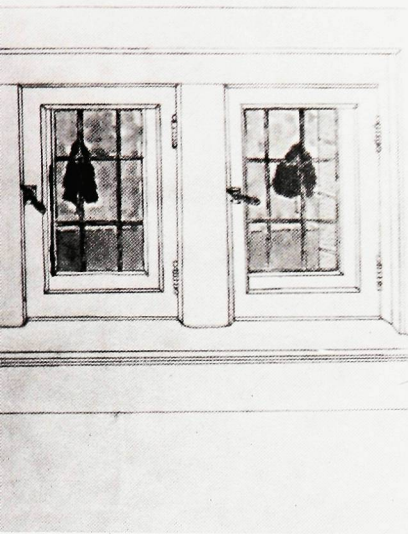
The next day, my daddy went away. Dr. Garner was there when I woke up. He was holding my momma, and she smiled. I thought my daddy was all better, but she just said he left. She said he wouldn't ever come back. I started to cry, and my momma started to hit me. I couldn't understand that, because Dr. Garner didn't need quiet any more. My Auntie Ruthie was there, too, and she hugged me. She tried to take me away when I got hit, but my momma wouldn't let her. She said she would come back. Then we went to Dr. Garner's house. I wanted to stay, in case my daddy came back. But my momma said that Dr. Garner needed us, and I went. Because of Dr. Garner.

The next week, my Auntie Ruthie came back, with some men. Dr. Garner said I had to leave. I left with my Auntie Ruthie. Because of Dr. Garner.

My Auntie Ruthie told me my daddy was dead. She said that Dr. Garner couldn't help. I cried, because my daddy told me that when he got better we could do something special. But now we couldn't. Because of Dr. Garner.

I went and saw my momma yesterday. She was supposed to come and get me, like she did every Sunday, but she didn't. So I just went to see her. Dr. Garner said she wouldn't see me. He said I should go away, because he was cutting meat for lunch and I would bother him. He dropped his knife, and I picked it up. He told me to give it to him. So I did.

My mommy came out, then, when she heard him yell. She asked me why I did it, and I told her I had to. Because of Dr. Garner.



FIELD TRIP TO THE HOLY GHOST HOSPITAL

Down the stark white halls of the palace
I clicked my heels
louder than the person next to me.
The antiseptic cleanliness
turning my stomach and stinging my eyes.
They told me too late as my glance
missed the one-armed prince charming and
the abominable snowman in Room 206.
that I so badly wanted to see --
I'd seen better anyways.

On down through glassy corridors to the
respirative engine where it joined the
compression ignition engine, and the differential
and the pistons darted in and out, the
bearings ground against one another; the
screech of a careless fingernail against a
blackboard, a mere misdemeanor in comparison.
Nobody cared how it ran anyways.

Rumpelstiltskin's nursery was the best.

In the composition later
we dwelt on the poor humpty dumpty who'd
just returned with a purple heart from
a never-never land, minus a couple of limbs
and a face.
But we saw what modern technology had
dealt him, and we were proud.

I snickered though, through innocent lips,
said I'd seen better.
But to this day, I've never seen worse
than at the hospital
of the Holy Ghost.

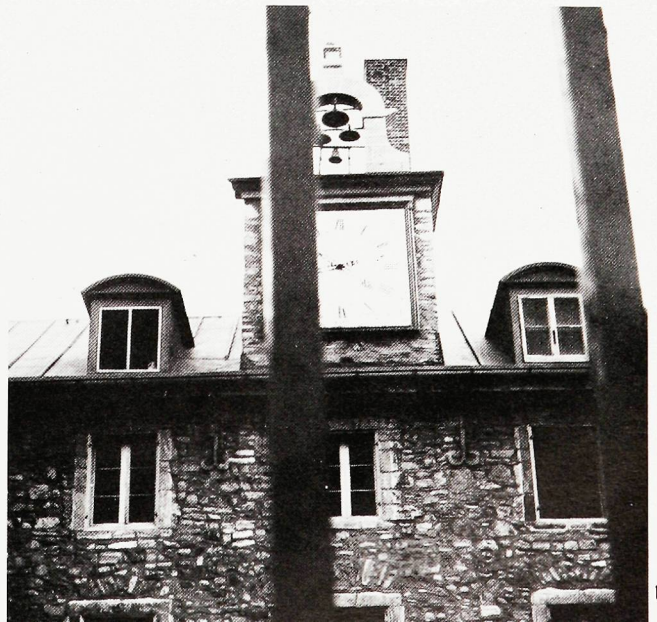
The strident colours of nightly mirth
Cast their softness on summer canvas
To brighten the bars and brothels of Arles.
Halos of green and red, fuse together like acids;
Burning portals in the passions of the underworld.

While devouring delicious demoiselles,
You painted pleasure
You painted pain
You painted the poisons of your tortured brain.
You cut off your ear
And gave it to a whore.

A solitary hospital corridor:
Your lane of despair.
In a barren barred-window cell,
You sat in quiet prayer,
Painting self-portrait.
The power of pomp and paint:
With honest insanity.

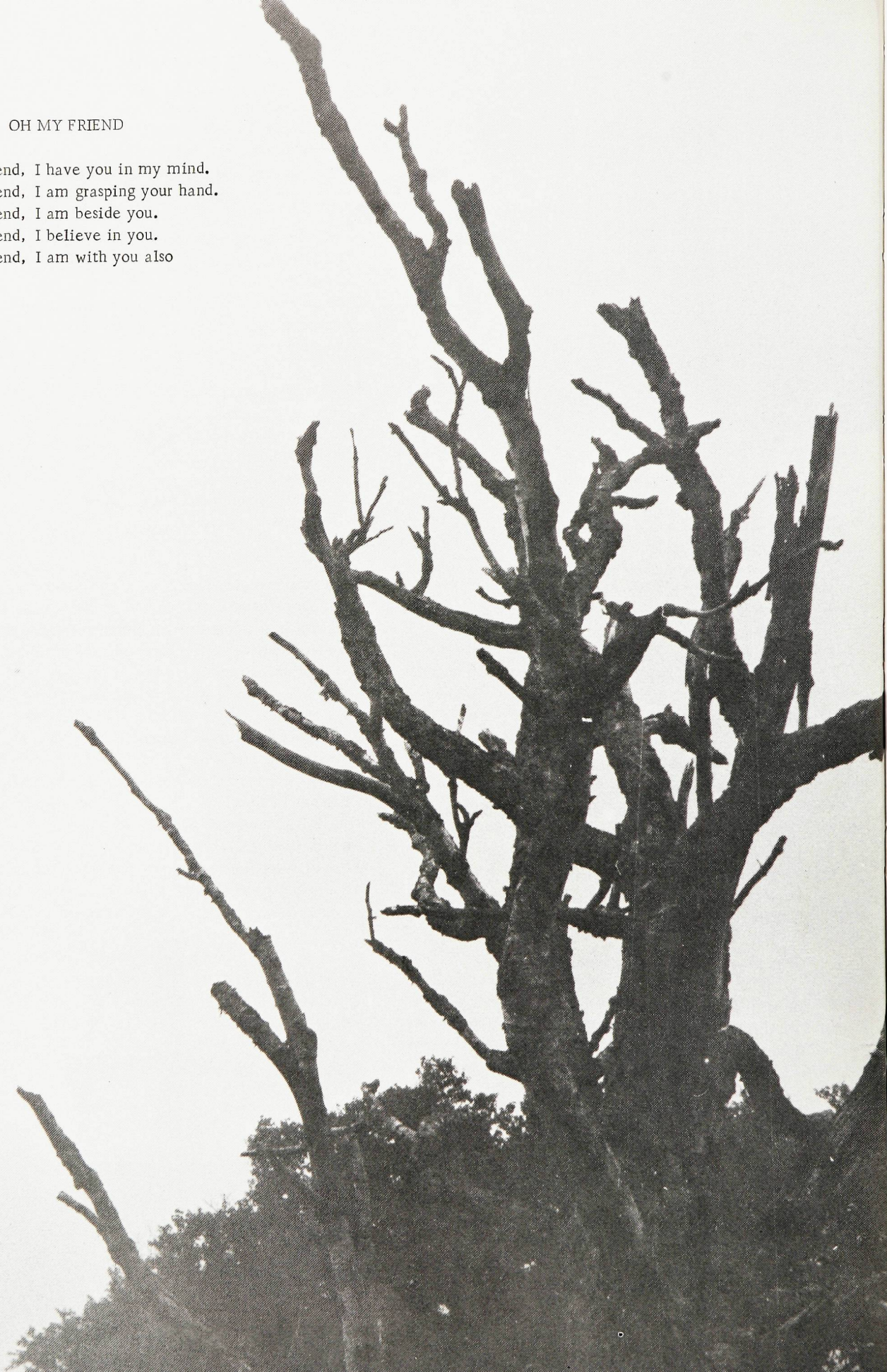
Lips firm
On a face so stoically set
With eyes hypnotic effect;
Swirling in a background of mental breakdown
Forever locked
In a four-sided frame.

I see him now
In fields of flaming sunflowers,
Turbulent cypress;
Crows crying over a corpse.
Oh, dear Vincent!
Why is it that when I stare
At your final self-portrait,
It transfigures from painting
To mirror?



OH MY FRIEND

Oh my friend, I have you in my mind.
Oh my friend, I am grasping your hand.
Oh my friend, I am beside you.
Oh my friend, I believe in you.
Oh my friend, I am with you also
today.



FACE

So I walk with my head held high
because I'm both too proud and too
ashamed to let my feelings show. I
keep my path straight because I'm
scared of what lies around each bend.
And I go on living because of one
particle inside me that sees me through
the night and into the next day, one
particle called love.



A WIND

Everyone starts to go on a journey alone
Everyone turns their head to their home
If they are a little lonely, they turn around to their
home
It is only a wind blowing in those places
Everyone has a rupture to their dream, they turn around
to their home.

On the winter street, the dead leaves of the tree whirl
Turn around by the sound which the tree makes
If they look for something, they turn around to their home
It is only a wind blowing in those places
Everyone is distressed to love someone
Everyone can not bear, they turn around to their home.

If they look for something, they turn around to their
home
It is only a wind blowing in those places
Do not turn around, and take one step by one step alone
Do not turn around, do not cry, go walk to your life.

SUNDAY MORNING

It was the same
every Sunday morning
as we dressed
hurriedly in our best,
bickering all the while.
We would arrive at the Church
fashionably late
where we would sit mindlessly,
our stomachs conversing,
our heads bowed with
too much Saturday night,
the drone of the minister,
a soft lull.
And then, into the car
we would stumble,
and towards home, the
can of sardines would fly
where with the turn of a key
we would eat breakfast
and argue.
We don't have to go there anymore.

There was an August afternoon in my home town, last summer which was like no other afternoon I can remember. It all started when the sun rose up hot and determined into the powder blue sky.

During the mid-morning of this eventful Sunday, I found little escape from the dead heat of the day. While the house provided some welcome shade, it too longed for the evening hours and the cooling, off-shore breezes. I resigned my activities to the back yard, where a suitable chaise-longue, and a phony Mexican sombrero were my most valued possessions. From my position of recline I could see through our picket fence and down the street. No one dared drive this day, and it was easy to see why. The blackness of the tarmac seemed to swirl and peak like a rolling pond. The waves of heat rose furiously from the surface, and there was no wind to carry them away.

I could see my neighbours on their lawns, in chairs, on towels, in bathing-suits, they speckled the roadside all the way to the far corner where the dizzy blackness disappeared into another street. A city water shortage had prohibited sprinklers and outdoor water use, so there we all were, silent jellyfish on a deserted beach.

Alone in my back yard this day, I felt vulnerable. With others around, the intensity of the heat and the dryness in the throat seem to weaken. My vigil in the sun was an exhausting question of pride, me versus it. As the mid-morning turned to mid-day and the blazing orb settled overhead, the sweat dropping off my forehead and into my eyes, blurred my vision as I towelled it out with routine precision.

The maple trees along the streetside were twisted into palm trees, the telephone lines sagged deeply, the plastic on my chaise-longue began to go gooey, and the air was still and hot. No one on my street moved.

Then as I lay back, drying my eyes with a soppy towel, I picked up the blurred vision of a group of children in shirts and shorts, making their way up my street. I worked

diligently to clear up the vision, then the image came into focus. Pushing a large wooden wagon were four or five children, in bathing suits and running shoes. One of the lads had a party horn and was blowing wildly as if in a May Day parade. In their cart were large glass pitchers, and stacks of patterned paper cups. They laughed and sang as they progressed up the street, and through the dry silence of the day, their presence was overwhelming.

Like a group of liberated P.O.W.'s, all the bodies on my street which had been sprawled out, rose slowly, unbelievably, from their chairs. They gripped the wooden armrests with clenched fists, and squinted desperately to see if it was really true. The children halted their wagon in the street over to one side, and with horns blowing and flags flying, they produced a large card table and began the party.

At first none of the inhabitants stirred. This sudden invasion had sent them into a state of minor shock. The street had been overrun and no one had even fired a shot. This band of lads had swept Pine Street in a matter of seconds. What was happening?

Then it struck me. These lads were selling cups of icy cold lemonade. They danced about, and the glass pitchers glistened in the sun as the water dropped from their sides. Soon a cardboard sign appeared, "LEMONAID 5¢ A CUP". Well that was it, the stampede began. I fortunately had a headstart and had given my dollar bill even before the others had arrived. The lads were delighted. They handed me cup after cup of freshly squeezed lemonade, chilled with large chunks of ice. The neighbours streamed out into the street, smiling and cheering as they joined the party. In fifteen minutes all the lemonade was gone. The lads, beaming with joy from their successful venture yet disappointed it was over, thanked their patrons, said good-bye, and rolled their cart back down the street. In a few minutes, the street was empty again, and I lay down in my chaise-longue. The sun was high, but falling to the sea, and once more it was quiet in my street.

THE FUTURE

When airplanes get as thick as cars,
And people ride from Earth to Mars,
Will traffic lights be made of stars?



Contributors

LITERATURE:

Nicola Beirne	People!
Henri Busse	Visions From A Spoon; The Man From Saint-Remy
Ann Louise Emanuel	Stray Dog
Ian Graham	The Future
Faith Hallward	The Greenery; Walk In The Night
Steven Jeffries	The Question
Shelagh Johnston	Thieves; A Portrait; Early Morning Musak; Field Trip To The Holy Ghost Hospital; Sunday Morning
Jane MacKay	Thoughts of the Aborted Child
Rosalie Matchett	Man and Pack in Winter; A Lake In Northern Ontario; Boughs
Neil Matheson	Awakening; Love; A World Without Noise; Fire Eyes; The Inferno
Tim McGee	Sunday Afternoon
Paul Monod	The New Jerusalem
Mineo Nakaoka	Recollections; Rain; Oh My Friend; A Wind
Dorothy Salvas	Slums
Francis Thomson	Red
Mary Wright	Because

PHOTOGRAPHY:

Bill Anglin (1972-1974)
Philip Khazzam
Neil Matheson

ARTWORK:

Annette Goodro
Gillian McConnell
Gay Merrill
Richard Pollock

CARTOONS:

Jon Howson
Paul Monod
Hugh Notman

LIGHTER:

Andrew Scott


BULLETIN BOARD

MAY 17
CADETS
 FATIGUES TO
 BE HELD AT
 200 HOURS
 FAILURE TO REPORT
 WILL RESULT IN
 FATIGUES.
 GEN. GROTTE
 M.C.

FORGET
 PARTRIDGES
 FORGET
 PEARTREES
 VISIT OLD GRANDAD
 JOIN SOCIAL SERVICES

Sn. Rugby
 SSSPPRRRIIIIIINT!

UNCLE RAY'S
 PARKY
 PENGUIN
 PUNCHING
 BAGS
 \$22.99
 OR 4 YRS.
 BOYS BANK
 -RECYCLED PAPER



THE FOLLOWING WILL BE
 PAID FOR THEIR HAIRCUTS.
 MALSON I
 HIBBARD I
 MEDLAND

TODAY AT
BAY OF PIGS
 - FLYING SAUCER
 PANCAKES
 - BIG WAC SAGGY
 MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS
 - EL RAUNCHO
 OR
 - FRANKLY BADS
 DESSERT
 SNOW SLUSH

1ST HOCKEY 75-6
 SIGN UP NOW
 1. VAUGHAN
 2.
 3.
 4.
 5.
 6.
 7.
 8.
 9.
 T. GOODWIN

NOTE
 BROADWAY
 A "FAT"
 PLEASE

CHOIR
 SUNDAYS ANTHEM
 "UNDERDOG"
 SERMON - THE REV.

THE FOLLOWING WILL REPORT TO
 THE PREFECTS ROOM AT 6:15
 ROSS I
 MCGEE
 NOTMAN
 MEDLAND
 PRICE I
 STENASON
 S.T.
 MATHESON I
 MONK (O.K. AL?)
 JEFFRIES
 MURPHY
 PAINE I
 HUNKIN I
 * RIPLEY
 * WINNER OF GOLDEN HINGE

LIBRARY NOTICE - LOST BOOKS
 PROBLEMS IN TEACHING POL. SCI - WEBER
 HOW TO LOSE MONEY - FRIEDMAN
 THE LIFE CYCLE OF A BUNDESRAT - CREEK
 HOW TO DRINK WINE - HYDE
 CYBERNETICS - IN AND OUT PUTTING
 - ANONYMOUS
 HARRY

1ST XV
 - Short, scenic route
 Mont. + back
 - as usual
 - Drinks
 - as usual
 - wear cleats

WORD
 OF
 THE
 WEEK
 CLUB
 MEETING
 TONITE
 ALL
 MAY
 COME!
 E BORN

SOCIAL

MAG. STAFF
 LAY-
 OUTING
 LE SOIR
 STAN


MODERN
 DANCE

STUDY HALL
 BUSSÉ - GERMAN

WEIGHTS TODAY
 HZ TIRK, E.
 SNOWSHOEING
 TEAM PARTY 700 P.M.
 AT COACH ROD'S

IHA
 DOUBLE
 WORK-
 CREW
 Commissioners

JUNE 3/75
 GROUP C
 TODAY




INFIRMARY
 NO
 VACANCY
 SIMARD

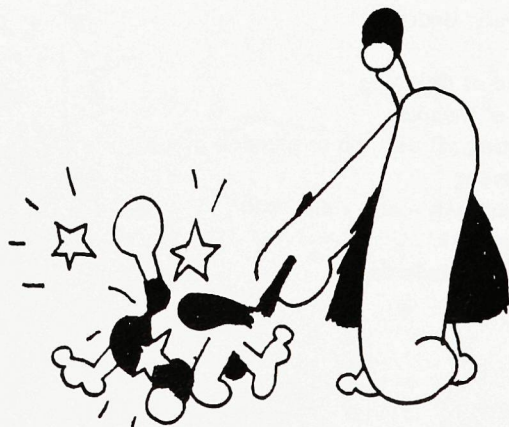
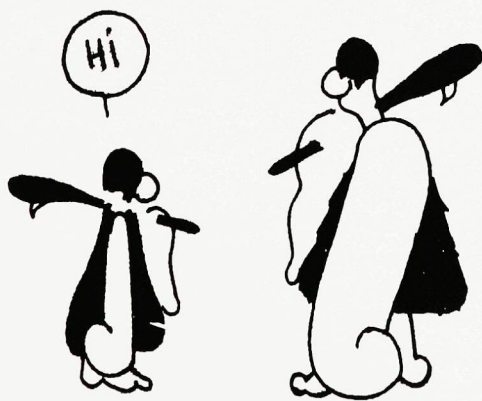
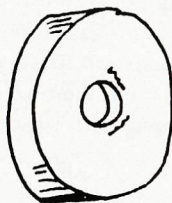
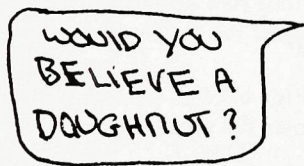
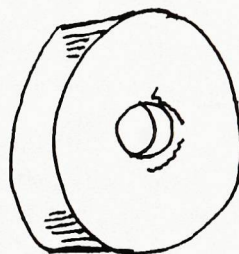
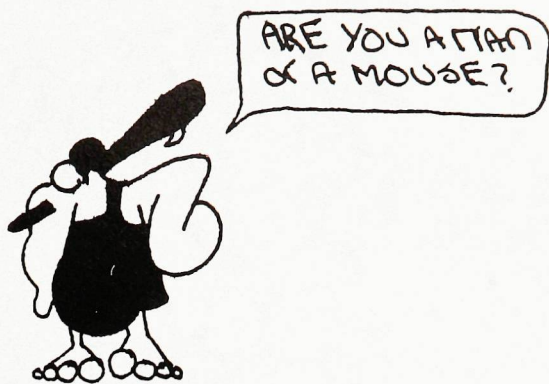
ZE FOLLOWING
 OWE ME SOME ESSAYS
 MCGEE - MACHIAVELLI
 O - ALL ZE REST
 MONA - GET ZE KEY

PIONEERING
 DIG

SPACE
 FOR
 RENT



And Now for Something Completely Different.





PICK THE REAL GYPSY ROSE LEE:

1. She's the Leggs Model
2. Midnight Stalker
3. She's a carry over from a Coke commercial
4. Chief Dan George's Mistress
5. A picture is worth a thousand words
6. "But I didn't think it would all come off."
7. The True Blue Belvedere Smoker

UNDERDOG

Rousing Chorus:

Ooh - ah - ooh - ah - ooh - ah - ooh!

Magnificent Tenor Solo (Paul Monod):

When in these days the headlines read
Of those whose hearts are filled with greed
Who rob and steal from those in need
Who rights this wrong with lightning speed?

It's Underdog!

Chorus: Underdog!

Underdog!

Chorus: Underdog!

Speed of lightning

Fire of thunder

Fighting all who rob or plunder,

Underdog

Chorus: Ah - ooh - ah - ooh

Underdog!

Chorus: Underdog!



Applause, screams, Economic depreciation, demand-supply curves, long runs depressions and inflations, and the remainder of the Economics Lecture.

Meanwhile, back at Political Science class:

Here comes the Frau.

Who?

Bernard Creek.

No, Max Weber.

(Enter Frau, stage left)

Ah, I zee that someone had the leadership qualities to get the key this time. Now you people, have you been attending zeze lectures?

Tony, Ian, Murph, Slack and Meds: Oh yes, we've been to every one!

Good; today I will discuss Plato's REPUBLIC, Morgenthau's INTERNATIONAL POLITICS, and ... Simard, are you listening?

It wasn't me, it was him.

(You tell him, professor!)

Oh Mona, playing the fool again I see!

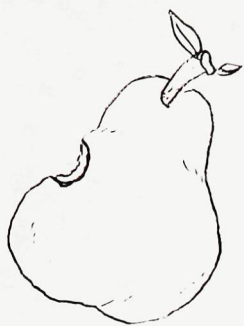
No, I only need a two week extension on my NIGGERS. But why is that?

Weil ech habe so viel Mietzsche zu lesen, liebe Frau.

That reminds me, McGee, where is your essay?

Well, I ...

Yes, very good! And know this is the Cybernetic Model ...



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A BASIC PROBLEM IN ECONOMICS
(the saga of a boy, his dime, and the supply-demand curve)

O joy! I have a
dime to spend!



But our hero is
confronted with a perplexing
economic dilemma



OR



He attempts to solve his
problem graphically

$$\Sigma = (x-2)\pi R^2$$
$$(i) \propto \cos\left(\frac{\partial y}{\partial x}\right)_{00}$$



However, a new economic
factor appears.....

DUH-HAND-OVER DAT
@ \$ # ☹️ DIME!



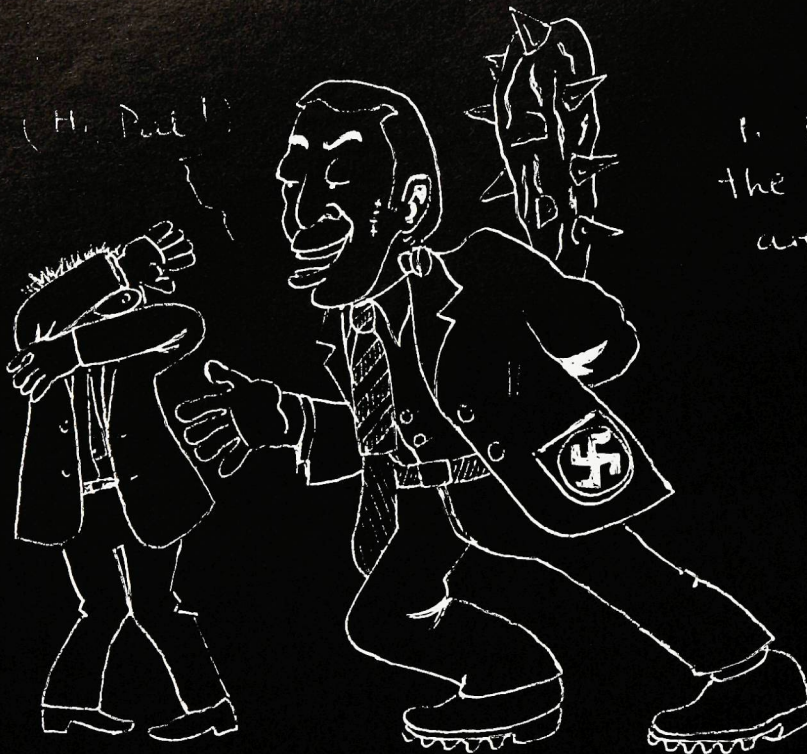
And the problem
is resolved!



Gee, what
a relief!

USEFUL TIPS FOR NEW BOYS

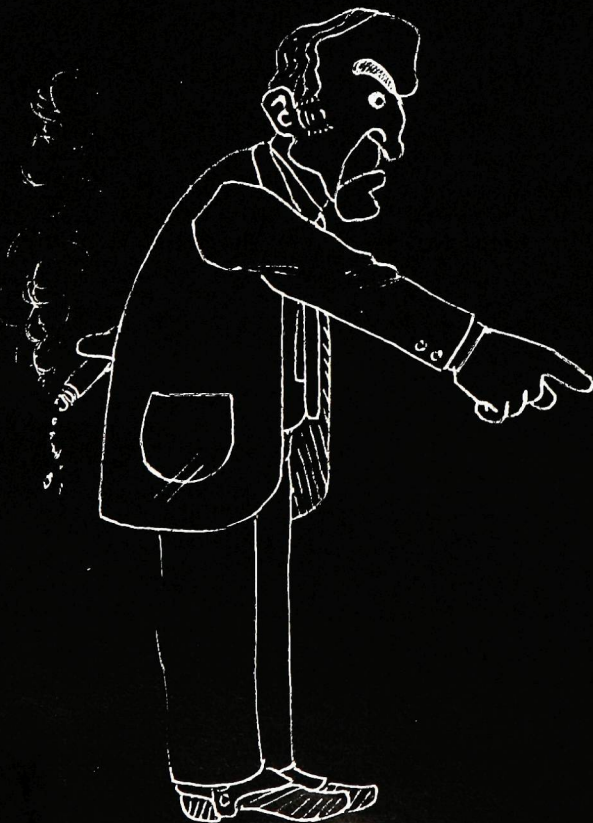
(H. Pail)



1. Remember —
the Prefects
are your
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RINK

2. Learn how
to run —
FAST!





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booze and joints!

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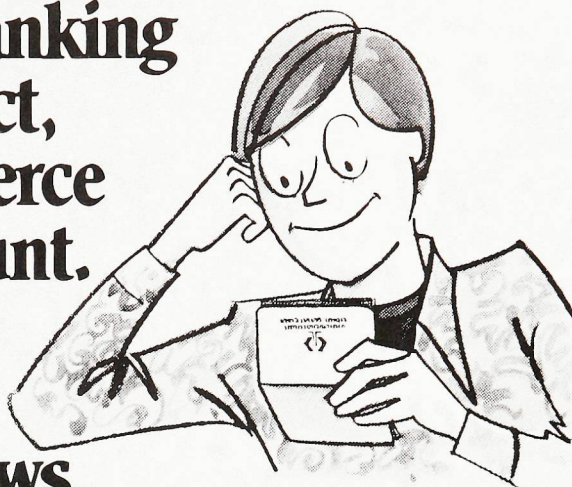


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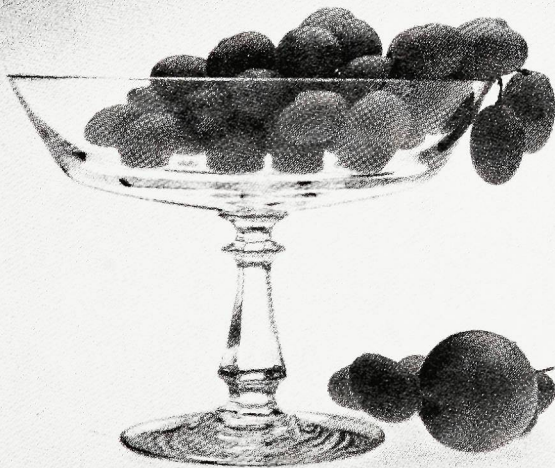
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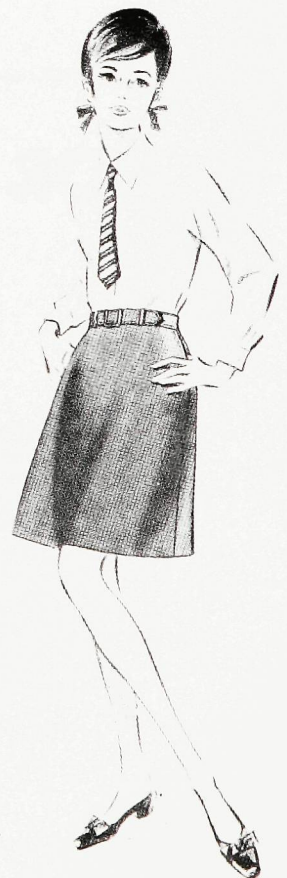
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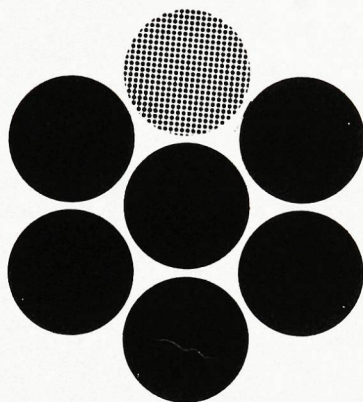
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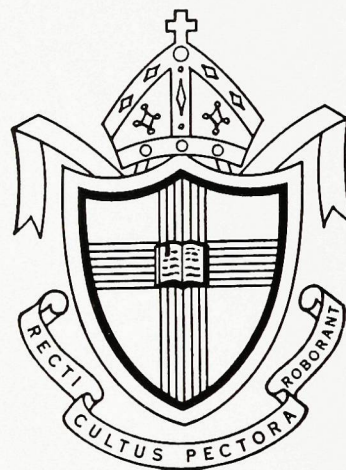
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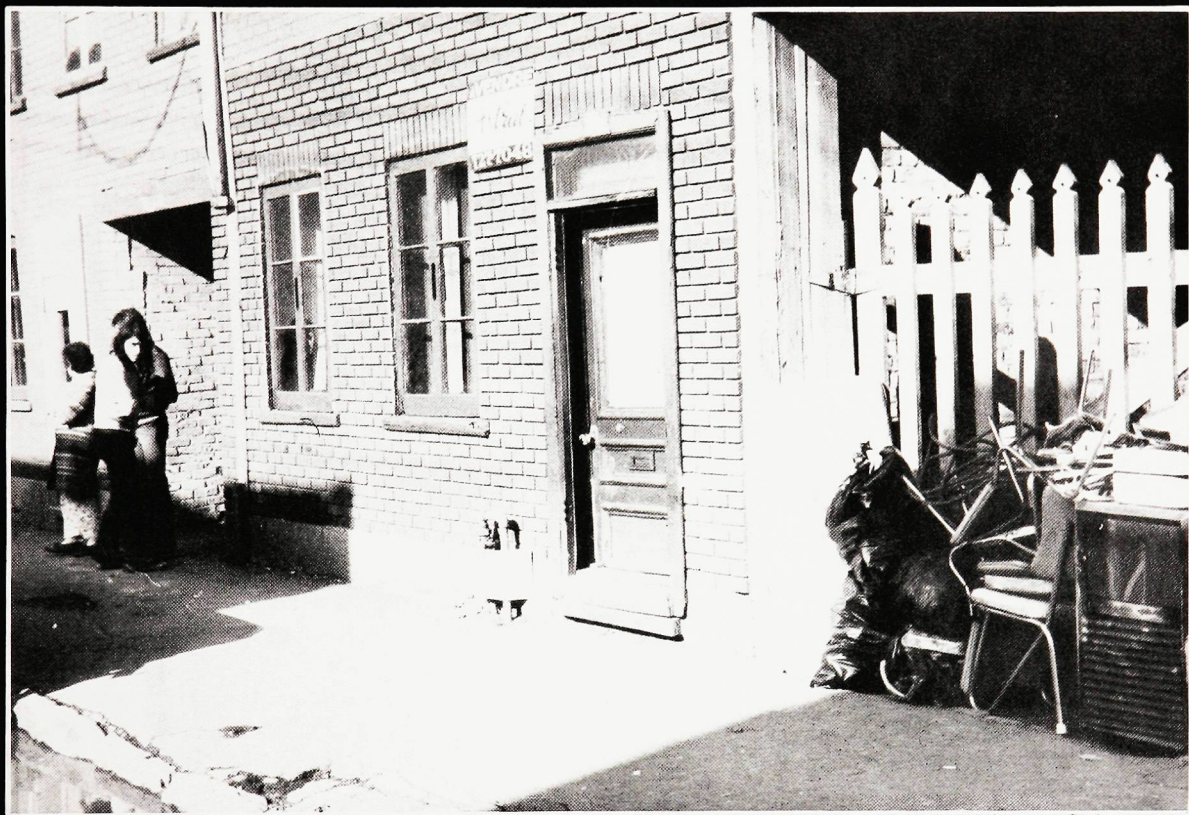
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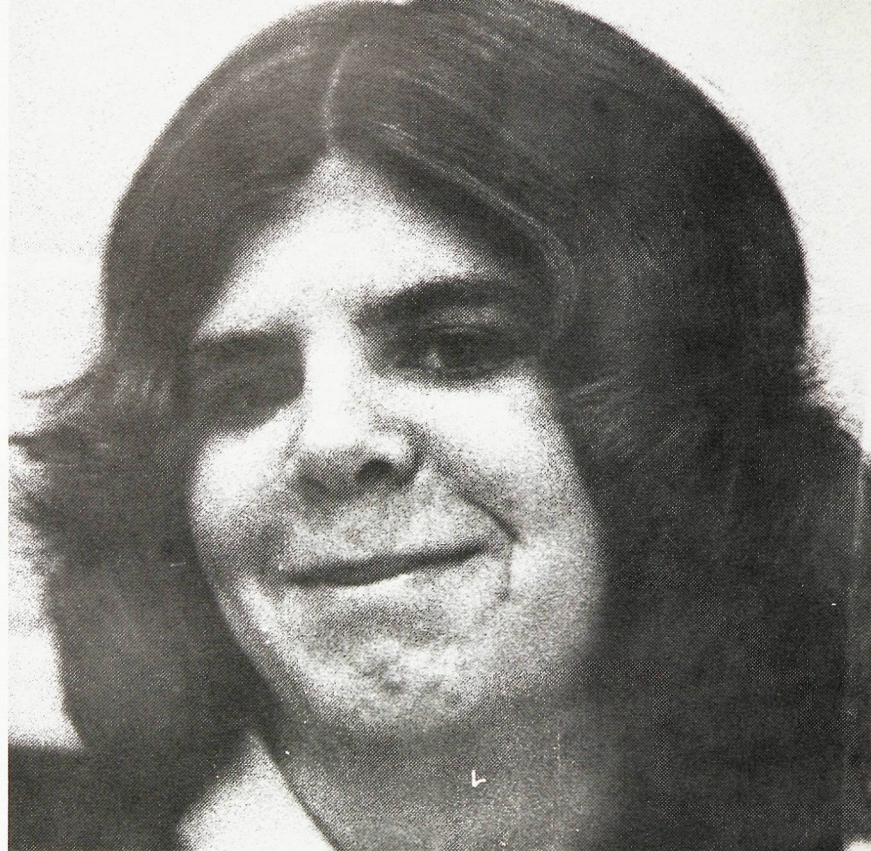
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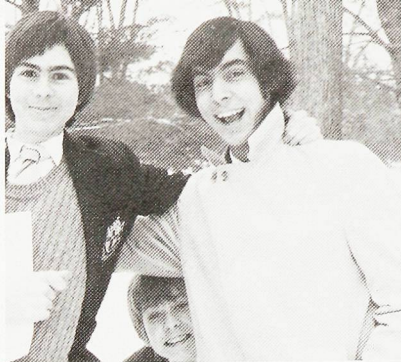
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Beaconsfield, Quebec.

Mineo Nakaoka
574 Honjo Higashiosa City,
Osaka - tu 578, Japan.

John Nethersole
1561 rue Letendre,
Sherbrooke, Quebec.

Hugh Notman
3737 S.W. Marine Drive,
Vancouver, B.C.

Katherine O'Brien
426 Cloverdale Road,
Ottawa, Ontario.

Doris Oes
P.O. Box 218,
Knowlton, Quebec.

William Ogilvie
71 Gables Court,
Beaconsfield, Quebec.

John Olliver
1281 Bel Air Drive,
Dorval, Quebec.

Pierre, Lyne and Suzanne Ouellet
17 Mance Street,
Baie Comeau, Quebec.



Margaret and Charles Paine
P.O. Box 41,
Conway, New Hampshire, U.S.A.

Marc Panet-Raymond
4681 Westmount Avenue,
Montreal 217, Quebec.

Heather Pangman
44 Charles Street West, Apt. 3708,
Toronto, Ontario.

Ashley Park
116-66 Park Lane South,
Kew Gardens, New York, N.Y.

David Payne
Apartado 1315, Maracaibo,
Venezuela, S.A.

Kathleen and Susan Pease
Box 52,
Paris, Ontario.

Robert Perrault
3298 Southgate Road,
Ottawa, Ontario.

Denise Perron
P.O. Box 2500,
La Sarre, Quebec.



Brenda Lee Picken
R.R. #5,
Cookshire, Quebec.

Christina Pinck
20807 Lakeshore Road,
Baie D'Urfe, Quebec.

Sharlene Plantz
P.O. Box 544, Curacao,
Netherlands, Antilles.

Richard Pollock
5551 Isabella, #6,
Montreal 248, Quebec.

Andrea Poole
R.R. #5,
London, Ontario

Stephen Prescott
Keeseville,
New York, U.S.A.

Timothy Price
4449 Montrose Avenue,
Montreal 218, Quebec.

Evan and Llew Price
B.P. 11007, C D Annexe,
Dakar, Senegal.

William and Gordon Price
33 Holton Avenue,
Montreal 217, Quebec.

Leslie Price
87 Celtic Drive,
Beaconsfield, Quebec.

Deborah Pritchard
P.O. Box 665,
Knowlton, Quebec.

Peter and Philip Provencher
P.O. Box 92,
North Hatley, Quebec.

Max Ray
3495 Mountain Street,
Montreal 109, Quebec.

Allan Rheume
51-88th Avenue,
Chomedey, Quebec.

David Roberts
915 Shefford Street,
Bromont, Quebec.

Bruce and Keith Rodeck
5645 Marcel Monette,
Montreal 461, Quebec.

Anthony Ross
1779 Anjou Street,
Sherbrooke, Quebec.

James Ross
Rossbrien Grange, R.R. #1,
Brome, Quebec

Bruce Rossy
346 Lethbridge Avenue,
Montreal 304, Quebec.

Serge St. Jean
525 Du Verger Street,
Laval, Quebec.

Michael St. Onge
2080 Vermont Street,
Sherbrooke, Quebec.



Dorothy Salvas
31 Lloyd Street,
Lennoxville, Quebec.

Daniel Scheunert
23 Killarney Gardens,
Pointe Claire, Quebec.

Rupert Schleiermacher
111 Kings Road,
Pointe Claire, Quebec.

Ian Scott
22 Laurier Street,
Magog, Quebec.

Geoffrey Scott
10 Braeside Place,
Montreal 217, Quebec.

Andrew Scott
101 Riverside, R.R. #1,
Grand'Mere, Quebec.

Mark Setlakwe
509 Notre Dame St. N.
Thetford Mines, Que.

Michael Shupe
21 Madsen Avenue,
Beaconsfield, Quebec.

Thomas Simard
1080 Des Gouverneurs,
Sillery, Quebec.

Danielle Simard
1220 rue Preston,
Sillery, Quebec.

Bruce Simms
Camp Hill Hospital,
Halifax, N.S.

Ian Stephen
2055 Pendrell Street, Suite 2005,
Vancouver, B.C.

Stefan Stiegler
460 Galland Street, Apt. 10,
Dorval, Quebec.

Dacre Stoker
1394 McGregor Avenue,
Montreal 109, Quebec.

Alison Stuchberry
27 Brock Avenue North,
Montreal 263, Quebec.

Daphne Symeonides
3850 Hampton Avenue,
Montreal 261, Quebec.

Gini Taboika
Moulton Hill Road,
Lennoxville, Quebec.

Kim Teron
7 Crescent Road,
Ottawa, Ontario.

Jacques, Dominique and Roger Theberge
C.P. 277,
Ste. Anne des Monts, Quebec.

Frances Thomson
19 Stein Street,
Kitimat, B.C.

David and Fiona Thraves
P.O. Box 646,
Sackville, N.B.

Paul Tinari
134 Rive Francois,
Nun's Island, Montreal, Quebec.

Patrick Toothe
P.O. Box N9306,
Nassau, Bahamas.

Rafael Tudela
Ave. Sta. Fe, Quinta Yaya, Urb. Chuao,
Caracas, Venezuela, S.A.

Carlos Tudela
Av. Francisco de Miranda, Centro
Plazo, Caracas 106, Venezuela



Robert Setlakwe
633 Notre Dame St. W.
Thetford Mines, Que.

Derek Sewell
6 de Bienville
Baie Comeau, Que.

Peter Shaw
173 Springfield Rd.
Ottawa, Ont.

Stephen Shaw
Marcona Mining Co.
Apartado 1229, Lima, Peru.

Frances Sheridan
4 Tascherau St.
Hull, Que.

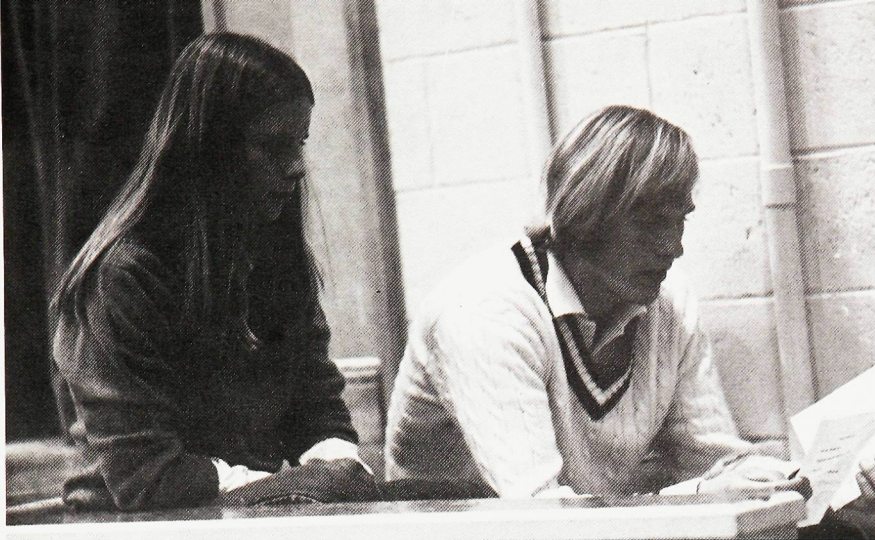
Gwen Skutezky
7370 De Chambois,
Montreal 301, Quebec.

Kelly Smith
P.O. Box 490,
Sutton, Quebec.

Alek Speth
1155 Murray Avenue,
Quebec 6, Quebec.

Alan and John Stairs
765 Lexington Ave.,
Montreal 217, Quebec.

David Stenason
316 Pinetree Crescent,
Beaconsfield, Quebec.



Kathryn Wyatt
1604 Caledonia Road,
Montreal 305, Quebec.

Winston Yoon
376 Touzin Avenue,
Dorval, Quebec.

Caroline Younger
17 Lloyd Street,
Lennoxville, Quebec.

Stephane Zarov
4200 Sherbrooke Street West,
Montreal 215, Quebec.

Philip Tyndale
476 Roslyn Avenue,
Montreal 217, Quebec.

Grant Vale
165 Frobisher Drive, Apt. 812,
Pointe Claire, Quebec.

Richard and Jennifer Vaughan
Pleasant Valley,
Cambridge, Vermont, U.S.A.

Ari Vineberg,
1565 Dominion Avenue,
Sherbrooke, Quebec.

Franco Vosilla
10 Thornton Avenue,
Montreal 304, Quebec.

Michael Wade
357 Olivier Avenue,
Montreal 215, Quebec.

Bruce Way
325-3rd Avenue,
St. Rose Laval, Quebec.

Geoffrey Webb
38 York Street,
Montreal 205, Quebec.

Michael Weir
234 Chester Avenue,
Montreal 305, Quebec.

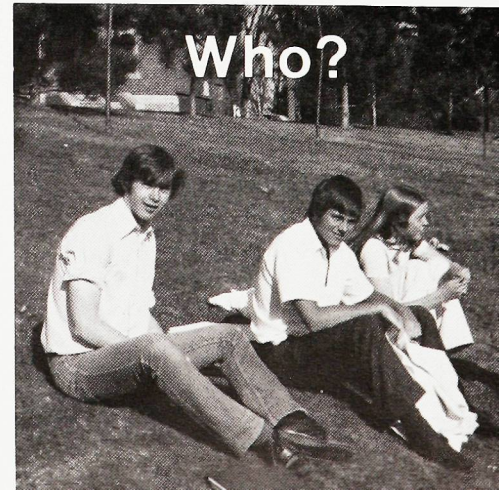
Sandra Weissman
2 Westmount Square, Apt. 904,
Montreal 215, Quebec.

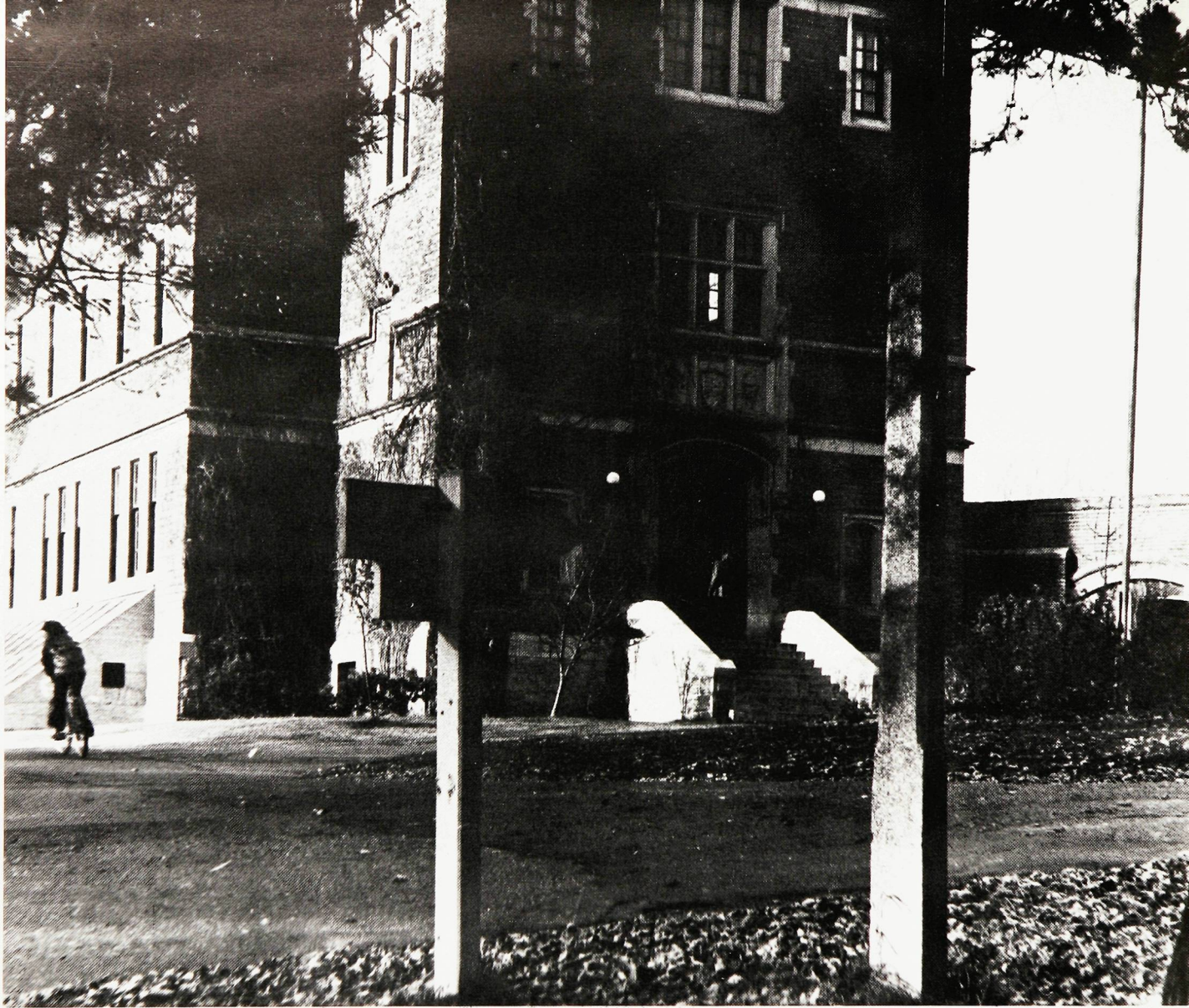


Katherine Whitehead
119 Sunnyside Avenue,
Montreal 217, Quebec.

David Wold
P.O. Box 530,
Conway, N.H., U.S.A.

Mary Wright
#1333, Portland Street,
Sherbrooke, Quebec.





At 2:30 a.m. when sane people are asleep at home, this editor finally reaches the last page in the yearbook. This is usually the place where he spreads his philosophy or overview of the School, or else chooses a fine quote by a great poet to summarize his feelings. This editor is too far gone to do either; his philosophy has been spread adequately, as has that of others, throughout this yearbook, and if you want a nice juicy quote, look it up for yourself in an anthology of poetry. No, this mad typist has only one thought, and he would like you all to think about this:

Should he now be saying GOOD MORNING or GOOD NIGHT?



